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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XI.

"I'LL go and see *Utile Dulci*," said Dr. Lavendar to himself, with a sigh.

It was Friday afternoon, and Joseph was to be at home the next day; but in spite of that Dr. Lavendar had received a letter from him. This in itself, apart from the possible contents of the letter, was a startling fact; for in all these years of "being away from home" in the middle of the week Dr. Lavendar had received scarcely six letters from his younger brother, save of course the note written each Monday night to announce Mr. Joseph's safe arrival at Mercer. But here was a letter written on Thursday, though Joseph himself was to appear on Saturday.

Dr. Lavendar had been working at his lathe, for it was five o'clock, and this was his free hour. As he worked he thought very much about his book, and he perceived, suddenly, a chance for a new subdivision, — *The Relation of Precious Stones to the Science and Practice of Medicine*. The very title was rich with suggestions! He saw at a glance the possibilities of psychical investigations; delusions and illusions, and their uses; and of course a dozen instances and minor histories. He sighed with happiness, and made a little mental calculation, as he had done many times before, as to the probable amount of money the book would earn for Joey.

The window was open beside him, for it was hot, and the hum of the bees out-

side mingled with the buzz of his diamond-wheel; his thin, veined fingers were grimy with oil, and his face was full of that satisfaction in accomplishment which has no relation to the value of the thing accomplished. One sees it on the face of a child who surveys with ecstasy his mud pie, or in the eye of a woman measuring the day's toil on a piece of embroidery for which the world has no need. It must be a comfortable frame of mind, this satisfaction with achievement without relation to value; perhaps still higher beings than we, who observe the mud pies and embroidery, may envy us our anxious and happy preoccupation in our little reforms, or philanthropies, or arts, — who knows?

Dr. Lavendar, his stiff white hair standing up very straight, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, his head sunk between his shoulders, was saying to himself that he had never got so fine a polish on a carnelian. He sat on the edge of his chair, his knees together to make a lap for a dropping tool or stone, his gaitered feet wide apart to afford room for Danny to lie between them. His sermon was written; he had made three parochial calls, — one of them upon Mrs. Pendleton; he had seen a little blind horse — bought because it was blind and ill treated — installed in his stable; and he had put an unequaled polish upon the carnelian. No wonder his face beamed with satisfaction.

And then arrived Mr. Joseph's letter. It startled him so that he must have

stepped upon Danny, for the little grizzled dog yelped sharply, and Dr. Lavendar, frowning with anxiety lest Joey should be writing to say that he was ill and could not come home on Saturday, paused, the unopened letter in his hand, to feel the little gray legs remorsefully and pull the ragged ears as an assurance that his awkwardness was unintentional.

Then he read the letter.

The experience of the human race should have decided by this time whether it is best to communicate unpleasant news by word of mouth or in writing; but Mr. Joseph Lavendar, like all the rest of us, had had twenty minds about it. He had something to say which his brother would not like to hear. Should he tell it or should he write it? One or the other must be done, for Mr. Lavendar was meditating an important step, and he was incapable of such disloyalty as acting, and then telling. The week before, he had decided to talk it out over their pipes in the arbor; but it had rained, and they had smoked indoors. Now, it is a fact that if one sets one's mind on doing a thing in one way, it is quite difficult to do it in any other way. So Mr. Lavendar, owing to the rain, had carried his secret back with him to Mercer. But the consciousness of secrecy was misery; he felt he must confess, and he dared not put confession off until his next visit, lest it might rain again. So he wrote his letter; carried it about in his pocket for one uncertain, hesitating day; mailed it on a sudden impulse, and had regretted it ever since, because perhaps he ought to have spoken its news?

He followed the letter in his thoughts on its journey in the battered leather mail-bag down to Old Chester. He knew the moment when Nancy would bring it into the study, her friendly Welsh face keen with curiosity to know what Mr. Joseph was writing about, and "him to be home to-morrow." His heart burned and ached as he fancied his brother reading it; he knew the old clergyman's

pipe would go out, that he would turn his back upon the lathe, — perhaps even upon an unfinished sermon. Oh, when we receive, as we all do now and then, a letter that strikes us to the heart, at least let us feel that the writer, too, calculating to the moment its arrival, may be turning hot and cold, as do we while we read it.

"I am sure, my dear James," Mr. Lavendar had written, "I am sure you will be glad to know that I have placed my affections upon a lady for whom I have the highest respect. Indeed, I am confident that you will feel as warmly as I do towards her when you truly know her, — which, my dear brother, judging from your opinions expressed about the estimable Mrs. Pendleton, you do not at present. It is my intention to beg her to accept my hand; and my deepest desire, apart from the hope that she may accept it, is that I may have your sympathy in my suit."

It was after supper that old Dr. Lavendar, still quite shaken from this distressing letter, said to himself, "I'll go and see *Utile Dulci*."

He sighed deeply as he took his hat and stick, and called Danny, and went plodding up the road to Miss Carr's house. Of course he did not mean to speak to her of his dismay at Joey's plan, but he might perhaps skirt the subject, if only in his thoughts; and she, being a strong, good woman, an "intelligent person," would, quite unconsciously, give him some sort of comfort.

There was no light in Susan Carr's parlor as Dr. Lavendar went groping through the hall, — for, in friendly Old Chester fashion, the front door was open, — and the house seemed quite empty and deserted. He could hear Miss Susan's Ellen moving heavily about in the kitchen, singing in a thin voice and with unmistakable camp-meeting emphasis one of those fierce evangelical hymns which display such a singular and interesting conception of the Deity. Dr. Lavendar

sat down in the twilight of the silent room, and drew a long breath; his head sunk upon his breast, and his eyes fixed absently upon the floor. He was thinking, as most people do at some time or other in their lives, that this matter of falling in love knew no rule of reason, or common sense, or obvious propriety.

"There ought to be a law to prevent foolishness," he said to himself despairingly. It seemed to him that there was a great deal of foolishness in the world; why, even in little Old Chester, just see what folly there had been! Could anything have been more absurd than for William Drayton to marry that ridiculous Fanny Dacie? Could anything be sadder than for a man like Philip Shore to have bound himself to a selfish, sensuous, soulless creature like poor Cecil? And there was Eliza Todd, running into the trap of marriage with a drunkard whom she hoped to reform. "Foolishness! foolishness!" said Dr. Lavendar, nodding, and pressing his lips together, his forehead wrinkling up to his short white hair. "And now to think that Joey should be foolish!" Then he heard Susan Carr's step, and looked up with a vague apprehension of comfort to be found in her mere presence. She struck his hand, man fashion, in a hearty welcome, and said in her clear, strong voice that he had scared her when she saw him sitting there alone in the dark.

"I've just been in to say good-evening to Mrs. Pendleton," she explained. "Why did n't you tell Ellen to run over for me?"

The dogmatic, gentle old man felt his heart suddenly come up in his throat; if he could only tell her all about it! She looked so wise and simple as she sat there in the dusk beside him; her face was full of that clear, fresh color that tells of rain and sunshine; her whole strong, vigorous body seemed to bring the scent of the friendly earth and the breath of growing trees into the still room. And to think that Joey should be foolish, when here

was Susan Carr, whom he might have! For of course she could not — no woman could — resist Joey. His voice actually trembled when he said he had just dropped in for a moment. "No, no; nothing special. So you've been to call on your neighbor?"

Now, Susan Carr had that reverence for her clergyman as the vehicle of grace which all good women feel, — a reverence often so devoid of reason that it may be accompanied, where the clergyman is their junior, with a recollection of having dandled the vehicle of grace upon their knees, or even spanked him in his tender youth. But in spite of Susan Carr's reverence she could not help feeling that sometimes Dr. Lavendar was hard upon her little sleek neighbor. She felt it now in his harmless question; and though she would not for the world have seemed to reprove her pastor, she made haste to say a good word for Mrs. Pendleton: "I don't see her as much as I ought to. I'm so busy I never seem to have the time to make calls; and I hardly know her well enough to just run in. She's — pleasant, I think."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar.

At which Miss Susan cheerfully changed the subject. She asked him about his book; and he told her, listlessly, of the chapter upon *The Relation of Precious Stones to the Science and Practice of Medicine*. He said he had not talked it over with Joey, but he felt sure Joey would think it an admirable, in fact a necessary discursion. "Though it will delay the book a little; but, fortunately, Joey is in no hurry for it, financially."

Then he fell into a moody silence, and Miss Carr talked; she spoke of Lyssie and Mr. Carey, and a little sadly, of Cecil. "She has never belonged to us as Lyssie does," said Miss Susan; and in a troubled, hesitating way she added something about Philip and his wife: "They don't seem as affectionate as I could wish. I can't help feeling anxious about them?"

"I have n't seen them together since they've been here. But I was always doubtful about that marriage," Dr. Lavendar answered, nodding his head. "Look at 'em, — fire and ice! He's a good fellow, fine fellow; but she never had a chance, poor child. Just think of being brought up by Fanny Dacie!"

"Well, it was n't always easy for poor Fanny," Miss Carr reminded him, good naturedly.

"Oh well, nothing ever was easy for her, was it?" said Dr. Lavendar. "Dear me, how she does enjoy misery! That was a queer marriage, too, — William Drayton and Fanny Dacie. Well, well, marriage is a very strange thing, Miss Susan?"

"I should think it was," Miss Susan agreed, with the modesty of one who has really no right to an opinion. Then, to her dismay, she felt herself blushing. What would Dr. Lavendar think if he knew that Joseph was meditating this "strange thing"? As for Dr. Lavendar, he sighed deeply.

"That Joey should be foolish!" he was saying to himself. "Miss Susan," he said abruptly, "do you think your neighbor has any — ah — wish to marry again?"

"Dear me! why, I never thought of such a thing. Oh no, Dr. Lavendar; I've heard her say that she could not endure second marriages. And just see what deep mourning she wears!"

"Have you really heard her say that?" he asked eagerly. "Well, now, well! I'm pleased to hear it. I'm glad she has so proper a feeling about marriage."

"She has to give up her money if she marries again; at least, so they say. I think that shows how attractive her husband thought her," Miss Susan observed, with mild reproof.

"It shows him to have been a dog in the manger!" Dr. Lavendar cried joyously. "But no, I had not heard that. Well, she'll never marry, — unless she

finds a man with money enough to cover her loss. Joey and I — ah — differ a little in our judgment of your neighbor. I wonder if he knows this about the disposition of the money?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Miss Susan answered constrainedly; even such careless reference to Mr. Joseph made her conscious.

Dr. Lavendar felt suddenly cheered. Of course Mrs. Pendleton would not marry Joey. Give up her money for a poor music teacher? Not she! Dr. Lavendar was almost gay.

"Come, Danny," he said, "we must be going home. Well, Utile Dulci, I'm always the better for a talk with you. The fact is, I had something on my mind when I came up, but I believe it will all come out right."

"Has Job been troubling you again?" Miss Susan asked sympathetically. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, it was n't Job. I was a little anxious," — the impulse to be confidential is what one pays for relief, and some of us have reflected that the price is high, — "I was a little anxious about some matter in which I feared Joey was going to be disappointed. Nothing of importance — at least — yes, it's very important; but I did n't mean to speak of his affairs, I'm sure. Well, you've done me good, as you always do, and I'm sure everything will come out all right."

Susan Carr's face flamed; she stepped back from his outstretched hand, the quick tears stinging in her eyes. "Oh — Dr. Lavendar," she stammered.

"Why," he said, peering at her in the dusk, and blinking with astonishment, "why — do you — has he spoken to you?"

"He wrote," faltered Miss Susan, "but that was a month ago. I hoped — by this time — he had forgotten it." Her agitation was apparent.

("Why, how she feels it!" Dr. Lavendar thought. "She knows what a fool the Pendleton woman is!")

"You are a good friend," he said warmly. "Joseph could n't have done better than write to you, — though he did not mention to me that he had done so. No, he has n't forgotten it; and, my dear Miss Susan, this is the time to prove your friendship for Joey; he never needed it more than he does now. Of course I could n't have spoken to you before he did, but I can't tell you what a relief it is to know that he has done it himself. I depend on you, Susan. I might as well tell you I have been very anxious and distressed about it." He sighed deeply, but added, nodding, "However, what you have said makes me feel better."

Poor Susan Carr nearly wept. "Oh, Dr. Lavendar, *please* don't! I can't bear to have you speak of it. It's no use — and — and I'm so unhappy, so disappointed."

Unhappy? disappointed? Dr. Lavendar stood, with his mouth open, looking at her. Why was Susan Carr so overcome at this prospect of Joey's foolishness? He saw how tightly her hands were clasped on the back of a chair in front of her; he heard her voice break and tremble. Could it be that — Dr. Lavendar was appalled. A terrible possibility flashed into his mind. "My dear Miss Susan — my dear Miss Susan!" he said. He forgot the danger that threatened Joey, in his grief at this other grief which he had never suspected. "I can't tell you what this is to me! I had no idea — I never supposed that you" —

"I can't help it," she said faintly; "I'm very sorry. I'm sure I'd do anything I could — but one can't make — affection."

Dr. Lavendar's jaw actually dropped with dismay; he saw in a flash Susan Carr's mortification when, alone, she should reflect upon this extraordinary loss of self-control; he felt his very ears burn for her; he was glad the room was dark, so that he could not see her face; he wanted to get away; and yet her trembling voice went to his heart. He

took her hand very tenderly in his. "Good-night, my dear friend," he said. "This — this is very dreadful. But I hope it will not be what we fear. I'll do my part, you may be sure of that; there's nothing I want more, — I'll do my part. Good-night, my dear Susan. God bless you." He took his hat, and went stumbling into the hall, where he paused for a moment, and swallowed once or twice, and winked hard; then she heard him come back. "Susan," he said tremulously, "never mind having spoken to me. I feel your confidence just as though you were my sister, Susan."

XII.

"Lyssie — I beg your pardon — Miss Lyssie" — Roger Carey paused to be told that he was forgiven, and perhaps to hear that he might drop the title; but Miss Drayton did not even smile at the slip or the apology. "Do you know that I've got to go away from Old Chester next week? In fact, by rights I ought to have been at work a week ago."

Alicia, with great presence of mind, asked no explanation of this neglect of duty; she only said that she wondered that anybody liked to be in town in such weather.

"Why, I don't like it!" cried Roger. "You would n't think I could like it, Miss Lyssie, if you knew how much I cared for Old Chester."

"Have you really liked Old Chester?" Lyssie said, and blushed; she wished she had said anything but that.

"It is like heaven!" Roger Carey declared, in a low voice.

"Is it?" Alicia asked, with entire seriousness. "I have n't traveled about very much, but it always seemed to me pleasant."

Lovers, so far as they themselves are concerned, have no sense of humor. Roger never noticed Lyssie's literalness.

"Yes," he said, "like heaven!"

It was dusk, and he, instead of Philip, was walking home with Miss Drayton. Eric was jogging along behind them, leaving them for moments to themselves when a rustle in the hedge or the whirl of a wing was too enticing for the responsibility of chaperonage, but coming back again, with a sidewise, deprecating glance, which said, "My young friends, this shall never happen again."

Roger was enchanted to be alone with her, but not because he had any special purpose in view. In fact, he had quite made up his mind that a young man with no special income has no right to have any special purpose in regard to a nice girl. Indeed, a lack of income, together with periods of uncertainty as to whether she is, after all, completely and exactly the woman who can satisfy every need of a man's soul, is surely an excuse for being without such purpose when walking home with her.

Yet, as Roger Carey was going away from Old Chester, he was, not unnaturally, glad of this last chance to hear Alicia Drayton talk, and to reverence her serious simplicity and truth. He had not had the forethought—he would have seen fit to name it conceit—to consider that, as he had no special purpose, it might be well to shield her from himself. He was too absorbed in watching her; in answering her little questions, drawing out her little opinions, smothering his laughter at her sweet, unworldly views; too absorbed in feeling that he should like to kneel down and kiss her little feet, and tell her she made him want to be a good man, to give any thought to such responsibilities.

"I'm not in love," he had assured himself several times during the last week. The sort of woman with whom Mr. Carey had long ago decided that he should probably fall in love was far enough removed from this good child. Still, it must be admitted that he had insisted upon his loveless condition far less during the last day or two, and he did not

think of it at all as they walked along now in the dusk, talking of nothing in a voice that meant all things.

He told her that he hoped he should not forget to go and say good-by to Mrs. Pendleton; and she assured him, simply enough, that he could not forget it.

"Why, it would be unkind to forget it!" she reminded him, with a surprised look.

"Well, the fact is, she's not overfond of me, I fancy," Roger defended himself. "I'm one of the relations to whom her money would go if she married again, you know. That was an outrageous will of my cousin's. Ben was a cub."

"I should n't have thought he would have wanted to *buy* her faithfulness," Lyssie announced, with a little toss of her head.

"No, would you? Love like that is not love. Love does n't need any chains." Here he sighed deeply, for joy of the moonlight, and the scent of the new hay in a field on their right, and the glorious word sweet upon his lips. "Love is immortal, don't you think so? Second marriages, anyhow, seem to me sacrilege."

This he really felt, being at the moment very young. But Alicia said, nervously, with the suspicion of age in her manner, "Well, not always."

And Roger, much confused, remembered Mr. William Drayton, and turned the subject.

"Let's go out on the river; that little boat down by the bridge belongs to you, Philip said. Won't you?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I ought n't to," faltered Alicia,—"mother might need me; but I'd like to so much! Oh well, just for a few minutes."

So they turned, and walked down the street and out towards the bridge, where, under a leaning birch, Alicia's rowboat was tied to a small float, which rocked and swayed as Roger jumped down on it. He hauled in on the painter slippery with dripping water grasses; some

yellowing birch leaves had drifted under a thwart, and he brushed them out, and said, ruefully, that they seemed a little damp, but —

"Oh, dampness does n't matter," said Alicia (the idea of thinking about dampness!), and she laughed, and took the hand that Roger, kneeling to hold the skiff against the float, reached up to her. But there was a look in his upturned face that made her heart give a sudden beat. "Oh, really, I'm afraid I ought n't to go," she said, breathless. "It's late, and" —

"Get in, please," said Mr. Carey; and she got in, meekly, for there was that in his voice that took the matter out of her hands. She felt that she must talk, rapidly, without a single pause, of — anything! Eric would do: was n't he the dearest old fellow? Sometimes she thought he had some spaniel blood in him, he was so fond of the water. He often went in after sticks. Did Mr. Carey think he would swim after them now?

"I hope you don't think I'm a stick," Roger retorted, his breath catching in a nervous laugh at his own feeble joke.

Eric, however, sat down upon the float, and made no effort to follow. He thumped his tail a little, as though to say, "I trust you; but I shall stay right here and watch you, my children;" and as the boat pushed rustling through the lily pads and out into the middle of the stream, he looked at them benignly, until his big black nose dropped between his paws, and it was an effort to lift one eyelid for an occasional glance into the twilight.

The river, full of shadowy quiet, was so deep that there was not even the silken slipping sound of a ripple. Roger Carey had suddenly fallen very silent. How sweet she was, in her white dress, sitting there in the little old boat, her eyes looking so shyly into his, her voice speaking what was always his own best thought! "Dear little soul!" he said

under his breath; he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. He did not stop to inquire whether he was in love with her; the moment and the moonlight were too much for such cynical speculations; he felt his heart beating fast as he looked at her; the tears stood in his eyes. "Dear little soul! how sweet she is, how *good* she is!" Roger Carey was experiencing religion.

"How black the trees look, don't they?" said Alicia.

"Yes."

The skiff rocked and swayed, and the water gurgled softly at the prow; the branches of a sycamore on the left and a beech on the right nearly met in mid-stream; the green dusk began to wink with fireflies, and from far above, through the domes of the treetops, the faint moonlight filtered down, and broke here and there upon the water in a slipping film of icy shine, that sparkled and was lost, and sparkled again.

"It's growing pretty dark?" Lyssie observed.

"Yes, rather."

Another silence, melodious with the rhythmic dip of the oars and the low brush and rustle of lily pads. "I never supposed I could be so much in love," Roger thought, profoundly moved. The water ran black and silent between the straight staves of the arrowheads and past the sides of the boat; he could see her finger tips dragging lightly upon it; once she leaned over and caught a lily, and there was a soft tug of restraint upon the skiff's smooth progress, until the long stem yielded and she pulled it in, and then seemed absorbed in studying its fragrant, tremulous heart.

"The lilies are lovely, are n't they?" she said. Her voice had a nervous thrill in it.

"Yes; oh, very."

"I think perhaps we'd better go back now?"

"Yes!" he assented, with sudden alacrity. "I — I can't seem to talk,

somehow; you seem so far off, down at that end. Let's go ashore."

"Oh, I don't mind staying out a little longer," Alicia said quickly. She held tightly to the sides of the boat, as though she would detain it, and postpone that beautiful moment whose gracious steps she heard coming nearer and nearer.

But Roger cut deep into the flowing blackness of the slow current, and the skiff swung in a rocking circle and pointed down stream. "It'll take me ten minutes to get back to that float!" he said savagely, and sighed and bent to his oars. His thought, if he had spoken it, would have been, "Why did I get into this confounded thing? Why did n't I speak on the road?" The boat shot with steady pulls down the river.

"I don't like to talk at arm's length," Roger announced.

Lyssie seemed to have nothing to say.

"If we were in the house it would be better. I could—I could—we could talk, I mean."

Lyssie, apparently, had no opinions. He looked over at her, and his lips trembled.

"Just see the fireflies!" Alicia said faintly; and Roger Carey, struggling to hold both oars in one hand, flung out the other towards her.

"Oh, Lyssie, Lyssie, I love you! I—did you know I loved you? Do you love me a little? Lyssie!"

Oh, that wonderful shining moment of silence while a girl gets her breath after hearing those words; when the tears rush to her eyes, and her soft throat trembles, and her heart swells suddenly with the passion and the pain of joy! "*I love you! Did you know I loved you? Do you love me a little?*" She says the words over and over, and thinks she has answered them; but she is silent.

"I'm not good enough to tie your little shoes; of course I know that. (Oh, this boat!) I can't talk about it, somehow, here. But if I can ever get back to that float I can—I can say, you know,

that you are as far above me as a star in heaven."

"I?" said little Lyssie under her breath. "Oh!"

The skiff came pushing through lily leaves, and bumped softly against the crumbling wooden pier; the low voice of the river sang between them.

"Lyssie?"

He let the oars catch and swing backwards, and rose with an impetuous step. The boat rocked and dipped. Lyssie caught desperately at the sides.

"Oh, don't—yes!" she said, the happy tears breaking in her voice.

Roger sat down. "Did you say Yes?"

Alicia nodded; she could not speak.

Without a word, Roger pulled the boat in against the pier; he got out very carefully, and with a silent but not ungentle movement of his heel instructed the affectionate and joyous Eric to keep out of the way; then he knelt down to tie the skiff, and felt sharp between his fingers the cold smoothness of the river grasses tangled along the rope; he saw the white feather of water under the boat's prow as the current struck it; he heard the wash of the float swaying under his weight; he heard the soft break in the breath of the girl who loved him. How alert, how conscious, how wonderful, the supreme moment!

"Lyssie! say it—just once more?"

He had no difficulty in talking now; he could hardly wait to hear again that enchanting word before he burst into the telling of his love. And how she listened! Her listening was almost as beautiful as any words she spoke. But she did not speak many.

"Yes;" "yes;" "yes." She loved—she knew—she felt—Oh, symphony of assent!

Roger said he was poor; Alicia loved poverty. He said he had no "prospects" outside of his profession; she thought "prospects" ruinous to real achievement. He confessed that his practice was small; Lyssie felt that if it were large it would

be a sign that he was too eager to make money.

"There's so much more than that in living," the young girl said, looking at him with believing eyes. "I know how you feel about mere money-making; I heard you talk to Philip and Cecil about responsibility, and—and I liked what you said."

"I did n't know you ever listened when I talked. You always looked so remote — so — so above all the rest of us. Oh, Lyssie, when did you first begin to care the least bit?"

"I think — I think it was the day you looked at the pigeons; no, it was the day before that. Oh, I don't mean that I" — she looked the word she could not speak — "but I liked to hear you talk."

Perhaps it is only when a man looks back upon it that he realizes the charm of a little coquetry on such occasions; at the moment, Roger felt only the noble simplicity of her confession, the benediction of her tender, overflowing eyes.

"Why, that was the day I came!" he said rapturously.

"When did you first know that you cared?" she said, divinely shy and bold at once.

"I? Why — well — Oh, I think it must have been the minute I saw you; only, of course I did n't recognize it myself, you know, until later."

They walked slowly along the road. It was dark, and they were leaving Old Chester behind them; but Lyssie was not aware of either fact, did not remember her mother and her duty for nearly an hour, and then it was with a start of dismay and remorse.

So they came back to actual life, and Roger Carey realized that he had fallen in love, and was an engaged man. He was very much astonished, but he found it very delightful.

They turned towards Old Chester, and Roger began to be silent. Lyssie's stillness fell into his like chords of music melting into some larger harmony. She would have been content never to

speak again, she thought. It seemed as though all were said, forever. But Roger had something to say, though he did not say it until they stood at Alicia's door. Then, very low, very anxiously, "Lyssie, do you know? I'm going to kiss you before you go in."

"Oh!" said Lyssie, "are — are you?"

"Yes," Roger answered, very gently. And then he took her hands, and, with delicate precision, he kissed her on her left cheek, just below her ear.

"Oh — oh!" said Alicia. At which he took her instantly in his arms, and kissed her heartily right on her lips. After that, it took nearly twenty minutes of adieux to fortify themselves for absence overnight.

"You will come to-morrow morning?"

"Yes! Yes! May I come as early as half past eight?"

"Oh, I'm afraid that is a little early" —

"Well, eight forty-five?"

"And I will tell mother to-night; and will you tell Cecil?"

At which Mr. Carey said abruptly, "No; you tell her, Lyssie."

Tell Cecil Shore? Speak to such a woman of such an experience? He thought, tenderly, that Lyssie could never understand why, at such a noble moment, a man could be repelled by her sister. He rejoiced in her ignorance; perhaps because at that time he did not need the tolerance or the sympathy which such ignorance of life forever precludes.

Lyssie, after yet one more impassioned "Good-night!" went into the house and closed the door upon her lover. She stood still in the hall, listening to his retreating footsteps, with her hands over her face and the sound of her own pulses in her ears.

Then she went into her mother's room, where, in the lamplight, her eyes vague with happiness and the summer darkness, everything seemed blurred and dazzled;

perhaps that was why she did not see the fretful look on Mrs. Drayton's face. She went, like a child, to her mother's knee, and, slipping down on the floor, hid her face in her bosom. "Oh, mother, mother!" she murmured.

"What is it? Is anything the matter?" cried Mrs. Drayton, with nervous sharpness.

"Oh, mother — *Roger!*"

Mrs. Drayton fell back in her chair. "Oh, Alicia, can you never remember how weak I am? You come bouncing into the room, and at such an hour, too! It's nine o'clock. I've been terrified about you. I thought something had happened. You have no consideration at all; you know how anxiety makes my head ache" — She fretted on, half in tears, and then suddenly seemed to remember Lyssie's whispered word. "*Roger?* What do you mean by '*Roger*'? Why — do you mean — has he — Why, Lyssie!"

"Oh, mother darling, yes! Just think of it. *Me!*"

The tears sprang to Mrs. Drayton's eyes, — real tears. She put her arms about the kneeling child, and they trembled with unconscious tenderness. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" Mrs. Drayton forgot herself; she kissed and cried over the girl with honest mother love. She asked a hundred sympathetic questions, which Lyssie answered dreamily, with little tender reserves, which would break suddenly because of the bliss of putting such wonderful facts into words.

After the first reality of it, Mrs. Drayton could not help glancing over Lyssie's head into the mirror. It was a pretty picture: the frail mother, with her delicate, pallid face; the girl kneeling at her feet; the flood of soft lamp-light shining on the open pages of the Bible on the table.

"*My child!*" murmured Mrs. Drayton, resting her cheek on Lyssie's hair. It was a charming scene.

"Oh, mother," said Alicia, with a

long sigh, "putting aside any personal feeling, — I mean, speaking impartially, as a matter of judgment, — I am certainly a very fortunate girl. He is not at all like anybody else; he is — well, mother, just wait till you know him!"

Mrs. Drayton was not disturbed by Lyssie's halting language; she had plenty of words of her own. She began to speak of the glory of duty, the joy of self-sacrifice, — in a word, of love, — in a way which satisfied even this young lover at her feet. Indeed, so perfect was the situation that it would have been still prolonged but for Lyssie's sudden realization that it was long after Mrs. Drayton's bedtime. With a happy sigh she rose, and made haste to begin her loving task of maid. Mrs. Drayton's hair had to be brushed steadily for a quarter of an hour before it could be put up in curl papers; then a psalm must be read, and the selection for the day in *Gathered Pearls*.

"Oh, mother dear, how selfish in me to have kept you up!" Lyssie said. "It will be nearly eleven before you are in bed!"

"Oh well, a girl can't be engaged every day," said Mrs. Drayton magnanimously. "I'm willing to sacrifice something; we won't read to-night. I can think of my blessed Bible, and repeat a hymn while I lie awake. Of course I shall lie awake after this excitement. But never mind that."

Lyssie winced; but she thought that now, since Roger loved her, she would be, for the rest of time, unselfish and considerate. She would be *good!* She was very tender to her mother, with a tenderness which was half remorse because of her own joy. "I have n't done all I might to make her happy," Lyssie was thinking; "and her life is so empty without papa!"

The emptiness of life may have struck Mrs. Drayton, for she took occasion, when Lyssie kissed her good-night, to say that she had been lonely.

"You were very late in coming home," she said. "It was rather sad to sit here all by myself. But you were happy, so I don't complain."

Alicia opened her lips to speak, but stopped; a strange apprehension gathered in her heart. It was too vague for words, but a little mist crept across her joy. Her mother lonely without her? Well, but how would it be when she was — She did not say the word, but she adored it in her heart. How would Mrs. Drayton feel when —

Lyssie kissed her again silently, and crept softly to her own room.

XIII.

Old Chester grew quite wide-awake over Alicia Drayton's engagement. There had been no such sensation since Miss Jane Temple married beneath her, and found happiness and content in the home of the village apothecary. Of course Lyssie's romance could not compare in interest to Miss Temple's; it did not have in it anything of which Old Chester could disapprove, — and to be truly interesting to the world about us, we must not be too good. Lyssie's engagement only gave opportunity for conversation and speculation. "What will Frances Drayton do when the child gets married?" everybody said to everybody else, although, so far, no one had said it to Mrs. Drayton, who was enjoying very much the importance of being the mother of her daughter. It was almost as good as making a sensation herself; indeed, she entered into the situation with so much histrionic earnestness that she was obliged to take to her bed, and receive Mrs. Dale and all the other ladies, reclining upon her pillows, attended by Alicia. It was thus that Cecil found her listening to Mrs. Pendleton's congratulations, allowing Lyssie to fan her, and saying many noble things about a mother's joy in a child's happiness.

"I enter so into Lyssie's romance," said Mrs. Drayton, "that I live my own over again."

"Except," Cecil returned, after that meditative pause which gave such weight to her slow words, "except that no youthful indiscretion made Mr. Carey a widower, he must indeed remind you of papa. But I almost think, Mrs. Drayton, that in entering into Lys's romance yourself you keep her out of it a little. She can't listen to lover's vows and fan you at the same time."

There was an eager disclaimer from Lyssie, and Mrs. Drayton said tearfully that it was a little bitter to have Cecil, who was exactly like her own child (some one had once asked Susan Carr which was Mr. Drayton's child by his first wife; she did not know whether she had ever mentioned that to Mrs. Pendleton?), — it certainly was a little bitter to have Cecil speak so to her.

As for Mrs. Pendleton, she thought to herself that there was some truth in Mrs. Shore's remarks; but she only said, soothingly, that she had no doubt dear Roger would rather have Miss Alicia dutiful than have her society.

"I am inclined to think," Mrs. Shore observed, "that Mr. Carey would feel that one included the other." And then she went away, saying to herself that she hoped she had done some good.

"He leaves Old Chester in three days," she thought, "and Lys, poor little thing, ought to see more of him." But she was not very hopeful; she knew how probable it was that Lyssie, from a sense of duty, would yield to her mother's demands upon her time; indeed, Mrs. Shore had long since recognized that Alicia's especial form of selfishness was unselfishness.

This immoral unselfishness is characteristic of many excellent women. They practice an abnegation of their comforts, their rights, their necessities, even, which they feel endears them to their Maker, and at the same time gives them real

happiness. Apparently they are unable to perceive that this unselfishness of theirs brutalizes and enslaves to self the man (for men are generally the victims of this unscrupulous virtue), — the man who accepts the sacrifices made for him, indeed often thrust upon him in spite of his gradually weakening protests; and young Alicia, painfully conscientious as she was, never once realized that if it were selfish for her mother to accept a sacrifice, it was a sin for her to make it.

As for Cecil Shore, she did not put it quite that way to herself, but little Lys-sie's foolishness struck her with a sense of being pathetic. "Little goose," she thought, smiling. But she was very gentle with Alicia, looking at her with a half-wondering amusement.

"You are very happy, kitty, are n't you?" she said that evening, when Lys-sie, through Cecil's intervention, really had succeeded in coming to dine with her, and the two sisters, before dinner, were alone in the library. "You are very happy?"

Alicia's face, so radiant and young, sobered, suddenly, almost to tears. "Oh, Ceci!" she said, and put her face down on Cecil's shoulder and was silent for a moment. Something came into the eyes of the elder woman, that mist that sometimes dims the eyes of a dog, which cannot weep, but yet can suffer; it is unutterably sad, but it is not a spiritual pain.

"You poor little thing," she said, almost passionately.

Lys-sie looked up, wondering. But Cecil only laughed, though the tears stood in her eyes.

"Always to woo, and never to wed,

Is the happiest life that ever was led!"

she cried gayly. "Go on being engaged, pussy; it is really very good fun."

"I never *thought* of anything else!" protested Alicia, even her slender neck crimsoning; and Cecil laughed until she cried at the innocence of the child. But the situation seemed to her a cruel one; Lys-sie was so happy!

She did not think very much about Mr. Carey; if she had, she would have discovered in herself an astonishment at his conduct which was almost contempt. Her mind was dwelling upon certain miserable facts which are thrust upon all of us men and women when we soberly observe the marriage relation as we see it about us, especially when we observe it in contrast to this first beautiful dawn of love in the faces of two young lovers; two who believe — as they all do, or else they are not lovers — that they, out of all the world of failures about them, shall make permanent that which is by its nature evanescent and fleeting, the mystery and passion of young love. They need — ah, what deep experiences, before they can know, two such sweet optimists, that it is as foolish to hope that they will keep love forever young and mad and wonderful as it would be to seek to hold back the dim beauty of the dawn, which must change, perhaps into a leaden and dreary day, perhaps into the calm glory of the sunlight; into a noon serene and perfect and secure as the light upon the face of God, — the noon of married love!

Cecil Shore believed only in the dawn. "Poor little thing!" she thought again, pityingly, as she watched Alicia's frank happiness. How cruel it was that it could not last! These two some time would be among that great army of husbands and wives who are not unhappy, not incompatible, who "get along very well with each other," as they would say, — the very husbands and wives who give little smiles and shrugs at the ecstasies of young love as they observe it; the men and women who, simply, have missed the best. Cecil was not thinking of the miserable marriages, — there were such things, no doubt; there were infidelities, cruelties, baseness; but when they happened in her class they were concealed. No, it was only the grotesque disillusionment of it all that struck her

with grim amusement. "Poor little Lys!" she thought.

But no one could have seemed to need pity less than Alicia Drayton. It might better have been bestowed on her lover, who felt conscious and half irritated all the time they were at table. He wished Philip were at home; he was grateful to Molly for talking to him; he wished Lyssie (bless her dear little heart!) would not be quite so — so young; he wished Mrs. Shore, with her slightly cynical smile, were drowned in the depths of the sea. Without the slightest reason, he began to be angry with her; he answered one of her assertions apropos of some discussion about the working classes so curtly that Alicia looked apprehensively at her sister; but Cecil, strangely enough, seemed more hurt than offended. She colored, and said that Mr. Carey had certainly misunderstood; she had not meant quite what he supposed, and she tried by a hasty explanation to bring a certain seriousness into the flippant statement that the submerged tenth was as necessary to the higher civilization, to the culture of the few, as a fertilizer was to a flower garden.

Roger Carey said carelessly, "Do you think your culture and mine quite worth such manure? Think of the misery of the sweating system, for instance! Perhaps you are worth it, Mrs. Shore, but I'm sure I'm not." But when he saw the pain and truth in Alicia Drayton's face, as she said, "When I see ready-made clothing, I always wonder, 'Who suffered for that?'" he felt ashamed of having paraded his irritation in the dress of a fine sentiment; so he became rather more frankly rude to Mrs. Shore to console himself.

Lyssie was quite discouraged, and gave him that little appealing look which we see so often on the faces of those dear souls who long to have us do ourselves justice. It said, "Oh, be nice, Roger; don't be so — not-as-pleasant-as-usual." But Roger continued to

be "not-as-pleasant-as-usual" until he got away from Mrs. Shore; and then — ah well, a girl knows of no adjective to describe her lover in those adorable first moments when she has him to herself, and he is even more pleasant than usual.

Roger was to go away on Tuesday, and he wanted to be with Lyssie every moment that he could. He was still vaguely astonished to find himself in love, but he liked it! And he was distinctly cross when Mrs. Shore mentioned, casually enough, on Monday, that he would not be able to see Lyssie that afternoon.

"Really you must be a little firmer," she said. "She was to have gone to the upper village this morning on some stupid errand for her mother; but Mrs. Drayton wished to be fanned, so she had to put it off until this afternoon; she could just as well have gone this morning. You must teach her some of your firmness, Mr. Carey."

"This afternoon!" said Roger blankly. "Why, I thought I could see her this afternoon."

"Oh well, later you can see her, — when she comes back; about five, I think. Meantime, I'll entertain you by taking you out to drive. No, you can't go with Lyssie," she silenced him, smiling. "She has started by this time. The people dine here, you know, at half past twelve, so she started nearly an hour ago."

Roger resigned himself to a drive with his hostess with an ill grace. "She'll be back by five, surely?" he asked, and intimated to Mrs. Shore that he cared to drive with her only until that hour.

And no one was more surprised than Roger Carey to find himself at half past six, in the midst of a discussion with Mrs. Shore, driving into Old Chester on the way back to his hostess's door.

"Why," he said, "why, what time is it? Are we back again?" He looked at his watch, and turned red, and said something under his breath. How could he

have forgotten? He asked himself the question a dozen times, finding no satisfactory answer. But it was not so very remarkable; human nature is human nature. For one thing, his companion was a beautiful woman; but beside that she could talk. To Roger Carey discussion was like the breath in his nostrils, and when Mrs. Shore took him to task for a statement of his, that, without the great human experience of friendship, a soul was still potential, he grew keen and interested, and intent upon making his point. Cecil had declared that friendship was a beautiful thing, if it were true, and he had burst out in hearty condemnation of the insinuation. But her remark had been genuine enough: she had never experienced friendship; she had known no schoolgirl frenzies of letters and copied poems and exchanged locks of hair, — all that rehearsal of love with which young women so seriously amuse themselves, but which so often cools into sincere and lifelong regard. Roger told her, frankly, that he was sorry for her, and added his conviction of her potentiality. Curious that this topic of friendship is so especially alluring to a man and woman between whom friendship is impossible!

After that their discussion turned upon

the abstractions of truth and duty and conduct, and Roger Carey, in his perfectly straightforward earnestness, fell into that courteous trap of "you and I;" "you and I think," or "feel," or "know better." There is no more subtle flattery from an intelligent man to an intelligent woman than this "you and I;" it is an intellectual caress, and the mind responds to it with an abandon which betrays its ethical effect. Roger was too interested to be aware of anything more than an added brilliancy in his companion's look, an added force in her words. But his interest made him forget that Lyssie would be back from her errand to the upper village at five. Now, realizing it, he was angry at himself, with that painful anger which was only a form of astonishment at his own possibilities. He was plainly sulky with Mrs. Shore, which was most unjust, for Cecil, though she laughed at him a little, was really sorry. "I never thought of Lys," she said; "it's too bad! You were too entertaining, Mr. Carey. She will never" —

An exclamation from Roger made her turn, and she saw, in the meadow on her right, Lyssie and Molly, and, further off, her husband struggling with a drunken man.

Margaret Deland.

GENERAL LEE DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

ON the evening of the 31st of May, 1862, during the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, General Joseph E. Johnston, the commander of the Confederate forces, was wounded so severely that he was borne from the field, and for a long time was incapacitated for service. General Johnston was a man of vigorous intellect, of great experience in the old army, and one who had knowledge of the art of war and skill in its exercise; he was also clear-headed, and, though

of aggressive temperament, knew how to abide events. He had, too, a thorough conception of the part to be performed by the Confederate armies in order to make their cause a successful one. Nevertheless, he labored under the disadvantage of being obnoxious to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, who, once an army officer, had vexed several of his generals by his censoriousness. Among these was Johnston, who, moreover, had attributed to Davis

injustice in a matter of grade: the two had clashed. It was this commander who had resisted McClellan's advance up the Peninsula, and who now was seeking to overwhelm that part of the Federal army which lay south of the Chickahominy. The fall of General Johnston caused the command of the troops in action to devolve upon General Gustavus W. Smith, who retained it until the appointment of Robert E. Lee, on the day following, to the position of commander in chief. As soon as General Lee took command he desisted from further effort, and withdrew the Confederate forces to their former position in the neighborhood of Richmond. During this battle, therefore, the Confederates fought under three successive commanders.

General Lee assumed command at a moment when the dark outlook of the military situation in Virginia began to brighten for the Confederates. Of the five Federal columns which had been converging in superior force upon the Confederate capital, three had been put *hors de combat* for the moment by Stonewall Jackson. This general had thrown the plans as well as the troops of the Washington government into confusion, and had succeeded in reducing for a while the effectiveness of McDowell's column from that of coöperation with McClellan's army to that of mere and imperfect reinforcement. The bad blood that had been engendered at the Northern capital gave rise to crimination and recrimination, to exasperating reflections upon the defeated generals, and to bitter taunts at the inaction of McClellan; the whole ignoble brood of politicians, contractors, and speculators filled the corridors of the departments with their clamor, while the silence of consternation fell upon those whose meddling had really wrought this catastrophe. In such a crisis the dislodgment of McClellan would have completed the wreck of Federal hopes and plans. Nothing, therefore, could have been better timed than

was Johnston's attack, and had it been pressed to a successful conclusion the moral effect in favor of the Confederates would have been incalculable.

Once reinstated in their former positions, both armies busied themselves in field fortification, and were soon covered by continuous lines of earthworks. The most vital question of the day within the opposing ranks was, "When will McDowell march to reinforce McClellan?" The necessity of anticipating this event had already brought on the indecisive action of Fair Oaks, and this impending juncture was Lee's daily incentive to action. On the other side, McClellan was kept dancing attendance on McDowell, and his advance upon Richmond was retarded by the necessity of maintaining his army in such a position that the wished-for junction of forces could be effected without the interposition of the enemy. The Federal centre and left wing, therefore, held fast to the south bank, threatening Richmond, while the right wing, consisting of Porter's and Franklin's corps, on the north bank, reached out towards McDowell. The arrival of McCall's division by water from Fredericksburg enabled McClellan to unite Franklin's corps to the main body, leaving Porter alone on the left bank. Thus the accession of McCall's force augmented Porter's corps, but the subtraction of Franklin weakened the right wing. General Lee was not blind to the state of affairs within his enemy's camp, nor was he slow in accepting the hint conveyed by McCall's debarkation: it signified that order was taking the place of confusion at Washington, and that the government there was regaining its capacity to resume offensive action. The blow must be struck soon, and the sooner the better. Time, which had been niggardly to McClellan, had been kind to Lee, for it had not only brought reinforcements to Richmond, but, above all, it had set Jackson, flushed with victory, free to coöperate with his chief from a point

which would direct him upon the rear of McClellan's attenuated wing. It was upon the enemy's right instead of upon his left, as Johnston had done, that Lee would strike; and after imparting his plans to those who were to carry them out, he made ready for the movement, and on the 26th of June began its execution.

During the period that had elapsed since the battle of Fair Oaks two things had become impressed upon Lee: one was that McClellan intended to attack Richmond by regular approaches, and the other was that the four corps constituting the Federal main body were too strong to be dislodged from their position, covered as it was by fieldworks. It was necessary, therefore, to draw them out of their intrenchments, and to accomplish this several things had to be done: to intrench to such an extent that a fraction of the Confederate forces could hold the mass of the Federals in check while Lee with the greater part of his army could operate in the open field; to gather together all the troops that could be drawn from the South and West; and to bring Jackson's victorious column within such a distance as to enable this general to act in coöperation with him. Accordingly, to use his own words, "as soon as the defensive works were sufficiently advanced General Jackson was directed to move rapidly and secretly from the Valley, so as to arrive in the vicinity of Ashland by the 24th of June." Jackson, moreover, rode on ahead of his troops as this order was on the point of completion, and on the 23d met Generals Lee, Longstreet, and the two Hills in personal conference, when, upon his own suggestion, the 26th was fixed as the day upon which operations should begin.

The general scope of this plan of campaign embraced the passage of the Chickahominy by Lee, and his action in concert with Jackson upon the north, or left bank. By sweeping down the river on that side, and threatening the Federal

communications with York River, it was thought that the enemy would be compelled to retreat, or to give battle out of his intrenchments. General Lee does not say where this battle was to take place, nor does he predict McClellan's line of retreat, but from the fact that the communications with York River were the only ones existing at the time and the only ones he mentions, some point on or covering these lines must have been in his mind, and the retreat foreshadowed would be one down the Peninsula and by the roads up which the Federals had advanced. It is reasonable, then, to conclude that Lee anticipated drawing McClellan to the north bank, and that, in the event of this general's defeat, he would retire upon Fort Monroe.

The Federal forces upon which the blow was to fall immediately lay along Beaver Dam Creek, a mile east of Mechanicsville, which is a hamlet on the left bank of the Chickahominy, five miles to the north of Richmond. A little more than a mile and a half from Mechanicsville Bridge, up stream, is Meadow Bridge, and seven miles further up is still another passage. Three and a half miles below Mechanicsville Bridge is New Bridge. All three bridges are ancient and permanent ones, and at that time their approaches from the north were in possession of the Federals, and those from the south were in possession of the Confederates: these approaches led through a wide and otherwise impassable swamp which borders the stream.

It is evident that, during his march down the north bank, Lee would be separated from Richmond and his forces in its front by a river and an impassable swamp, both of which would be on his right flank, and especially that his line of communication would be much greater than that of the Federal right wing with its main body; that, to use military language, he would be acting upon exterior lines. His first object, then, would be to gain a position which would bring him

into shorter and speedier communication with the troops left to defend his intrenched lines: such a position would be one that commanded New Bridge. On the 26th of June, the day fixed upon by Jackson himself, this officer should have reached a point from which coöperation with Lee would have been practicable. Accordingly, at three o'clock on the morning of this day, he was to break camp and to direct his march towards Cold Harbor, a spot in rear of the Federals, five and a half miles by an air line east of Mechanicsville, and one and an eighth mile back of the river. Upon setting out he was to send word of this fact to General Branch, who was occupying the uppermost passage of the Chickahominy, whereupon this general was to cross the stream at once with his brigade, and, clearing away the Federal outposts as he advanced, pursue the road to Mechanicsville. When General A. P. Hill, who would be in readiness upon the Meadow Bridge road, perceived Branch opposite to him, he too was to cross, and, turning to the right, follow in the same path. As soon as A. P. Hill had cleared the northern approaches to the Mechanicsville Bridge, Longstreet and D. H. Hill, who were formed on the southern causeways to the bridge, were to cross; the latter continuing his march to the support of Jackson, but the former keeping in a position that would support A. P. Hill. Thenceforth all four divisions were to march on three separate roads in an echelon, or round-of-ladder formation, of which they would constitute the rounds, and in the following order: Jackson's, the leftmost division, to be in advance; D. H. Hill's coming next, with its head on a line at right angles to Jackson's rear; and A. P. Hill's, the lowest round of the ladder, to advance down the river road. Longstreet was to follow the last-named division as a reserve. It was expected that by the time A. P. Hill was ready to set out from Mechanicsville the effect of Jackson's presence upon the Fed-

erals would be manifested by the evacuation of their works on Beaver Dam Creek, and that, pressed on rear and flank, they would fall back below New Bridge, where they would be arrested by Jackson, and be compelled to give battle on a field of Lee's choosing.

All this was to be in full swing before the sun had fairly warmed the earth; by high noon the Confederates were to be in communication with their comrades on the south bank by way of New Bridge. But it has not escaped the observation of the reader that the first of these many steps was to be taken by the most remote of the actors in this drama, — one who was behind the scenes, and therefore was out of sight. He was to send word across country to the nearest general, who, seven miles distant from his next neighbor, was to impart motion to the successive columns by moving in force down a road which, more than likely, he would find obstructed. Rarely in combinations involving the contemporaneous or immediately successive action of separate or distant bodies do things fall out in accordance with a foreordained plan of action. Such was the case in this instance. The sun rose to the zenith without the sound of a gun from Jackson and without a sign of Branch. It had even been on its decline for three hours when A. P. Hill, out of all patience, asked permission to cross the river, which, strange to say, Lee granted; and soon, upon the north bank and turning to the right, Hill pushed past Mechanicsville, and out upon a slope from which he expected to discern the abandoned works of the Federals. He saw nothing of the kind, but, to his vexation, beheld the lines fully manned, and their occupants ready to receive him in a position the strength of which was apparent at a glance. Nevertheless, he made haste to clear the field of them before Longstreet and D. H. Hill should come up; but when these arrived on the ground they found him so fast in the toils, and the Federals so firm

in their position, that D. H. Hill, after vainly essaying to pass their flank and go to the support of Jackson, was compelled to remain and reinforce the broken and demoralized column already engaged. This division had attempted to advance over a field where it was exposed to a front and flanking fire of infantry and artillery, which, reserved to the latest moment, opened with effect so deadly as to send the broken ranks in confusion back upon Mechanicsville. Hill, strengthened by reinforcements, again advanced, and passed the rest of the day in futile attempt to reach the further bank of the creek. Night at last put an end to the useless slaughter, the Federals remaining unmoved and almost unharmed, but the Confederates being greatly demoralized. The fact is that Jackson, whose successes in the Valley must have turned his head, had given little heed to Longstreet's caution, at the conference of the 23d, to allow himself plenty of time to remove the obstructions which the Federals would be sure to place in his path. The result of his not taking the enemy into his calculations was that he did not get within striking distance, and did not affect this action by the slightest diversion. Lee's plan, in consequence, miscarried; and thus it was that, at the close of the day, the Confederate commander found himself, like McClellan, astride of the Chickahominy, but, unlike his adversary, he was without defenses, and his progress was barred by an exultant foe. The initiatory step of his grand advance had proved a disastrous failure.

The first thing killed by the Federal fire at Beaver Dam Creek was Lee's plan of campaign, if indeed he himself had not put an end to it when he assented to A. P. Hill's proposal to cross the river, Jackson or no Jackson. All hope of proceeding with the echelon formation was out of the question, and if the general movement was to be prosecuted it would have to be done in conformity with Porter's plan instead of Lee's. The situa-

tion was a grave one, and Porter, awake to his advantages, impressed upon McClellan the possibilities embraced in a transfer of the mass of his army to that spot during the night. But McClellan did not accept these suggestions, and when the day broke the tide had turned: Jackson's approach had at last produced the effect desired by Lee, and the Federals were retiring. Porter fell back without molestation to a field beyond Powhite Creek, six miles distant by road, and there the Confederates found the Federal right wing now completely concentrated and quietly awaiting a fresh onset. The approaches to New Bridge were, it is true, in Lee's possession, but the field of battle was of the enemy's choosing. A stubborn and deadly conflict ensued, since styled the battle of Gaines' Mill, and it was not until sunset that 65,000 Confederates succeeded in piercing the line of 27,000 Federals. The losses on both sides were enormous: on that of the Federals every fourth man was gone. Nevertheless, their forces slept on the field until two o'clock in the morning, when they retired without hindrance to the south bank. Lee had not driven them into the river, and now for the first time McClellan's army was compactly brought together. The tables were turned: before Lee set out upon his quest he had been massed on the south bank, and McClellan was astride of the Chickahominy; now McClellan was massed upon the south bank, and Lee was on both sides of the river. It was Turenne's and Montecuculi's famous seesaw, half performed, over again.

But was the position in which Lee found himself one that the leader of an army would occupy of choice, and one which should be the outcome of a plan founded upon sound strategical and tactical principles? He could not boast on taking off his armor: he had neither destroyed nor dispersed the obstinate right wing; he had not drawn the enemy out of his intrenchments; he had not

fought his battles on fields other than those chosen by his adversary; instead of bloodless victories his losses had been exceedingly great, and unwarranted by the advantages gained; he had found the coveted *dépôt* of supplies empty, and the communications, to strike which he was imperiling his own, had been abandoned for another line, — a catastrophe he should have taken into account when dealing with one who had a choice of bases; and, to crown all, he had concentrated the Federal forces, and they lay at that moment between him and his capital, so that, should they advance, he was for the time being powerless to retard them, or to regain his intrenchments and oppose them.

This situation speaks for itself and for the faultiness of the conception which had given it birth. The consciousness that the Confederate army was open to the decisive blow which in all reason should follow the completion of every false movement had only one thing to moderate its bitterness: the reflection that this operation had been interfered with, but that the adversary had accepted none of the advantages which this interference had unveiled. There was reason, then, for the hope that the same inertness would withhold the finishing blow.

It is easy to see why the battle of Gaines' Mill was fought by the Confederates: they had to fight it, for they could not advance upon the York River communications and leave Porter on their flank. But why did the Federals give battle here? Not because they considered it a decisive point, for in this case they should have reinforced Porter to the last man; nor to gain time for a change of position, for the orders and explanatory details given in execution of the march to the James were not issued until after this action. If the battle of Gaines' Mill was fought neither for the decisive defeat of the enemy nor to gain time, for what purpose was that of Mechanicsville or Beaver Dam Creek

fought? One would naturally answer, to hold Lee on the north bank while McClellan pushed forward on the south bank; or, to hold Lee in position while the army, transferred from the south bank, interposed between him and Jackson. But we have General Porter's word for it that McClellan left Beaver Dam Creek about one o'clock in the morning of the 27th (that is, after the battle), "with the expectation of receiving information on his arrival at his own headquarters, from the tenor of which he would be enabled to decide whether I should hold my present position or withdraw." This evidence is direct to the point that this battle had been fought without a decided purpose; but what information at headquarters could that be which, for inducing decision, was superior to the information that the battlefield itself expressed?

The battles of Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines' Mill were fought with no definite purpose by the Federals, and therefore profited them in nothing; yet the former conveyed a lesson which should have been taken to heart, and this field and its vicinity should have been made the theatre of a decisive action on the morrow. Better still, from the moment that Lee crossed the Chickahominy the Federals should have kept retiring before him until he had completed his false movement, and then, with wholly concentrated and undiminished forces, they should have struck the decisive blow.

The operations on the Chickahominy by Lee, and those from the Chickahominy to the James by McClellan, must be considered as separate movements of opposing commanders. When the battle of Gaines' Mill was over, Lee's movement was at an end, and that of McClellan began.

On the night of the 27th of June, 1862, five courses were open to General McClellan: (1) to resume his advance on Richmond; (2) to leave the south bank

and sustain his communications with York River; (3) to reinforce Porter with the mass of his army and fight a decisive battle at Gaines' Mill; (4) to retreat to Fort Monroe; or (5) to change his base to the James.

The first course was the one expected of the Federal chief by the country, and he should have attempted it at all hazards; the third course was a bold counterstroke which would have been hailed with applause at home, and which promised success: both of these movements were purely aggressive in nature. The second course was a defensive one, with the chance of taking on an offensive character, as it surely would have done in the event of success. This course was open to the objection that it was the very thing his adversary wished him to do. The fourth course was not to be thought of on account of the disheartening effect an open retreat would have upon the North. The fifth course was a compromise; it would relieve the pressure upon Richmond, it is true, but for a while only, when it would be renewed more vigorously than ever. If a retreat to Fort Monroe would indicate abandonment of purpose, a mere change of base would be, on the contrary, significant of persistence in effort; the purpose would be constant, and Richmond would remain threatened. Whether a change of line of communications would involve the withdrawal of the army to the new base might well be doubted. It does not necessarily follow that it would do so, yet in the present case it certainly would require a new position in rear of the existing one; but then this would be sure to do with Lee that which Lee had just failed to do with McClellan,—to draw him out of his intrenchments on to a field of his enemy's choosing. This, we shall see, was actually done, and Glendale or Charles City Cross Roads, above all others, was the field; but, as at Beaver Dam Creek, the advantages offered were not accepted.

On the 28th, Lee dispatched his cavalry to scour the neighborhood in search of Federal troops and to capture the dépôt at White House. Such of the stores as had not been carried off were found smoking. The day was passed in reconstructing New Bridge and in waiting for the next move of the enemy. The general perplexity respecting the Federal movements was not dispelled until the morning of the 29th; then Lee bent every energy to take advantage of the exposure made by McClellan of his right flank. This was not an easy task; for, with the exception of Magruder's and Huger's forces, the whole of the Confederate army was in rear of McClellan, and separated from him by the Chickahominy and its swamps, to pass which the broken bridges would have to be rebuilt, a thing impossible in the presence of the enemy.

Early in the morning of the 29th, Longstreet and A. P. Hill crossed by New Bridge to the south bank, and, passing in rear of Magruder's lines, hurried to Charles City Cross Roads in order to strike McClellan in flank, and Holmes was ordered from the other side of the James to head him off at Malvern Hill: both Holmes and Huger, who was to leave his lines, were to coöperate with Longstreet. D. H. Hill and Jackson were left upon the north bank, with orders to pursue as soon as the withdrawal of the Federal rearguard rendered it possible to reconstruct a bridge. This was not accomplished until sunset, too late to save Magruder from a rude repulse at Savage's Station which he encountered at the hands of Sumner and Franklin. Jackson did not overtake the rearguard until noon of the 30th, after it was in position on the further side of White Oak Swamp, and also of the stream of the same name. He passed the whole day in unavailing efforts to cross the creek and dislodge Franklin, an object which he might have accomplished by way of Brackett's Ford.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill, in pursuance of their part, were on time at Charles City Cross Roads or Glendale, but the columns of Holmes, Huger, and Magruder failed to coöperate with them; for Holmes was speedily put to flight, Huger failed to clear his road in time, and Magruder was kept uselessly swinging like a pendulum between Glendale and Turkey Island. And thus, after a hard-contested battle, Longstreet and A. P. Hill had the mortification of seeing the Federal army pass by them and concentrate in safety upon Malvern Hill, the spot which was to have been occupied by Holmes. On the next day, Lee attempted the futile task of driving the united army of the Federals from the unassailable position of Malvern Hill: the result was costly and fruitless, and McClellan could now bid defiance to him. At no time since taking the field had the Confederates dealt the Federal army a blow which had imperiled its existence, or delayed its march even. The position of this army was exceedingly critical on the 30th of June, when its front, right flank, and rear were assailed; but the operations of its enemy, though menacing, were lacking in performance sufficient to touch its vitality. In fact, on this very day McClellan was in condition to turn the tables.

General Lee was over fifty-five years of age when he was called to the head of a great army, and when he took the field against McClellan. He had passed his life, with the exception of the brief interlude afforded by the Mexican war, in the narrow and narrowing life which the United States army presents in time of peace. The relief which frontier service and fighting Indians offer to this most dull existence had been his in scant measure; for most of his days had glided away in the routine of an engineer's duties, in which intellectual activity was restricted to subjects within the range of military need. It may be owing to this that his first plan of

campaign (or the one adopted by him at the suggestion of General Longstreet) had not the breadth of conception which should characterize the plans of a man in a position so exalted and responsible as that of the commander of a great army. For this scheme did not contemplate the permanent relief of his capital or the destruction of his adversary, and it did not comprise a field wider than that upon which the two armies were encamped. To draw the enemy out of his intrenchments by threatening his communications, and thus compel him to raise the siege of Richmond, was the utmost object of his design.

Nor did the features of the plan of campaign commend themselves to those versed in the art of war. Imperfectly manned earthworks were to constitute the sole protection of the Confederate capital during the absence of the defending army; this army would be cut off from its base by the swamps and jungles of the Chickahominy, through which, in case of disaster, there were no avenues of retreat except the narrow roads of advance, and these were overhung by high banks that were sure to afford vantage ground to the pursuer; this army, too, was to regulate its movements by those of another army which was out of sight and beyond ready communication, and the junction of these two forces was to take place in the presence of the enemy and under his fire. Every moment after he had passed the Chickahominy, Lee would be liable to one of two things: the interposition between him and Jackson of the whole of McClellan's army, or the advance of the Federals on Richmond through the ill-defended lines left in charge of Magruder. Moreover, in the event of the enemy's right wing falling back, or of its being driven from the north bank of the Chickahominy, without the main body coming out of its intrenchments, the farther would Lee's own lines of communication be extended; the greater his success, the

greater the concentration of his foes, until at last these foes would be congregated between Richmond and its defenders. Jefferson Davis pointed out that the success of this movement depended upon holding good the earthworks left behind, and that the plan did not take into account the contingency of their capture. Lee was somewhat nettled at the hint that the engineer was predominating over the tactician, but made no change. This criticism of Davis's was a sound one.

In fact, a glaring defect of Lee's plan of operations was its narrowness; it did not include remote conditions, and, worse than all, it did not provide for contingencies. For instance, it took for granted that McClellan would come out of his intrenchments in order to maintain his existing line of communications; yet McClellan was on a peninsula where the waterways were under his control and afforded him a choice of lines on either side, and it was well known that he preferred the line of the James to any other line. It should have suggested itself, also, that the Federal commander would be glad of an excuse to withdraw his right wing from its perilous position, particularly as, in doing so, he would be removing likewise a bone of contention between him and the politicians at Washington. Yet it does not seem to have occurred to Lee to ask himself, What if McClellan does not come out of his intrenchments? or, What if McClellan does come out, but takes position upon a field not of my choosing?

This reflection is further justified by Lee's conduct on the 28th of June, the day succeeding the battle of Gaines' Mill. McClellan had not reinforced Porter until towards the close of this action, and then had not done so sufficiently to enable his lieutenant to assume the offensive; moreover, during the night succeeding the battle Porter had joined McClellan on the south bank. The inference is that Lee's plan for drawing his adver-

sary to the north bank in order to maintain his communications had failed. The Confederate general was at his wits' end; and the surest evidence of his perplexity is that he sent away his cavalry. Generals do not prepare for completing the execution of their plans by depriving themselves of their eyes and ears, as Cyrus styled the horsemen of an army. Evidently a contingency had arisen for which Lee was unprepared, and not until the night of the 28th-29th was well spent did the truth break upon him, and the unforeseen but now indisputable facts point out his course. Then his procedure became plain: it was to counteract McClellan's movements. But this was not the plan with which he left Richmond; it was the one with which he left the Chickahominy, and it had been prescribed to him by his enemy.

This is not the view taken by the Confederate commanders in their reports, nor by the Southern writers: these all assume that Lee's movements during the seven days were successive steps of a single and coherent plan, and they protest with iteration that Lee forced McClellan to precipitate flight. They protest much, but prove too little, since their "evidences of precipitate flight" are narrowed down to the destruction of supplies at Savage's Station, and the abandonment of the field hospitals there, — matters preliminary to every perilous movement in war, and evidence, as it turned out, not of flight, but of stripping for fight. If McClellan had been sitting for weeks before Lee's lines in safety, what was to prevent his continuing to do so, now that the weakness of his right wing had been converted into strength, his army had been concentrated, another base had been substituted for the one abandoned, and, more than all, that his enemy had placed himself beyond the Chickahominy, where he could be rendered powerless to strike?

Nevertheless, no one can peruse the writings of the Confederates without see-

ing that they hug the thought that they had put the Federals to inglorious flight. So far as this notion was a *raison de guerre*, and had served its turn as such at the proper time and place, it may be allowed to pass without comment. General Lee had the same right to use this artifice in order to stimulate his troops that he had to employ any other stimulus for the same purpose; but if he was weak enough to let it control his action as commander in chief, then he is open to the censure that every one who willfully embraces error is subject to.

General Lee did believe that he had put McClellan to inglorious flight, and did govern his actions accordingly. This assertion has for its foundation not only Lee's order congratulating his troops upon the success of the campaign, but also a positive avouchment of General D. H. Hill, one of his most conspicuous commanders. Hill tells the following story, which throws a strong light on the impulses and spirit of Lee and his generals during the latter part of the movement. He says that on the morning of the day upon which the battle of Malvern Hill was fought he met General Lee at the Willis Church, and, after giving him a description of Malvern Hill as he had received it from one living in the neighborhood, he remarked, "If General McClellan is there in force, we had better let him alone." At this, Longstreet, who was present, laughed, and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." Hill adds that "*it was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army that made General Lee risk the attack.*"

Such being the case, the loss of 6000 Confederates that very day must be laid at General Lee's door; for what ground had he for this belief? His troops had met the Federals at Mechanicsville, at Gaines' Mill, at Savage's Station, and in the actions of the day before, namely, those of White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Turkey Island Bridge. Was it at

Mechanicsville that he became aware of the demoralization of the Federals? Longstreet himself answers this as follows: "Next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice (of 'our somewhat disheartened forces') at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer;" and neither he nor any one else has ever so much as hinted that the victorious Federals were demoralized. It could not have been at Mechanicsville, then, that Lee acquired his belief. Was it at Gaines' Mill? Porter took into this battle less than 21,000 men; he received no reinforcements until four o'clock in the afternoon, and after this no more until just before dark. Altogether, when the day closed, he had had under him 27,000 men, but at no time could he have had in hand 24,000 with whom to resist nearly thrice this number. Yet he held his position covering the bridges until two o'clock of the following morning, and then, unmolested, retired in perfect order across the river. It was not at Gaines' Mill that General Lee could have conceived the notion that his adversary was demoralized. Nor was it at Savage's Station, where the Federals gained a victory. Was it at White Oak Swamp or at Glendale? At the former place, Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill were kept at bay by the Federals, though within the sound of Longstreet's guns; and it was not until late in the evening that Franklin, having accomplished his object, retired, betraying no evidence of demoralization that the Confederate writers have considered important enough to notice. At Glendale, which was a hard-fought battle, the Federals foiled Longstreet and A. P. Hill, and did not retire until after nightfall and after attaining their object. It is significant that Longstreet, though claiming great success, attributes no part of it to the demoralization of his foes. Was it at Turkey Island Bridge? General D. H. Hill best answers this question in his amusing description of Holmes's discomfiture, and

of the "fleeing chivalry" and "cowering raw levies." In this brief action the demoralization of the Confederates was complete and radical.

Thus it appears, by the admission of the Confederates themselves, that in two of these six actions the demoralization of their own forces was glaring; they say nothing of Federal demoralization in respect to the remaining four battles, and the "evidences of precipitate flight" offered by them are restricted to the incidents already noticed. The conclusion is irresistible that General Lee had not sufficient ground for acting upon his belief in the demoralization of the Federals. To underrate one's adversary is as great a fault as to overrate him. At Malvern Hill Lee underrated his enemy; at Gaines' Mill he overrated him, for at the moment when he said that "the principal part of the Federal army is now on the north side of the Chickahominy" Porter was opposing him with barely one fourth of this army.

If General Lee, during this campaign, did not fully satisfy the high-wrought expectations of the hour in breadth of conception, adherence to plan, capacity to see things as they are, fertility of resources, and the prudence which forbids a general ever to underrate his enemy, neither did he give promise of the excellence he attained afterwards in handling troops in the immediate presence of the enemy. He did not make his mark as a tactician.

At Mechanicsville, Lee as well as A. P. Hill lost patience, for he assented to Hill's proposition to open the ball before the signal was given. This was tantamount to discarding his plans; he certainly showed them scant respect. Once on the ground, everything was nervously hurried; and though it was speedily demonstrated that he could neither pierce the Federal front nor turn the Federal left, he did not desist from the attempt to do so as long as daylight was left. The story may be summed up thus: to-

tal failure to attain his object; Federal loss 361, Confederate loss (exclusive of two brigades and of the artillery) 1589. General Longstreet estimated the whole Confederate loss "between 3000 and 4000." The 44th Georgia alone lost within twenty-six of the number of casualties suffered by the entire Federal line of battle, and after nightfall men roamed over the battlefield crying out, "Where's the 44th Georgia?" but getting no answer. Where was the 44th Georgia, indeed? Yet with over 45,000 men within sound of his voice, Lee did not renew the only attempt that he had made to pass Porter's right flank, though every consideration urged him to repeat the effort. This great loss was due to impatience and to persistence altogether useless, inasmuch as there was nothing to prevent his forbearing or withdrawing from this futile task, and quietly leaving the approach of Jackson to have its effect. Neither here nor at Malvern Hill did General Lee display judgment in attacking. He should not have attacked at all; and in both of these battles one quality essential to good generalship was painfully lacking, — that of ceasing to persist in error. He did not know how to forbear.

The battle of Malvern Hill affords a striking illustration of General Lee's shortcomings as a tactician; it does not present a single redeeming feature to the failure of the Confederates. The outcome of this battle was a complete defeat for them, and not a creditable one at that. Everything upon their side was chaotic: there was no concert, no unity, no leadership. Their conduct was that of blind and senseless giants striking out they knew not whither, and hitting at random. A mass of men would rush up a deadly slope, yelling as if there were a Jericho before them to fall by mere sound; another, at a distance and acting independently, would be doing the same thing: both would be sent back torn to pieces. Then a great

mass would start forward from another quarter, as if the hour appointed for victory had come, and those who were waving the banners were to be the victors; but the remorseless artillery of the Federals speedily drowned their yells, and they too in hot haste found their way back to the cover whence they had emerged. Then other fractions would take their turns in the same way and with the same results. Their tactics were Chinese tactics, sound and fury, signifying nothing; and the strife was one of reeling, obstinate, dogged masses of ill-disciplined and ill-marshaled infantry against well-posted and well-handled artillery that bided its time, and then coolly administered the *coup de grâce*. No cavalry tormented the Federal flanks and rear; it had been sent off on a wild-goose chase four days before. Little artillery boomed from the Confederate front; it was smashed to atoms while getting into position. Infantry, nothing but infantry, and this unwelded, incoherent, decomposed; but to the last it yelled.

The operations of General Lee in this battle will always be classed with those of the great Frederick at Torgau; the student of tactics will be rewarded for his pains in studying them by the complete knowledge he will possess of what to avoid doing. The positions taken were such as the Northern general would have chosen for the Southern army; the onslaughts were such as he would have dictated; the plan — but there was no plan; it was a go-as-you-please. Beyond the divisions or an occasional corps there was no leadership. "Armistead . . . has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same," is that day's contribution to the literature of Orders of Great Captains; and there was nothing in the incoherent drama, as witnessed by the spectators on the Federal side, to indicate that there was such a being on the field as a commander in chief of the Confederate forces. Longstreet — the

Longstreet of Gaines' Mill and of the Glendale of only twenty-four hours before — might as well have been in the moon, for all that the Federals knew of him; Jackson might as well have stayed behind at White Oak Swamp; D. H. Hill, indeed, strutted his brief time upon the stage, and to some purpose, but finding himself unsustained retired to sulk. Holmes was the most sensible man of all: he recognized the fact that a successful attack on the strong position of Malvern Hill from his quarter and with his force was out of the question, and said so. His judgment was approved by the result: he and his men lived to fight another day.

The battle closed with an attack by Magruder at the head of nine brigades. Of the swarm of men in the Federal reserve artillery, which, in anticipation of this onslaught, had been massed within close supporting distance of their line of battle, few gave themselves much concern about the line which they had been sent to support; if it needed more strength, that was already at hand in the masses of infantry that were approaching from the reserves. The scene was brilliant beyond description, and all that is beautiful and grand in battle was in the picture. The Confederates, deployed into line, pressed nearer and nearer, but, for a wonder, had ceased to yell; the order for the day had been forgotten, and they were silent. As they stood in a rapidly thinning line of battle, the Federal reinforcements, accompanied by Porter himself, arrived at their front, and added volume to the roll of musketry. The smoke which rose from the line soon hid friend and foe from view. At last the firing began to die away; there was a movement on the right, another on the left, — the cavalry and horse artillery were going up. The smoke lifted, and objects could be discerned through the dissipating cloud: the Federal line was advancing, the Confederates who had not gone were going, the gunboats were dropping shells where

the enemy was supposed to be, a siege battery was assisting in the acceleration of the Confederates' flight, and the show was over. "Pretty, but not war," was heard on all sides, and yet General Lee gained great fame on that day.

General Lee mentions the lack of accurate knowledge of the region that was to be fought over, and this observation is echoed by D. H. Hill. All the greater need, therefore, of careful reconnoissance; but in this respect the Confederates are open to censure. Thus, the needless slaughter at Mechanicsville might have been spared, if A. P. Hill had reconnoitred the Federal position properly. At Gaines' Mill, Jackson actually posted D. H. Hill's division so that its left flank was exposed to the enemy; ignorance of the lay of the land caused utmost confusion in his own corps while getting into position, and, toward the close of the day, prevented a serious movement on the Federal right in following up the advantage. At Allen's Farm and at Savage's Station, if Magruder had made careful reconnoissances, he would have learned in the morning that there was an interval of more than a mile between General Smith and the troops on his left; and he had a fair chance of learning, too, that the Federals were lacking in reserves. In the afternoon, he seems to have made his attack in ignorance of the fact that the Federal left was *en l'air* by reason of Heintzelman's premature departure: had he known this, it is not probable that he would have kept his troops which were north of the railroad idle spectators of the fight. On the 30th of June, if Jackson had prosecuted his reconnoissance seriously in the direction of Brackett's Ford, which lay at his right elbow, he could not have failed to perceive the feasibility of crossing there, and by one movement cutting off Franklin at White Oak Bridge and falling upon the right of the Federals then engaged in the battle of Glendale. On the same day,

Holmes, who had come all the way from the south bank of the James, stumbled into the presence of Porter's corps and the concentrated fire of thirty pieces of artillery, to his utter discomfiture, — a result that could have been avoided by his taking the trouble to look where he was going. Last of all, if General Lee's reconnoissance of Malvern Hill had been worthy of the occasion, it is not to be believed that he would have rushed forward to the disaster that stared him in the face.

The campaign of the seven days had its surprises in store for the critics, especially in that which related to the qualities of the commanders in chief. Who would have supposed that in the quiet, church-going, self-contained, and orderly man with gray hairs lay a love of fighting with which that only of a Phil Kearny or of an A. P. Hill can be compared, and an audacity in the glare of which that of Stonewall Jackson pales? Yet in deserting his fortifications and courting the chances of the open field General Lee exhibited this high quality of audacity in greater measure than any general has done during the latter half of the present century. Was he warranted in taking the field when he did? Unquestionably: the spur was in his side, and fate kept whispering *l'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace*. No man of Lee's mould was ever deaf to that prompting. Fortune in war loves a daring suitor, and he who throws down the gauntlet may always count upon his adversary to help him, unless that adversary be an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Frederick, or a Napoleon. Men may fill volumes with criticism of this or that plan of campaign, and may set forth by the dozen faults which should have ruined the generals that committed them; nevertheless, he who has studied the campaigns of great men has never failed to be struck with this fact, that in the execution of plans founded upon calm, close, judicial study

of the situation it is the chief displaying the greatest audacity who wins. The audacity that is the offspring of judgment is the quality that seasons generalship; this it is which gains the ends of states and makes men heroes. Frederick at Leuthen, Napoleon at Arcola, Washington at Trenton, — no wonder that the Southern people will not hearken to the defects betrayed by Lee in this campaign, when he exhibited from first to last the one trait which atones for all shortcomings.

General Lee deserves great credit for promptitude and vigor. When the perplexity of the 28th of June came to an end, he became aggressive on the instant. He was all action, and echoed Macbeth to the letter: "From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand." The conditions under which he acted rendered success almost impossible: after recrossing the Chickahominy, the tables were

liable to be turned at every step, and in fact the moment when Lee supposed himself to be on the point of a great victory would have been the moment for a Napoleon to annihilate him. Was he aware how critical his affairs then stood, and that, while his adversary had wagered the success of a single campaign only, he had staked his very existence? If so, he did not betray the faintest sign of faltering. It is said that when he found his prey had slipped through his grasp, he did not utter a word of reproach against those who had merited reproach. Thus this campaign closed with success, but, audacity apart, not with success won.

Lord Bacon says, "In meditation all dangers should be seen; in execution none, unless very formidable." Lee took the latter half of this apothegm to heart, and McClellan the former: between the two, the art of war is beholden to this campaign in nothing.

Eben Greenough Scott.

WAR'S USE OF THE ENGINES OF PEACE.

THE question of our national defense, always a difficult one, is now complicated by financial stringency, which imposes upon Congress a rigorous economy, while the construction and arming of forts and war ships necessarily demand an enormous expenditure.

Yet the nation must be prepared for defense as soon as possible, for no one can say when we may have to take up a gage of battle. Is it, therefore, possible to devise a secondary system of defense, which can strengthen without supplanting our primary system, and can be rapidly developed at a very moderate cost, and yet be of sufficient power to afford defense to our most exposed points until enough of time and treasure may be expended to bring to completion our

permanent defensive system, of which the powerful work at Sandy Hook is so magnificent an example?

As a partial answer to this question, the following suggestions are submitted, as containing matter not unworthy of consideration, with the claim that the facts and principles relied on are well known, and are manifested in the daily routine of civil and social life.

The problem of closing waterways by artillery fire alone, since the application of steam and armor to ships of war, has proved a very difficult one, as has been frequently demonstrated, notably by us during our civil war, when the passage of the Mississippi River was forced by the Union's wooden ships at its lower forts, at Port Hudson and Vicksburg; and while

the defenders there had neither the formidable guns, explosives, or projectiles, nor the appliances for securing accuracy of fire, of to-day, yet neither were they opposed by ships as strongly armored or armed, or as swift, as are those ships which now might assail or attempt to run by our new forts. A further evidence of the inability of forts to protect waterways by artillery alone has been recently furnished by the facility with which Mello's ships passed in and out of port at Rio de Janeiro in defiance of the three formidable forts at its entrance.

But suppose hostile ships of war should run past a fort, or suppose the fire of the hostile navy should destroy, or even cripple, the fort and its guns, so that the enemy's fleet passed the fort: is it not well, instead of a calamitous surrender to the enemy, to construct some system, if it be possible, whereby a secondary defense may be brought into operation when artillery fire shall have proved insufficient?

If it were given to Edison or Sir William Thomson, or to other experts, to devise some plan which, without crippling or interfering with the present military systems, but rather cooperating with them, would rely principally upon agencies other than those in common military use, and apply them to the defense of a line say a hundred miles long, or of the area of a circle sixty miles in diameter, the centre of such circle being New York, or any other point selected for defense, it is reasonable to suppose such a plan would indicate the possibility of realizing unexpected and wonderful results. There may be doubts as to what particular plan they would recommend, but there are certain considerations, possibilities, and facts which stand out so prominently that they would be necessarily woven into it.

Of course torpedoes of every kind would be used; and, beside these, a primary consideration would be to use agencies the forces of which could be generated at points so remote from the

enemy as to be beyond his power of attack, while at the same time these forces could, with absolute security, be rapidly transferred into positions sufficiently near the enemy to develop their destructive powers, thereby essentially differing from forts or ships, which, in order to attack or defend, must necessarily be brought within the range of the enemy's power of attack.

Electric currents of enormous energy, capable, under the condition of actual contact, of destroying life in any number of men exposed to it, and possibly ships of war also, can be generated at points thirty miles or more distant from the localities where they are expected to be used, and be transferred there with inconsiderable decrease of power. Inflammable oils can be conveyed through pipes by gravitation, or pumps working, if necessary, twenty miles from point of discharge, and after discharge can be instantaneously ignited whenever desired, and, when discharged upon or under water, will float and burn upon its surface.

Thus, electricity and inflammable oils meet the primary consideration of possessing centres of supply and activity remote from the enemy, and of developing powers capable of almost instantaneous transmission to points where they could operate effectively against an enemy, with a continuous renewal and supply of power; and therefore currents of electricity and inflammable oils, separately or jointly, are well adapted for use in defensive war.

It must be borne in mind that an enemy, when he attacks, must advance upon the defender's position following certain determinate lines, and encountering such obstacles as the defender may have created on the terrene and waters in his possession.

Owing to our ocean-guarded frontier, only a small interest is felt by us in considering how attacks made upon land may be repelled; and therefore only a few suggestions will be made showing

how electricity and inflammable oils can be used for defense upon land.

It is self-evident that no rampart could be scaled, no fortress stormed, no lines or intrenched positions carried, by troops suddenly brought into actual contact with continuous alternating electric currents of 1400 volt power or more; or by troops required to cross a ditch, or area of ground, sheeted with or spouting inflammable oil, capable of being ignited at the moment of actual combat.

It may be said that the electric wires could be rendered harmless by bodies of troops protected by non-conducting armor, or provided with non-conducting cutting appliances; but when it is considered that the wires would be under the guns of the defenders, that every contrivance that could be suggested would be used to multiply and even renew wires, to raise them unexpectedly, to project them into position repeatedly during the attack, it may be assumed that the electric current could, by some one of many devices, overmaster the counter-defense, and successfully develop its own power. In addition it must be considered that the electric current could and ought to be used in union with other agencies, and especially with inflammable oils brought in continuously flowing streams or spouting jets to selected points of anticipated attack, and ignited at any opportune moment.

It may be further objected that the apparatus for electric defenses and inflammable oil would be too complicated and troublesome for practical use; but it cannot be denied that the electric current and the oil can be readily and safely brought to desired points, and that the agencies to employ either are as simple as those required for rockets and torpedoes, for the gun-carriages of heavy artillery, for loading, manœuvring, and firing heavy guns, and especially more simple than the complicated machinery designed for fighting heavy guns in movable or even fixed turrets in ships of war.

If, then, it be sought to work out a plan whereby a line one hundred miles long could be defended with few men and great effectiveness, it may be assumed, as is the fact in the United States and Europe, that lines of commercial railways, with rare exceptions, constitute strategic lines; and that if a continuous belt of land, say six miles wide, of which belt the said railways form the centre, could be successfully held, all the conditions of war would be absolutely dominated and controlled by those who hold and possess such continuous belt of land.

If continuous belts of land, six or even four miles wide, could be securely held by fortifying railways with mobile armament, the military effect would be the same as if a deep and navigable river, four or six miles wide, covered with the defender's ships of war, were encountered by an enemy destitute of ships.

It is to be noted that this system does not contemplate the fortifying of only a single line of railway, but of all those over which the advance of an enemy must cross; and hence when, as in most of the civilized countries, lines of railways approximate each other on nearly parallel or inclined lines, and especially when they cross, all should be armed with batteries, whereby the defensive power of each would be greatly intensified, as the enemy must assault a network of fortified lines, and expose himself to front, flank, and rear fire.

So numerous are railway lines that in civilized countries no battles can be fought away from them.

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, all the battles were fought so near to railways that their result would have been controlled if such railways had been fortified and held by properly constructed batteries.

In England, no invading army could even camp without crossing several lines of railways, which, if equipped with mobile batteries, would hold an invading army in a state of siege before it could

deploy itself. Most of the great battles of our civil war were fought along or near railway lines, and it was at the battle of Savage Station, near Richmond, that, for the first time in actual war, General Lee used an ironclad railroad battery moving on and fired from a commercial railway; but a single battery can effect no more than a single link in a chain.

Armored and unarmored batteries, probably costing not more than a section of horse artillery, can be placed upon the railways and be moved thereon with great celerity, can be armed with guns far heavier than any that can be readily transported over roads by animal power, and can be made absolutely inexpugnable by means of machine guns and many other known and effective instrumentalities, and by proper support. Many facts confirm these assertions, and amongst them the experience of actual war, the firing of even the heaviest guns from rails at most of the official tests, and the frequent transportation by railways of the heaviest guns, notably of the 124-ton Krupp gun and its 25-ton carriage from the Chesapeake Bay to Chicago.

The system of the use of mobile batteries on railways has been explained and advocated by the writer of this article in a work entitled *Mobilizable Fortifications*, published several years ago.

The guns of these batteries would have dispersed positions and converging fire, right and left, upon all points of the belts of land within their effective range, which ought not to be less than four miles; and, owing to the celerity of their motion, could be concentrated from points twenty or more miles distant before the columns of attack could march two miles within the zone of defensive fire.

The ordinary objection that railway cuts and surrounding hills would mask the batteries, and allow them to be approached and captured, or the rails to be torn up, is completely answered when it is considered that it is not one or two

railway batteries that would be assailed, but continuous lines of batteries, having reasonable support, and beyond the ability of attack to outflank; so that when the front fire of a battery would be masked, the fire of batteries to the right and left would be encountered.

What number of railway batteries would be required to defend a hundred-mile section of railway, and how such batteries should be armed and how supported, are matters of military judgment and detail; but it is certain that, owing to their rapid mobility, a less number of guns and men would be needed than by the present system, while horses, field artillery, carriages, and caissons could be dispensed with, and probably not fifty batteries would be required, if suitably armed and endowed with motion.

Of course it would be simple folly to provide only a few railway batteries, for then they would not have mutual support, and could be flanked and the rails torn up; but if well equipped and in proper numbers, the links of the chain of defense would be complete, and an enemy would be compelled to make a front attack upon a line without flanks and growing stronger during the attack, owing to the mobility of the batteries, and to march three miles under artillery and machine-gun fire searching both of his flanks and his front, and increasing in intensity as he advanced, without support from his own artillery, as it is evident that none could be dragged into position by animals under the converging fire of the superior guns of the railway batteries.

The effectiveness of the defense of the batteries upon a line like this would be much improved by the use of electricity and of inflammable oils, particularly in localities presenting especial weakness or importance; but for want of space no details will be gone into, as the methods of use are very apparent.

Electric plants of sufficient power to destroy life might, in exceptional cases,

be carried on rails, or even on land, while ordinarily the commercial plants of cities and villages within a radius of thirty miles could be utilized.

But when the use of these novel agencies is considered in relation to defense against naval attack, the application of electricity for that purpose presents doubts and difficulties that do not apply to the use of inflammable oils.

There is no doubt that there can be developed by suitable generators an electric current of sufficient power to destroy a ship of war, but the method of transmitting it so as to create actual contact, the mode of its operation and its effects, are matters of theory upon which no other data are available except those based upon deductions from the use of currents of inferior power.

There are many easy and practicable means of establishing actual contact with ships even when quite distant, and electricians can define the rate of power required to be destructive, and the devices to render it effective after contact be established; but it is manifest that a ship of war brought into actual contact with an electric current of 4000 volt power, or even less, would be in deadly peril, and the commercial electric plants of New York, Boston, and other cities might, at a minimum of cost, be utilized for experiment and service.

But the suggestion of the use of inflammable oils for defense against naval attack is one the practicability of which can be safely asserted, as the essential elements of it have passed beyond theory, and are in actual daily operation.

Let us consider, for example, a plan for the defense of the Mississippi River. The Eads jetties have for a considerable distance narrowed the width of the channel at its mouth to about four hundred feet, and inflammable oil, pumped or discharged from remote points, could easily be made available, even at the moment of attack, to sheet with oil the surface of the narrow channel, ready to

be ignited when desirable, and to be carried forward by the current against any approaching hostile ship. From New Orleans to its mouth the river varies in width one thousand yards, more or less. At selected points remote from attack, when a hostile fleet would seek to ascend the river, from either bank could be discharged inflammable oil in ample quantity, ready, at the touch of an electric button, to burst into flames and be carried by the current against the enemy.

It would be impossible to ascend the river under these circumstances. What width of channel could be protected by fire defense cannot be stated with accuracy, as no exact data are available; but the capability of pumps is great and the oil supply ample, so that many points beside the Mississippi River could be barred by flames against ships. Most rivers could be, and also those ports where narrow and winding channels are the only means of entrance. Numerous ports and rivers, at home and abroad, could be indicated. The approaches to Constantinople and the Suez Canal might, amongst others, be barred by flames. It is probable that, at the trifling cost of a connection with the oil pipe lines, many of the channels leading into New York could be so barred, especially those entering by East River. There is now a width of only one thousand feet at low water from deep water below the Narrows to deep water beyond the Bars. The winding channels at Galveston and in Detroit River possibly could be thus defended, and many others beside.

A system of this kind would be more effective if carefully studied, prepared, and even experimented on in advance; but it could be rapidly improvised, and even rubber pipes might be used in an emergency, and each fort, in the absence of pipe lines or other facilities, might be made a centre of oil distribution when necessary.

If a ship or fleet attempted to force a passage, and the conditions were such

that a discharge of oil through pipes would not be effective, wooden hulks could be filled with oil, ready to become fire ships, scattering burning oil in every direction. They could be placed or towed in position by steam, cables, or other power, steered from land or otherwise, and fired and exploded when desired.

The possibilities of this system are very many and apparent. There are other devices and agencies that might be described, if space permitted.

These suggestions are made with no claim of originality, unless there be something of novelty in the proposal to combine them, after study and experiment, into a complete system.

When the vast extent of our coast lines, fronting upon the oceans, the Gulf, and the Great Lakes, is considered, the task of defending by permanent works only points of the first importance is almost too heavy to be borne, while even this cannot be accomplished in half a century; and therefore we should stimulate our studies to find something to be immediately available, and which, if shown by experiment to be effective and reliable, may afford security, and besides work enormous economy in money and time.

Our Great Lake cities are absolutely at the mercy of any one of the eighty gunboats, drawing less than ten or twelve feet of water, that England can introduce into the Lakes through the Canadian canals, and our government ought to find some speedy and effective method of protecting this defenseless wealth and population.

If by spending many millions we are able to protect New York and Brooklyn, what is to be done for the protection of the numerous cities, villages, and factories along Long Island Sound and the Massachusetts coast? How many forts, how many guns, will be required to protect even one half of them, and how much time and how many millions of

taxes will be consumed before the thinnest shreds of defense can be created; and what of the rest of our coast, Lake, and Gulf lines?

Therefore, if it be possible to put heavy artillery upon rails, and move and fire it, as it is claimed that facts and experience have proved, would it not be well that the government should make some efforts to utilize this system for the defense of Long Island Sound, the Massachusetts coast, and other like localities? Ten heavy guns in permanent position would dominate only their limited fields of fire; but the same ten guns, if endowed with the rapid mobility which steam or other motors may give on rails, might defend almost every part of the mainland from New York to Point Judith, and perhaps beyond. Summoned by electricity when their presence might be required, and transported on rails, they could with great rapidity be moved twenty or thirty miles into prepared or open positions before the hostile ships could drop anchor, or even be near enough to fire a gun, and, in addition, could follow them to any menaced point.

The possibilities of commanding railways and a belt of land upon each side, by means of railway batteries of easy construction and little cost, should engage the attention of a practical and economical government like ours, with a small military establishment, exposed, as all governments are, to foreign and civil wars and broils; and the time may come when interests of immeasurable value may depend upon the government, with its small army, holding and protecting its great arterial food-bearing and coal-supplying railroads, which, if broken or seriously interrupted, would disorganize great centres of population, and paralyze military and commercial operations.

If it be practicable to do this, what folly not to do it! And how can the practicability be ascertained if the government fail to investigate and experiment? And there are the commercial railways, elec-

tric plants, and pipe lines ready, at a trifling cost of money, to furnish proof whether the achievements of peaceful industry can or cannot be successfully employed for its protection against the assaults of destructive war.

If by these means the superiority of

defensive war over attack could be clearly established, there would follow a reduction of armaments, conscriptions, and war taxes. The certainty of defeat would restrain aggressive wars, and the energies of governments would be directed to improvement, and not to destruction.

Joseph L. Brent.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

It was the time of great purposes and small hopes; it was the time of grand deeds and dark dreams; it was the time of glory and madness, of love and despair; it was the time of the greatest motives and the noblest achievement, the truest praying and the bitterest suffering, that our land and our day have known.

The story which I have to tell, in so far as it is a story at all, is a tale of the war, and therefore not in the fashion. It is in such important particulars true that it may ask a respectful hearing, since, in the matter of which I have to speak, it will be found that the fact rather than the way of putting the fact is the source of interest.

It was the summer of the year 1862, in the New England university town which let us call Bonn upon these pages. The year and the term were at their bloom; the elms were in rich leaf, and stood stately, like unconscious pagan divinities, august, in groups and ranks upon the college greens. The paths were weeded and clean. The grass was long and luxuriant; for this was before it was thought necessary to shave one's lawn to fighting-cut. The June air melted delicately against the cheek. The proper cultivated flowers grew in the proper places, as such things do in well-directed towns. The white Persian lilac was in blossom in the sedate gardens of the faculty. The well-trimmed honeysuckle clambered over the well-painted porch.

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The June lilies, in rows, stood decorously dying on the edges of the graveled paths. No one ever did anything indecorously in Bonn, — except, of course, the boys.

One of the boys had been dangerously near an indecorum in one of those highly cultivated gardens on the June day of which we speak. It had been a merry day, full of sun and winds and spices, full of the essences of growth and blossom and of reaching on to that larger life which precedes a glowing death; and the sturdy boy felt it, as he ought to, restlessly; not as the serene elms did, and the white lilac. The elms always seemed to him to belong to the faculty.

As he sat in the shade of the particular elm that overhung the southeast corner of Professor Thornell's garden, on the rustic seat (of iron, painted, not at all rusty) against the high stone wall, the arms of the tree swooped over him vigilantly, and gave him an uneasy sense as of one who would be requested to stay after that recitation if he forgot himself. Nature herself always seemed, in Bonn, to be appointed by the trustees.

His companion on the painted rustic seat did not say "swooped." She said "swept," — the branches swept. She was the only daughter of Professor Thornell.

The young man, it was easy to see at a glance, was of the sort known in college circles as the popular fellow. This may mean almost anything; it sometimes

means the best of things, as perhaps in this instance. He had a happy, hearty face. His eye was as direct as a noon sunbeam, and at times as bright; at others, it withdrew, like the eyes of a much older man, into a subdued cloud, blue, or gray, or violet, or one knew not what. He had bright brown hair, curly, and beneath the boyish mustache the cut of a firm, rather full, but remarkably delicate mouth was agreeably visible. He had the complexion and hands of carefully reared but athletic boys. He did not look as if he had ever done a stroke of work in his life outside of a campus or a schoolroom. One smiled on glancing from his cheek, ruddy and fair as a girl's, to his palms, gnarled with the knocks of baseball, and his iron wrists. He had a round, Greek head, well set upon his shoulders. Seen for the first time in a crowd, an experienced teacher would have said of him, "There goes a promise, — a well-born, well-balanced promise."

The girl beside him was a trifle older than he, by the shade of a year, perhaps. At their age each camel's-hair stroke of the brush of time tells. This little circumstance added dignity to her carriage and appearance. She hardly needed it. To some of the students she would have been more charming with a touch less of stateliness, but Harold Grand liked her the better for it. Deep in his young heart he was proud of the fact that the fellows used to say that you could not get near her with a ten-foot pole. This ancient and obvious figure of speech was the final college tribute to the distance, the modesty, and the sweet haughtiness of womanhood. Young Grand rated it accordingly.

In the pleasant, delicate fashion with which our best young people conduct such comradeships they had been friends for a long time, as university time goes, since junior year; and he was about to graduate. They talked friendship, as young folks do. Of love they had never spoken.

We speak of language as if it depended

upon the lips to utter. What does the heart say, and what the turn of the head, the touch of the hand, the fall of the foot, or the mood of the eyes? He sat looking at her that day steadfastly, with the bright, fearless, masculine gaze before which her own drooped. She leaned against the painted seat, and stirred uneasily. "Will you have the rest of the song?" she said. She reached around without turning her head, and lifted her guitar from the grass to her lap. Miriam did not play the piano, like the other girls. To please her father she had accomplished herself in the use of this old-fashioned instrument, her mother's guitar. She played for Harold now and then because he liked it. Little dashes of light from the elm branches overhead flecked her sensitive face. She was not a beautiful girl, but she had the prophecy of a noble face.

She wore the "spring-and-fall dress" of a well-regulated professor's daughter, who must always appear as pretty as possible on the least possible sum of money. The dress was gray, trimmed with dark blue. Her eyes played between the two colors. She wore a drapery sleeve, in the fashion of the day, with a wide, full white undersleeve finished with a narrow linen cuff; a linen collar bound her throat: both were fastened by plain gold studs. Her hands, like her playing, were different from the other girls', for she wore no rings.

Young Grand was quite familiar with the details of this severe little costume, for it was not new this spring. It seemed to him a kind of celestial uniform created for her, but he had never said so. She mourned sometimes that she could not "dress" when Harold called. She would have liked to put on a new gown every time he came to see her, and so be a new girl on each occasion; but she had never said that, either. She did not feel so when the other boys called. Now, when Tom Seyd came it was quite different.

"Yes, play to me, please," said Harold Grand.

She struck a few notes, and stopped.

"I can't!" she pleaded.

"Why not?"

"It's because — it's the way — it's the way you look at me."

He did not look at her any the less for this. She began to tremble, and her cheek blazed. Then he took a swift, manly pity upon her, and folded his arms and turned his head, staring at the stone wall and the elm-tree. He had never touched her in his life; beyond the conventional grasp of meeting and parting, his had never met her hand. He would as soon have dared to touch the Ludovisi Juno. But now his moment of weakness overtook him, as it overtakes most of us at some unexpected time. His fingers strolled to the edge of her gray dress; his arms ached to take her, so he folded them, like the young gentleman that he was, and nodded at the faculty elms as who should say, "No, sir! You don't keep me after this recitation!" And Miriam began to sing.

Thus ran the scene of their simple courtship; so plain and pure and young, one might say so primitive, that it seems almost too slender to reset, in these days when our very boys and girls coquet with the audacity and the complexity of men and women of the world. And that was all.

Call the memory on wings through the upper air, move the sympathy gently, and summon the imagination softly, and, possibly, then one may understand what one has forgotten or what one never understood. We keep ourselves supplied with superior, slighting phrases for the loves of boys and girls. It would become us to preserve our respect for, and our comprehension of, experiences which may be the tenderest and the truest of life.

And Miriam, under the elm-tree in her father's garden, to her mother's guitar, began to sing: —

"Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way."

She had a sweet, not a strong voice; and she sang as the young and the happy do. Harold Grand unfolded his arms. He became curiously aware of the pressure of his mother's ring upon his finger. His eyes dropped from the elm to the white lilac; then they strayed to the drooping yellow lilies. The end of the long blue ribbon at her throat blew in the warm air against his wrist. He restrained it softly with his hand.

"Go on," he whispered; for the girl had stopped.

"Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves,"

sang Miriam, —

"Over the mountains,
And under the graves,
Love will find out the way."

Her voice fell and ceased; her ringless hands strayed over the strings of the old-fashioned instrument; she looked as if she had come out of a picture of the date of her mother's youth. He watched her profile, with the braid of brown hair low in the neck, and the silver arrow piercing the coil above. The air began to cool a little in the hot garden. The bees whispered sleepily to the honeysuckle, disdaining the lilies, which had left their prime behind them. The afternoon sank.

"Yet I like them," said Miriam abruptly. "I love those yellow lilies as long as they live, and when they die I love their ghosts. You never could think how they look by moonlight! I come out sometimes and walk up and down that path, quite late, to see them."

"You are changing the subject," suggested the young man, but not with the self-possession that the little sally might have implied.

"I have forgotten what the subject

was," said Miriam mischievously; for she had recovered herself the first of the two, as women do.

"Oh — it is one as old as — older than we are — older than earth is, for aught I know," the boy said, passing his hand over his eyes. "And I was going to say — to try to say" —

Then the color burned the girl's fine, reserved face from brow to throat. Then she caught her breath, and thrust out her hand as if she would have interrupted him. But she was spared her pretty maiden trouble.

Professor Thornell, accompanied by Professor Seyd (of the Scientific Chair), came down the garden walk. The two learned men walked ponderously between the rows of yellow lilies. They discussed the unfortunate friction at the last faculty meeting, and the probable course of pedagogical harmony at the meeting of that night. They were absorbed in these great themes. They looked vaguely at the young people on the painted iron settee. Professor Thornell smiled affectionately at his daughter and passed on, and forgot her at once.

It no more occurred to him that she and young Grand needed matronizing than that he should offer a chaperon to the busts of Apollo and Minerva in the college library. But when he had paced to the garden fence and back again, he stopped confusedly to say: —

"My dear, I forgot — we are so driven with Commencement business — I forgot entirely that I had a message from your mother. She said I was to tell you — How unfortunate! It was some minor domestic errand. Professor Seyd, what *was* it that Mrs. Thornell desired to have done?" pleaded the Professor of English Letters helplessly.

"She desired a salad prepared for supper," prompted the Professor of Science accurately. "She desired, if you found Miss Miriam, that she should prepare a *potato* salad, with the addition of beets."

Miriam rose at once. She gathered

her guitar to her lap, and put on her straw hat. The two heavily instructed gentlemen continued their walk up and down the garden paths; they discussed faculty matters, superfluous and inaccessible, till eight o'clock that night.

The two young people passed on up to the house between the rows of dying lilies. They passed in silence, and separated at the front door. The winged moment had fled. The sacred embarrassment of youth and love fell between them. For his life he could not then have finished his sentence. Nor could she, for hers, have helped him.

Now, the scientific professor, having an unscientific and emotional wife, had gone home, as her nerves exacted, to report himself to her; thus he came late to the faculty meeting at the President's house. Professor Thornell was annoyed.

"We need all hands to-night," he remarked, with the natural acerbity of a colleague.

Professor Seyd turned upon him a stiffened face; it showed an unprecedented lack of color; he was usually a red, comfortable man.

"Have you seen the bulletins?" he demanded shortly. "I am just from the telegraph office. We have been defeated again. Our losses are said to be" — He began slowly to repeat, with his own frightful, statistical accuracy, the rumors — for there were only rumors yet to turn to — of the evening: *Killed — Wounded — Missing* — a fearful table.

The faculty sprang from their chairs and gathered round him, while with pallid lips he recounted the horrors of one of the worst days of the Peninsular campaign. The gray-haired President uttered a fierce, unscholarly exclamation, and automatically reached for his hat and cane. He acknowledged afterwards that it came into his head to go down town and enlist. For once in the history of Bonn University, Commencement was obliterated from the consciousness of her

professors. The quarrel in the faculty was forgotten. The Professor of English Letters and the Professor of Science shook hands with the Mathematical Chair, their chronic foe.

"The boys are beside themselves. They are unmanageable," said Professor Seyd, with evident agitation. "The whole University is in the streets. It is rumored that President Lincoln will issue a call for more troops. Five sixths of the senior class will enlist, if he does, and—God bless them!—I would if I were they!"

He had a boy of his own in the senior class. It never had occurred to him that *Tom* could go.

"Hush!" said Professor Thornell, with a break in his voice. "Hear them, now. Listen!"

Far down the street and wide over the college green the boys were singing; not wildly, but with a restrained pathos and solemnity, strange to their young lips:—

"And then, whate'er befalls me,
I'll go where duty calls me."

The tramping of their steps fell on the smooth, hard streets like the marching of an army corps. It approached the President's house with measured tread.

"The college militia is out," observed Professor Thornell. "They have done some good drilling, our boys."

The faculty answered with proud eyes. These elderly men flung open the doors and windows, and rushed out like boys to meet the other boys as they poured upon the lawn, calling for speeches. In the centre of the crowd stood the college company, drawn up rank and file. The lights blazed upon their grave young faces. They saluted their instructors solemnly. Their Captain advanced from the line. He stood apart, with his curly head bared, while he conferred with the President. Nobody had such a manner as young Grand. He had heroic beauty that night. His eyes were elate and remote. He seemed to see no person present.

But Tom Seyd, back in the ranks, looked straight at his old father.

In the house of the Professor of English Literature, half a mile down the surging street, a girl opened the window of her room, and put aside the white dimity curtain, to lean over the sill and listen. The drumbeats tapped the hot night air, and grew above the ceasing and the silenced college songs.

"It is the boys out drilling," thought Miriam. "They are having a good time. I wish I could see . . . He looks so handsome in that uniform! And father will make them a speech."

Commencement at Bonn was but a broken drama, that agitated year. The ceremonials began, after their usual fashion at that time and in that college, upon one of the closing days of June. But on the 1st of July came the yet well-remembered call of the President of the United States for three hundred thousand more recruits.

He who lived the war through in a university town knows what patriotism meant, in those large days, to our educated men. Where was found the purer motive, the braver, nobler act? What class of heroes in our smitten land offered to their country life more high and precious, or death so calm, intelligent, and grand?

The scientific professor, with his habitual accuracy, had foretold the turn of affairs in the college quite precisely. In fact, five sixths of the senior class, in one wild burst of sacred rage, offered themselves for enlistment; and a large number were accepted. The boys exchanged their diplomas for their muskets. The professors held an impromptu faculty meeting on the platform of the exhibition hall, where, for the first time in the history of the old University, Commencement etiquette was hurled to the winds. The short-breathed trustees clambered up by the winding stairs into

the anteroom, and these venerable men, with streaming eyes, signed the sheepskins, which they dispatched after the young heroes who had flung scholastic honor and peace and safety down at the scorching feet of that great July. And so the senior class of Bonn was nobly and irregularly graduated, and marched away.

In those fiery days, personal tragedy was but the little tongue of flame in the great conflagration. Men swept to their doom with ecstasy, and the firm-set lip trembled only when it gave the last kiss at home. Women, old in trouble, took upon their souls one anguish more, and uttered no complaint. Girls — sometimes I think that the girls had the hardest of it. Nobody thought so then, or perhaps believes it now. Who has ever measured the depths of the possibility of suffering in a girl's heart? She is so unused to life, so young and trustful of joy! She expects to be happy; she has endured so little, she has hoped so much; she tastes of tenderness and anticipates delight; she prays to God, she adores her lover, and believes in her fair fate. Why do the gray-haired women weep? What is this prattle about trouble that she overhears? By love she is incredulous of sorrow. By youth she overcomes the world.

Miriam, in her father's house, sat dumb. In an hour, in a moment, it seemed, her catastrophe had come upon her. At the call for three hundred thousand more to fight the war out, he had given himself, without doubt or delay. The Captain of the college militia had dashed into service without a commission, and came to her in his private's uniform to say good-by.

In the whirlwind of those few wild days, leisure was the inaccessible thing, and privacy impossible. He came: it was a matter of moments. He was allowed a day in which to visit his home in New York; for he had a mother and

a sister. *They* had rights. Miriam had none. Who thought to leave the boy and girl alone together? It did not occur to the unimaginative mother of an unengaged daughter to force the situation, or to create a difficult tête-à-tête in a house full of company long ago bidden for the spoiled Commencement, and staying over out of sheer excitement, to discuss the national emergency. It did not occur to the Professor of English Literature, who bustled in to bid his favorite student Godspeed, and to tell him that the University was proud of him. Babbling guests overflowed the parlors and library, the piazza, and the hall itself.

It was raining, and the garden was uninhabitable. The two young people, in the pitiable publicity which, forced at the crisis of fate, has separated thousands of approaching lives, said farewell. They looked miserably into each other's eyes. Miriam heard an old clergyman in the back parlor doorway talking about Arianism. A professor's wife in the hall was cackling to another about the lint that she had picked for the soldiers. Dully the girl was conscious that her father — dear old stupid father! — stood behind her. He was telling Harold for the third time that Bonn was proud of her noble boys. Before everybody she and Harold clasped hands. Before all those people she saw him move across the threshold of her father's door, and step out into the summer storm and leave her. She stirred into the vestibule, and stood beside him. In the garden the elm-trees were tossing about; a wet gust blew against her thin dress, — she wore a white organdie muslin with a little vari-colored pattern; she shivered in the wind. From the stone wall drops were dripping on the iron seat. The yellow lilies lay over in the gravel, beaten by the storm.

"I shall write to you," he said, "I shall write." He wrung her cold hand. She gave one look at his bowed face; its expression awed her. She saw him put on his military cap. He turned and

lifted it when he had reached the sidewalk. All the people stood about, but he looked only at her.

Miriam made her way back through the Commencement company. She felt her way upstairs by the banisters, for she seemed to be going blind. She held the muscles of her face stiff. Everybody could see her. She was only an unbetrotthed girl, — she had no right to cry.

She got up to her room, thrust open her blinds, and leaned against the dimity curtain. But she could not see him. She thought she heard the tread of his ringing feet as they turned the corner.

She tottered to her white bed, and flung herself face down. And the people babbled in the parlors. But the old clergyman talked no more of Arianism. Word had just been sent him by telegraph from New Hampshire that his only son had enlisted for the war. By and by a maid knocked at Miriam's door; for young Mr. Seyd had come; he would go to camp in the morning.

"Oh, I can't — I *can't*!" moaned Miriam. "Maggie . . . manage somehow!" She held her arms up to the other girl, her mother's servant, the only other young thing in the house.

"An' that you sha'n't!" cried Maggie. She went up to Miriam, and out of her warm Irish heart, and on the passion of the solemn time that washed out all little human laws and lines, she kissed her young mistress, for the first and only time in her life, and went away without a question or a word.

Confused phrases ran through Miriam's burning brain: "Father and mother hast thou put far from me — in this hour." Only the Irish maid understood.

From Washington he wrote to her. It was a short note, dashed off in pencil upon the journey, on a leaf torn from his diary. Already the solemn strangeness of his sacrifice had moved between them. In a day the college boy had become a man. He had other things to think of besides herself. He wrote of

the national emergency; he spoke passionately of the Flag and its perils; he said that he hoped to go soon into action. He should write her a letter before then.

"This is all I can manage now. I write on my cap, in the cars. The boys are chattering about me. They are all in excellent courage. Some of them are talking about my being made Lieutenant. It was too bad all those old coves were round when I came to say good-by. I wanted to see you alone.

"I shall write again, when I can collect my thoughts as I wish to. I shall certainly write before I go on the field. I have a good deal to say to you, and I want to hear from you before we go under fire."

And this was all. From the young soldier no other message came to her. The poor girl tied her thick winter veil across her hunted eyes, and shadowed the post office, anticipating all the mails before her father got them. She knew that the regiment had been ordered to the front, — everybody knew that. She knew no more than everybody knew. There was no letter.

Days writhed by, as such days do; weeks, — how many she could not have told. She lived like a creature under vivisection, who understands what the men of science are saying around the torture-table. Her mother had begun to notice how she looked, and the Irish girl watched her furtively.

The professor's wife came slowly upstairs one burning midsummer day, and pushed open the unlatched door of her daughter's room. The blinds were closed, and Miriam sat in the green darkness by the window, in the great old-fashioned chair, cushioned in white, that she had gone to sleep in when she was so little that her feet could not touch the floor. Her face was turned toward the lines of fiery light that blazed between the slats of the blinds; her head lay back against the chair.

Mrs. Thornell stopped in the middle of the room. Her countenance was agitated.

"My dear," she said, with embarrassment, "Professor Seyd has news from Tom. There has been—I think they called it a skirmish—it was not a great battle—but Tom was wounded; not dangerously, I think. They have gone on to bring him home."

Miriam opened her eyes; she did not turn her head, nor did she find it necessary to speak.

"And—there were others hurt—and—Harold Grand."

"You need not try, mother," said Miriam distinctly. "Maggie told me. She brought me the paper."

"He died nobly!" faltered the mother. "And . . . it was instantaneous, my dear. He did not suffer—like some."

"Thank you, mother," said Miriam. She turned her head away from the hot window, and shut her eyes. Her head lay heavily against the high white chair. Helpless and distanced, her mother stood uncertain. Then she stole away and went downstairs.

Miriam crawled across the room, and locked her door. After a little she went back and unlocked it. She had no right, she remembered, even to turn the key upon her unnamed, unauthorized, unmaidenly anguish. She stood alone in her room, and lifted her arms up once to the invisible sky. In her face was one of the challenges that God himself must find it hard to answer.

"How do women bear their lives?" she said.

God who sends them only knows. She bore hers as other women do who are smitten as she was. Perhaps, on the whole, she bore it better than many. But she was very young.

The letter did not come. At first she looked for it a little, with the defiant hopefulness of youth. It was a long

time before she gave up haunting the post office. She went in the morning sometimes, but in the evening always. Her hand shook so that the clerk noticed it, when she took her father's seven o'clock mail. In time the reaction struck, and a sick horror of the whole thing came upon her. Then she went no more. "I shall write to you," he had said. But he had not written.

They brought him to his mother's home in New York; and although it was vacation, a delegation from the college went on to his military funeral. His mother and sister, in their black dresses, tied the flowers about his sword, and the scattered students wore crape upon their arms for thirty days.

Miriam wore her gray dress with the blue trimming, and the muslin with the bright spot. She would have gone on her knees for the shelter of a black veil in which to hide her face from the eyes of people. But Miriam had no right to the sacred insignia of mourning, in those days thought as necessary to the decency of grief as tears. She pinned on her bright ribbons, and trimmed her hat with flowers; she went to merrymakings with the young people, as she must. She laughed when she had to. She did not cry: that was the worst thing about it. She had never cried since Maggie brought her the paper with the list.

After a while she stopped wearing those two dresses, the gray, and the organdie that she had on the last time she saw him. She folded them and put them away, for she could not bear to look at them. Only girls will understand this.

On the guitar, now, she did not play. She could not hide that; it must stand in the parlor, in its usual corner. But she put away the sheet of music on which were penciled the notes of the old English song that she had sung to him:

"Over the mountains,
And under the graves,
Love will find out the way."

But he had not found out the way.

So she took up her part in the long tragedy of life, and supported it, as her nature was. Her pride was as fierce as her love; the twin seized her like fighting Titans, and tare her. She stood her ground between them, as strong youth does; and one day she opened her sad blue eyes and noticed that she was young no more.

It took the most ardent lover she had ever had to call her attention to this unobtrusive fact; which was the last thing that he had intended to do. It was a June day, in the year 1877, when Tom Seyd spoke to her, — fifteen years after he and Harold had enlisted. Tom had loved her all his life; he had never loved any girl but Miriam. She was a woman now, thirty-five years old, and he a man.

Since young Seyd had become his father's assistant professor he had been an absorbed, ambitious man; but he had forced the leisure to see her so often that she had become in a measure dependent upon his evident tenderness, as he meant she should. Indeed, she would have missed it. She cherished beautiful, preposterous ideals of friendship, as lonely women do; dreaming of noble devotion which asked for nothing in return. She blessed Tom Seyd in her desolate heart that he had never "made love" to her, and never would.

So when he told her, that day, without prelude or apology, that he had always loved her, she experienced a suffocating, moral shock.

"It won't do," said Seyd firmly. "It won't go, all this about friendship. I do not feel the need of a friend. It is a wife I want. I love you."

"But not in *that* way!" protested Miriam.

"I love you in just that way," said the young man, as quietly as if he had been analyzing a crystal before the sophomore class. "I do not love you in any other, and I never have."

"Then you have deceived me!" cried

Miriam, growing as pale as a pear blossom.

"I undecieve you, then," said Seyd. "I love you, and I believe that I could make you happy, if you would let me try."

He stated his case with something of his father's scientific manner; dryly, so far as the words went. But his voice shook, and his hand. And into his gray eyes, that she had always thought so commonplace and "worthy," she could not look; for they beat and blinded hers. She felt in them that which the most lovable of women does not often see, — the loyalty of an unselfish, unswerving, lifelong love.

She knew good women who would have given their lives — it was in her heart to say, would have sold their souls — for love like this.

And for what should she fling it from her? For the memory of a memory, the shadow of a wraith, the echo of the voice of an unseen spirit flitting through a dark and ghostly realm; for oath of allegiance to a claim that had never existed; for love of a boy who had not loved her enough to find a way to tell her so before he died.

"I have waited fifteen years," said Tom Seyd patiently. "I have not intruded on you, have I? I have not been stupid about it, I think. I understood how it was. But I have loved you all the same and all the while."

Her white cheek burned. A sacred shame, even after all these years, covered her with womanly confusion. She remembered how she used to be called the proudest girl in the college town. Did he taunt her with her pitiable love? "Let me go!" she gasped.

"No, no," he pleaded. "Sit down here beside me — for a minute. Listen to me — here."

Then she lifted her eyes, and behold, he had led her to the painted iron seat against the garden wall. The elm-tree rose above it, venerable and calm. The

white lilac was in blossom; the bees of Bonn sang to the honeysuckle; in rows the yellow lilies were beginning to die.

But Miriam stood rigid and tall. She looked through him and on, beyond him; as if he had been the ghost, and that dead boy the living man.

"If I ever listen to you," she breathed, "it will not be *here*."

And with this she fled and left him. But his heart leaped with hope and madness; and he went down to his father's laboratory to try a difficult experiment, in the delirium that a man knows but once in life.

Miriam went up the garden walk and into the house. She felt her way by the branches of trees and shrubs; for she had, for the second time in her life, that feeling of one about to be stricken blind. The house was still, that night, and empty. The professor was at faculty meeting, and the professor's wife at a Commencement tea. It was one of the rare occasions when a grown daughter in her father's home may command the freedom and solitude which become so precious as we grow old.

Maggie brought the tea-urn, but said nothing. Maggie had grown old and sober. There was a grocer's boy who never came back from Antietam. But Maggie wore his ring, and shared her quarter's wages with his mother. Miriam looked with a fierce envy, sometimes, at the Irish girl.

It came on to be a moonlit night, sultry and sweet. Miriam went to her own room, but could not stay there. She caught up her straw hat and wandered out. House, garden, home, seemed too small to hold her. She struck into the street, and began to walk. Automatically her feet turned toward the post office, as they used to do fifteen years before, when the seven o'clock mail came in. The boys were singing on the campus. All the college town was bright and alive.

"I am the only ghost in it," thought Miriam.

Her father's mail had been taken, and she came wearily back. Into the dark parlor the moonlight fell through the long muslin curtains. The guitar stood in the corner. For the first time for fifteen years she took it in her trembling hands. There was no one to listen. She played and sang:—

"Over the mountains
And under the graves,
Love will find out the way."

With the wail of the worse than dead her voice faltered through the empty house. She laid her cheek against the old guitar and patted it.

"Oh, good-by, dear!" she said.

The college boys on the campus began to sing those cruel army songs, fifteen years old. What right had *they*, these fortunate, light-hearted sons of pampered peace, to torture people who lived the war through?

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love!"

Impossible! Impossible to think about Tom Seyd till the boys had finished singing! And it was imperative to think about Tom Seyd. Miriam put down the guitar, and ran upstairs with her fingers in her ears. If she should listen to this live man, dead ones must be kept still. She cried out as if the boys of Bonn could hear her, or would regard her if they did, "Oh, boys, stop that singing! . . . It murders us,—women grown so old that you have forgotten we're alive!"

When the knock came at her door, she did not hear it at the first; for she was moving through those spaces where sound is not, nor time, nor human interruption. She was lying on her bed, with her face buried in the pillows. The moonlight built a bridge straight through the middle of the dark room. She got up and crossed it, to come to Maggie, who stood upon the threshold.

"Oh, Miss Miriam!" said Maggie, with broken breath. "For the love of God, come here! Come out to me lamp

and see . . . for I darsen't go into the dark to give it yez!"

In the hall, a hand-lamp was set upon the little table. Maggie tottered beside it; the cheek of the Irish girl was whiter than the paper in her shaking hand.

For she held a letter, stained and marred and time-discolored, bearing the forgotten red postage stamp of the denomination of the war; a letter as old as . . . O God! as old as anguish! For when Miriam dashed it up against the light, the house rang with such a cry as it would have broken his heart, in heaven, to hear.

"It is his ghost," sobbed Maggie. "His ghost has taken his pen in hand to comfort yez!"

But when has it been recorded in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, that a ghost could write as he had written? Living was the hand and living was the love that penned those worn and faded pages.

With a clang she locked, and double-locked, and triple-locked the door, to read this message from beyond the grave. She had the right now. . . . She could keep the whole world off. She and her sacred joy and her holy grief were sanctified at last. He loved her. He had loved her then and always. In a few manly, ardent words, written upon the march, he had poured his heart out, and placed it in her keeping. He had meant to write differently, he said. He had waited to find a better time. But war made no way for love. Would she listen to this poor love-letter? Spoiled, he said, as so much else was spoiled, — the lives of men and the happiness of women, — by the accidents of war.

"I shall give it to one of the boys who is on the sick list and has a furlough," he wrote, "and he will get it mailed for me, — in Washington, I hope, or even in New York. I think it will go more quickly so, and surer. Our mails are irregular, you know, and un-

certain. Write to me, if there is time. We may be called into action any hour. I hope I sha'n't disgrace myself, for your sake. I think I shall behave better if I can get your answer, — either way you put it. I have never dared believe you really love me. But if you do, or if you can, — enough, I mean, to be my wife some day, — I don't think I *could* die if I knew that. I should come back all right. 'Love would find out the way,' you used to sing — it seems fifty years ago! I shall write my mother about you, if you give me the right, at once. She and my sister would want to see you. I send you that old ring of mother's you used to see me wear. It is the best I can do, on the march. Wear it for me, dear, if you do love me, till I see your face again. For I am

Your own, and only yours,

Till death and after it,

HAROLD GRAND."

She read. She clasped the gray and tattered paper to her bosom and buried it there. She fell upon her knees, and lifted her streaming face to heaven. And then, for the first time in all those years, she broke into terrible sobs.

So much of this story of a letter as is true I tell; and for more I cannot vouch. What was the fate of the message for fifteen years withheld from the stricken girl? Perhaps the soldier on the furlough died. Perhaps, at the time, his pockets were not searched. Was he some friendless fellow, for whose affairs nobody cared? Did the letter slip between the lining and the army blue? Did the uniform pass from hand to hand? Perhaps it was cut up some day for a veteran's son, and so the worn envelope slipped out, and some one said to one of the children, "There is an old army letter, sealed and stamped, and never sent. Run and mail it, my dear. We must not open it or keep it. It may be some poor girl has waited for it all these years."

Whether in this way or in that way God's mysterious finger traced the lines by which the dead boy's declaration of love did force its way to her, who shall say? I know no more than you, no more than she; for I tell it only as it was told to me.

Only this I can append. When young Professor Seyd came to the house again, that evening, the Irish girl stood in the front door and barred the way.

"It's no use, Perfesser Tom," said Maggie, "an' that I takes upon meself to say. There's a dead man got ahead of yez. Me and you are nothin', Mr. Tom,—nothin' to her but just livin' folks."

Then Maggie told him what had happened. And Tom Seyd went back to his father's laboratory without a word. In this he showed the discretion of his temperament, which accepts a fact, be it what it will and lead it where it may, without an idle protest.

On that great glad night, she had forgotten him as utterly as annihilation.

The Irish girl was wise. He was nothing to Miriam but a living man.

The elm-tree in the garden could have taught him that; and the Persian lilac might have told him, "It was not love she gave you." But the yellow lilies kept awake to watch for her.

She came at midnight, when all her father's house was still. She wore the old white muslin dress with the little colored pattern. She held her head like a bride, and trod like the Queen of Joy. Nor God nor man could say her nay, now. Proudly she took upon her soul the oath of allegiance which binds the living to the dead,—that ancient oath, so often taken, so often broken, and sometimes kept. She stopped beneath the elm, and stood beside the iron seat against the garden wall. The hot night had grown cool and calm. The moonlight lay at the flood. There Miriam put his mother's ring upon her marriage finger; and there she lifted from the earth to heaven the solemn face of the happiest woman in the land.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

NATURE IN OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

IN the epic of Beowulf, our first great English epic, with almost countless references to the winter season, the sweet, antithetical season of summer is not once mentioned. This fact is significant, and stands for a good deal. At first it appears sufficiently astonishing. England is fair now in the season, and it was so at the end of the fourteenth century when Monk Langland began to sing:—

"In a summer season
When soft was the sun,
I was weary of wandering, and went me to
rest
Under a broad bank by a bourne side."

No winter rhyme this, of a truth. It was so, too, a hundred years earlier, in

1300, when a nameless poet warbled of spring in this wise:—

"Between the March and April,
When sprays begin to spring,
The little fowls they have their will
In their own way to sing."

If this be the note of the bards in the year of grace 1400 or 1300, why not in the seventh or eighth century, five hundred years before, which is the presumable date of the Beowulf? It is hardly a satisfactory answer to say that the beauty of nature was there, but not the eyes to see it. Old English literature is rife with passages testifying to appreciation of the sterner mood of nature, a cognizance of her wintry phenomena, her rig-

ors of land and sky and water. It is only on the side of warmth and bloom and fragrance that the poetry is so woefully lacking in expression, so insensitive to loveliness and joyance. The explanation lies in large part elsewhere. To give one reason: the first poetry written down in England partakes of the atmosphere of the physical conditions of the country whence come the original settlers, namely, that of the low-lying lands of the Baltic, the North Sea, and the more northerly Atlantic. Beowulf itself, for example, is entirely un-English and Continental in its *locale*, the scene shifting from Denmark to Sweden. And so with the lesser poetical product: it is the climate of the lowlands, of Norwegian fiords and Danish nesses, that is in the English literature of the earliest period of production; hence it is the darker and grimmer phases of nature which are voiced and pictured in the poetry. A striking illustration of this is to be seen in an Old English idiom. It was not the Anglo-Saxon's way to use the word "year" as a denominator of time; he spoke of "thirty of winters" instead of "thirty years, evidently an unconscious tribute to the prominence of that cold and nipping season in his calendar.

Another explanation of this fondness of our ancestors for winter landscape brings us within the domain of psychology. The first poetry of the race is pre-Christian, heathen in warp and woof; and in the literature which antedates Christianity — which has Odin and Thor in the heavens and fatalism as its ethical creed, instead of the sunburst of hope and joy which comes with the white Christ and his cheasier promises of happiness and heaven — the poetic spirit is distinctly, indubitably, more joyless, less perceptive of the bright side of things. Nature, which to the modern poet is but the garment of God, was to his Old English forbears a chilling rather than an inspiring spectacle; for back of the myth-gods themselves stood Fate, Necessity, with

laws that no man may dodge, and with an iron will in place of a tender heart. Germanic mythology and literature give a lively sense of all this.

These two causes, then (to mention no more), blend to bring about a fact which, at first blush, strikes the modern student as curious and repellent.

As a result of this dominant note of winter in Old English poetry an effect of gloom and sternness is made on us, especially if we come to the study full of the tropic exuberance and troubadour gayety which run through the literary product of the Romance peoples; or if we are steeped in the bland brightness of classic imagery; or again, if we are conversant with the rich color and sensuous languors of some of the Oriental literatures. It is somewhat gray business, this harping on the one string, this chronicling of only such objective phenomena as are characteristic of the frozen earth and the ice-beaten sea. Yet if sunny charm and color play and soft melody are wanting, there is great graphic power and a sort of wild music in many of the descriptions; we get good etchings, strong black-and-white work, if not the landscapes of Claude and Turner; and there is stimulation for one who has been bred in softer pleasures to turn for the nonce from scented rose gardens and lute tinklings to the sound of storm-swept pines, the smell of briny waters, and the sight of blood-flecked battle-shields shaken in mortal combat. "Pretty" may not be the adjective to apply to such a poetic product, but "fine" and "strong" and "virile" emphatically are.

Examples follow of the way in which the manifold demonstrations of the external world wrought upon our forefathers, as they feasted, hunted, fought, and prayed in Saxon England more than a thousand years ago, and how this found vent in their song. In time, no doubt, we shall have the whole body of Old English poetry in a form which will commend it to popular use and appre-

ciation; as yet, however, much remains to be done, and every worker may contribute his mite. In turning the passages into modern English, the Anglo-Saxon verse-line, with its four stresses, or accents, and its definite alliteration taking the place of the later device of rhyme, is reproduced as nearly as may be. Inevitably, the result is a metre of so much looser, less regular rhythm that an effect of carelessness and comparative formlessness is produced on the reader familiar with more modern verse laws. The rhymeless dithyrambs of Walt Whitman are at times suggested. But although the conception of metrical movement is freer, the laws that govern it are as exact and the artistic limitations as rigorously obeyed as anything that more recent poetry can show. It is a popular error to regard this early verse product as rude and deficient in art.

The long, striking, and beautiful lyric known as *The Wanderer*, a truly representative poem in its sadness and full of the lament of personal bereavement, contains but two brief references to nature. This is an indication of how laconic is the early poet's use of this embellishment or accessory which in modern times threatens to preempt the whole canvas at the expense of motifs and animated foregrounds. Even the most subjective of Old English poets was not satisfied to paint a picture for the mere picture's sake. *The Wanderer*, a minstrel, is imagined at sea, having lost all his friends, including the lord whose vassal he once was, and is thinking over his past with sick memory. Having dreamed of better times, when his lord clipped him and kissed him, while the bard in turn affectionately laid his hand and head on the kingly knee, he wakes to a realization of his present misery:—

"There awakeneth eft the woeful man,
Seeth before him the fallow waves,
The sea fowls a-bathing, broadening their
feathers,
The rime and snow falling, mingled with hail."

And the poem says that at the sight—this welter of storm-smit waters instead of the warm, feast-glad interior of the great hall—the scald's heart is made the heavier. It is a veritable etching, a sea piece in monochrome, and very typical. It may be said here that perhaps no one phenomenon of nature plays so large a part in Old English literature as the sea, because it played so large a part in the life as well, and again was a monster that spoke the Saxon's sense of the change, the bigness, and the mystery of human days. It were interesting to trace its steady influence in the great singers of the race. Think what inspiration, what imagery, it has furnished Shakespeare, and a long train of successors down to Swinburne and Whitman! The epithet "fallow" as applied to the waves, in the lines just cited, is very fine, and shows the true selective felicity of poetry. In contrast with the gray clouds and the snow-filled air, the water would have taken on just that dusky yellow tinge described by the word. The color scheme of the Anglo-Saxons, it may be remarked, was far more restricted than is ours to-day. Several of our commonest colors appear not at all, and light and shade seem to have made the strongest impression upon them. This fact is a curious commentary on a passage in one of Ruskin's lectures on art, where he remarks that "the way by color is taken by men of cheerful, natural, and entirely sane disposition in body and mind, much resembling, even at its strongest, the temper of well-brought-up children;" while, contrariwise, "the way by light and shade is taken by men of the highest power of thought and most earnest desire for truth; they long for light, and for knowledge of all that light can show. But seeking for light, they perceive also darkness; seeking for substance and truth, they find vanity. They look for form in the earth, for dawn in the sky, and, seeking these, they find formlessness in the earth and night in the sky." It hardly

seems amiss to name as exponents of the two types here adumbrated the man of Romance stock, sun-loving and *insouciant*, and the Teuton, with his mood bred of northern gloom and barrenness.

The second passage in *The Wanderer* occurs near the close of the lyric. The singer gives a gloomy picture of the earth when the evil days come of loss and change, of age and desolation: —

"Storms shake the stony cliffs,
The snow falls and binds the earth,
The winter wails, wan dusk comes,
The night-shade nips, from the north sends
Rough hail, for harm to heroes."

This is vivid description, and proves a vigorous grasp of vocabulary and a happy power in seizing on typically representative features of a wintry landscape. It is not cataloguing, but the movement of the awakened imagination.

In the mysterious ill-defined lyric which Grein calls *The Wife's Plaint*, and which seems to tell of a woman exiled in a sad, dim wood, far away from her husband, there is a short description which again has shadow and sorrow for its setting, the woman's ill stead being echoed and transcribed in the phase of the external world which is presented. She is telling of her banishment and the place of her abode: —

"They bade me to dwell in the bushy woods,
Under the oak-trees down in the earth caves.
Old are the earth halls; I am all-wretched;
Dim are the dens, the dunes towering,
Dense the inclosures, with brambles engirt,
The dwellings lack joy."

The reference to *The Wife's Plaint* turns the mind instinctively to the longer and remarkable lyric known as *The Ruin*; only a fragment, but as precious in its way as one of Sappho's, and full of Old English feeling for the dark things of life, fairly reveling in descriptions of physical destruction. The subject is a city in ruined decay and neglect, and the poem deals scarcely at all with nature directly, but rather with the effects of time upon the work of men as

seen in the fallen wall and tower and rain-pierced roof. In the tenth line, however, there is a touch worth noting. The artisan who built all this mighty structure, says the poet, is long dead, and now his work after him is crumbling to naught. But it was not always so.

"Often yon wall
(Deer-gray, red-spotted) saw many a mighty
one
Hiding from storms."

The descriptive touch *en parenthèse* is as accurate and careful as it is laconic. It implies real and fresh observation, and a wish for truthful representation.

Another lyric which may well be placed in evidence is that called *The Seafarer*; it contains several descriptive passages which make it interesting for our particular study. It pictures a lonely seafarer afloat on the waters, with the usual unpleasant concomitants of bad weather and bleak season: —

"I may of mine own might a sooth-song sing,
Say of my journeys how I through toilsful
days

Often endured arduous times,
Had to abide breast care full bitter,
Knew on the ship many a sad berth,
Fierce welter of waves, where oft they beat
upon me

In my narrow night-watch at the boat's bow,
When it hurtled on the cliffs, conquered by
the cold;

Then were my feet by the frost bitten,
In fetters bleak. . . . No man may know it,
Who on the fair, firm land happily liveth,
How I, sore-sorry one, upon the ice-cold sea
Winter long dwelt midst evils of exile,
Lorn of all joys, robbed of my kinsmen,
Behung with icicles. Hail blew in showers;
There heard I naught but the streaming sea,
The ice-cold wave; whilom the swan's song
Had I to pleasure me, cry of the water-hen,
And, for men's laughter, the sea-beast's loud
voice,

The singing of gulls instead of mead-drink.
Storms beat the stony cliffs, while the sea-
swallow,

Icy-feathered, answered; full oft the eagle,
Moist-feathered, shrieked."

Here we have a full-length portrait of misery, with much vividness and particularity in putting before us the mon-

ody of sea and sky and fate. A little further on, the scald seems to imagine himself on land in the winter, and, with the inconsistency of human nature, he gets up a longing for the very terrors he has expended so much energy in bemoaning: —

"The night-shades thicken, it snows from the north,
Rime binds the land, hail falls on the earth,
Coldest of corn. Wherefore surge now
The thoughts of my heart, that I the high streams,
The play of the salt waves, again might essay."

Truth to tell, the Anglo-Saxons minded stiff weather on the water far less than we their degenerate descendants. They knew the sea in all her moods; they lived and fought upon her, and their entrustment of the dead body to her at the last, the death-boat pushing out into the open brine to float at will of wind and wave, is a touching proof of the magic and magnetism she exercised upon their mind.

Another passage in the poem must be given. This time it is a brief description of spring, and a pleasing one: —

"The woods take on blossoms, the burgs grow fair,
The plains are a-glitter, the world waxes gay."

But now comes the typically Old English melancholy, like a death's-head at the feast: —

"But all monisheth the heedful of death,
To fare on a journey, he who meditateth
Over the flood-ways far hence to go.
So broods the cuckoo with mournful words,
So sings the summer's ward, foretelling sorrow,
Bitter in soul."

It is suggestive, in the face of this treatment of the cuckoo as a harbinger of woe, to compare therewith Wordsworth's exquisite poem to this bird: —

"O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

And then the closing stanza: —

"O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee."

Here is spiritualized cheerfulness instead of sorry forecast, bearing out my assertion of the more hopeful interpretation of nature under the reign of Christ.

Mention must be made of the two fine ballads, *The Battle of Brunanburh* and *The Battle of Maldon*. The former, embedded like a glowing ruby in the dull gray prose of the *Saxon Chronicles* for the year 937, contains a couple of bits of nature description, and one of them may be given. The theme of the ballad is the victory won over the Scots and Northmen by King Athelstan and Eadmund the Etheling, his brother; and the chosen extract is characteristically sombre and Old English. It deals with beast-kind, with the three creatures, feathered or four-footed, who are inevitable grim concomitants of the battlefield in the unsavory post-bellum capacity of scavengers. The mention of birds and beasts like these, instead of the innocent and lovesome song-makers who warble and chirp in modern verse, is another indication of the gloomy mood of our heathen forefathers. The victorious king and the Etheling, says the poet, sought their own homes in Wessex, turning their backs on the bloody field with its harvest of dead bodies.

"Left they behind them, to rend the corpses,
The swallow-coated one, the swart raven,
The horny-nibbed and the gray-coated
Eagle white-breasted, carrion to enjoy;
The greedy war hawk, and that gray beast
The wolf in the wood."

That evil triumvirate, the raven, the hawk, and the wolf, fairly haunt Old English poetry; and this is largely explained by the predominance of the theme of war's havoc, which naturally brings the creatures of prey in its train. They give occasion for some of the finest passages in this drastic vein, and, however

unpleasant to modern æsthetics, it were foolish not to feel how truthful and keenly observant and vigorously sketched are such lines as these just quoted.

The Battle of Maldon, although a much longer poem, contains hardly a trace of nature-painting, being sternly epic. Brunanburh is a more triumphant song than Chevy Chase; Maldon, contrariwise, chronicles the dire defeat of the brave alderman Bryhtnoth, in Essex, in the year 991, by the Vikings. The single example, again of grim suggestion, is a brief two-line stroke. The fight is fierce; the doomed ones begin to fall, and the scavengers with unseemly haste to gather:—

"Then was a cry uplift, the ravens flew about,
The eagles, flesh-eager."

It remains to speak of the literary monument which in importance as well as in length overtops all else in poetry that Old English days have bequeathed to us; I mean the *Beowulf*. The reader is reminded that the theme of *Beowulf* is the deeds and days of the great hero by that name; who visits the Danish King Hrothgar; fights, and eventually kills, the fierce dragon who is depopulating the great hall of the latter; returns to his native land of Gotland, in Sweden, and rules there prosperously for fifty winters as king, until he dies, heavy with years and honors, in a conflict with another dragon, and is buried with due pomp by the seashore, and mourned as a good lord, — a lofty death-barrow being erected in his honor, with a bright beacon thereon, that the distant ship-farer may be cheered. So far as the treatment of nature is concerned, this poem is grim and gloomy in the main. We hear much of dusk stony cliffs, of weird waterways (the supernatural comes much into play in the poem), of wintry moors and bleak earth-holes, but next to nothing of the shine and the joyance of life, either objective or subjective. What joyance there is, is of battle, or of beer-drinking about the hearth fire at night. So that the

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greatest Old English poetical production bears out the reiterated statement that it is the night side of nature which is presented in the earliest literature. The first passage cited brings up a scene in the great hall of King Hrothgar, who is entertaining Beowulf, just arrived from his sea journey with his attendant troop. Ale and mead have been circulated, and one of Hrothgar's Thanes, who is well drunken, twits Beowulf with being outdone in a famous swimming match in the ocean by one Breca. Beowulf indignantly denies this insinuation, and straightway tells the true tale of how he beat Breca. Never is the Old English hero backward in coming forward about his own deeds; modesty, as we reckon it, was not one of his prominent traits. Siegfried in Wagner's operas, another Germanic hero, furnishes a further example. In the course of Beowulf's story we get this description of the winter sea. It is left to the hearer to imagine the icy-cold of the water and its effects on the hardy swimmers.

"Then were we twain there on the sea
Space of five nights, till the floods severed us,
The welling waves. Coldest of weathers,
Shadowy night, and the north wind
Battelous shocked on us; wild were the
waters,
And were the mere-fishes stirred up in
mind."

By mere-fishes here are meant whales, and the powerful statement is therefore made that the upheaval of the sea was such as to disturb even leviathan. It will be seen that, on the whole, this swimming match is accompanied by rather more serious incidents and conducted under more stringent conditions than the average wager of its kind. Further on in the poem, after Beowulf has successfully met the monster Grendel, and driven him, howling with rage at the loss of an arm, back to his native fen, his mother, the she-dragon, comes by night to avenge her son, and seizes one of Hrothgar's henchmen, bearing him off to feed on his body. In the

morning the king is made aware of this occurrence, and on meeting Beowulf tells him of it, bewailing his loss. He enters into a detailed description of Grendel and his dam, his habitat, how dread the place is, and calls on Beowulf for help in his grievance and peril. During his monologue comes this picture of the lair of these uncanny pests:—

“They guard a weird land,
Holes for the wolves and windy crags,
The fearful far ways where the mountain
flood
Under the misty nesses netherward falls,
The flood 'neath the earth. 'Tis not far
henceward
In measure of miles that the mere standeth;
Thereover hang the clamorous holts,
The woods rooted firm, o'erwatching the
water.”

The deep-mouthed, resonant tone-color of the vernacular gives voice well to the idea of the eerie aloofness and mystery of the place. One thinks, in reading such a description, of the palette of a Rembrandt or the word power of a Dante. Only a few lines further on the picture receives a few additional details:—

“That is no happy spot,
Thence the waves' mingle upward mounts
ever
Wan to the welkin, when the wind rouseth
Storms full loath; till the air darkens,
The heaven weeps.”

In its elements of mournful mystery, its touch of magic, and its imaginative grouping of the terrors incident to the stern aspect of sea and land in the north, such writing may be marked as finely representative not only of Old English, but of early Germanic literature, which still retained Aryan features of pre-Christian cultus and folk lore.

The examples given of Beowulf fairly represent the prevailing manner and tone of the epic in treating nature; and, as will have been seen from the other citations made, it is also typical of the general body of verse, whether epic or lyric, of this first period. I remark here in

passing that there is not in the whole poem a reference to the moon,—that melancholy orb of night,—when, *a priori*, we might well expect a poet so glum-minded to take advantage of it as good material to hand. But the sadness of the Germanic bard has not a touch of sentimentalizing about it; it is not moonstruck moaning, but the recognition of harsh fate by heroes and warriors.

The transition from the poetry of the heroic period to the monkish writings of such men as Cædmon and Cynewulf is hardly an abrupt one. The earlier vigor, raciness, and *naïveté* are not wholly lost when we come to the later verse-making. Yet certain well-defined characteristics serve to mark off the two products, and the interpretation of nature in each case is an earmark of the change. The most primitive poetry is sung by unknown scalds, working over and retouching the original from generation to generation; modern criticism finds this to be true of Beowulf as it does of Homer. But in the transitional time we get a definite name attached to the verse product, as the poet-cowherd Cædmon, or Cynewulf, the mysterious scald of Northumbria. The subject matter, too, changes; Cædmon making metrical paraphrases of the Old Testament, and Cynewulf shaping into narrative poems of epic dignity and scope the mediæval Christian legends. Where before was the Germanic myth unadulterated we meet with themes borrowed from the Latin; and the older heathen fatalism, with its attendant mood of pessimism and affiliation with the darker things of the external world, makes way for the milder horoscope of the new religion, with a cheerier reflection of nature. The signs at first are somewhat chary, since the earl who invokes Thor cannot be smoothed over into the meek-hearted Christ-lover in a trice,—and indeed the treatment of religious things by these early poets often reminds one of the fabled wolf in sheep's

clothing; yet for this very reason a racy originality is imparted to the handling of themes traditionally dull and prosy, and the verse of religious motives has a literary value.

The names of *Cædmon* and *Cynewulf*, the first Christian poets of the English tongue, are to be associated with ecclesiastic culture, and are of moment in the evolution of the native poetry. The true successors of the harpers whose names and titles are lost in the archaic twilight of time, they were English above all else, poets before they were scholars. If their subject matter be largely religious, and if the didactic note be struck again and again, passage after passage can be quoted which rivals the heathen song in its epic lilt and predilection for the martial and heroic. The verse of such singers may not be overlooked by the critic in his perpetual still-hunt for æsthetic pleasure.

Cædmon has been called the Saxon *Milton*. The appellation is not inapt, the Puritan poet's possible obligation to his predecessor and the similarity of their treatment making the nexus all the more real; but in regard to his origin and idiosyncrasy *Cædmon* is rather the prototype of a modern people-poet, like *Burns*: the one summoned from the ox-stall, the other from the plough, to tell of the things of the spirit; both humble in birth and occupation, and with distinct folk traits and sympathies. The *Whitby* poet sings in strong, sweet speech of the Israelitish quest of the Promised Land, or of such stirring happenings as those which centre around *Judith* as protagonist. And throughout his Bible-inspired epics it is curious to see the moody earnestness of the Saxon merged in the solemn, mystic-dreamy, or jubilant joy of the neophyte; this blend of character and influence coloring the touches of nature as it does other phases of the work. His verses are paraphrase in the broadest, freest sense. Whenso the singer wills, he expands, interpolates, introduces so

much of local color that the composition comes to have independent and creative worth.

In *Cædmon's* *Genesis*, where God comforts *Abram* by telling him that his seed shall be like the stars in heaven for number, the bard amplifies the statement in this manner:—

“Behold the heavens! reckon their hosts,
The stars in *Ether*, which now in stately
wise
Their lovesome beauty scatter afar,
Over the broad sea brightly ashine.”

Here a distinct, new note is struck: the heavenly lights are considered as emanations from God, the Source of light. When we hear in *Beowulf* of “God’s beautiful beacon,” Christian interpolation is at once suggested. We saw something of the typical treatment of animals in the epic: contrast therewith this tender description of the dove sent forth to find a resting-place and bring tidings of terra firma to the sea-weary folk. The Testament account is again laconic; the amplification such as to imply artistic appreciation of opportunity:—

“Widely she flew,
Until a gladsome rest and a fair place
Haply she found, and set her foot upon
The gentle tree. Blithe-mooded, she
Joyed that, sore-weary, she now might settle
On the branch bosky, on its bright mast.
Preening her feathers, forth she went flying
With a sweet gift, hastened to give
Straight in their hands a twig of olive,
A blade of grass.”

We get here the initiative of the modern treatment. And one notices this in an Old English poet for the reason that both *Cædmon* and *Cynewulf* can on occasion paint in the dark pigments of the elder bards. The following, for example, from the *Exodus*, reminds the student forcibly of the passage already given from the ballad of *Brunanburh*, and is every whit as savage and heathen; it masses the details of a fight between *Moses* leading the Israelites and the hosts of *Pharaoh*:—

"In the further sky shrieked the battle-fowls
Greedy of fight: the yellow raven,
She dewy-feathered, over the slain-in-war,
Wan Walkyrie. Wolves were a-howling
A hateful even-song, weening on food,
Pitiless beasts, full stark in murder,
In the rear heralding a meal of doomed men,
Shrieked these march-warders in the mid
nights."

Turning to the fragmentary Judith, the irrepressible relish for a sanguinary encounter breaks out, and there is very little of the cloistral student felt in the breathless lines which tell how the He-brew woman slew Holofernes. One harks back to Brunanburh, to Beowulf, to such other Germanic monuments as the Hildebrand, or some of the Eddic poems, in reading it. Such literature suggests how Shakespeare, child of his age for all his genius, could heap up the murders in his plays, and take so kindly to the belligerent and the bloody. The Elizabethans were three hundred years nearer the Old English than ourselves, and the first epics of our race are battle pieces, the first motif is that of war. But despite the redness of Judith as a whole, it has a peaceful close, the final passage celebrating nature as created joyously by the Maker of men; and it could not have been written until after Augustine in the south and the Irish in the north had spoken of Christ to English folk:—

"Be to the lief Lord
Glory forever, He who shaped wind and lift,
The heavens, the vast earthways, eke the wild
seas
And the sun's joys, because of His mercy."

The accent of the heathen invocation in such a place would be very different. Shelley is hinted and foreshadowed in more than one nature apostrophe of these early Christian poets, — Shelley minus his subjectivity. The same cosmic sweep of the imagination is noticeable.

The singer's picture of the Garden of Eden in all its primal and virgin loveliness shows again an appreciation of new subject matter:—

"The plain of Paradise
Stood good and gracious, filled full with gifts,
With fruits eternal. Lovely it glittered,
That land so mild, with waters flowing,
With bubbling springs. Never had clouds
as yet
Over the roomy ways carried the rains
Wan with the winds; but decked out with
blossoms
The earth stretched away."

In reading this verse, one is often reminded of the solecisms, anachronisms, and amusing artlessnesses of a later literary product which equals the younger in virility, the Elizabethan drama. In the strong, felicitous, and frequent use of the metaphor, also, Shakespeare and his fellows are leal descendants of the Old English, while more modern poetry has developed at the expense of the metaphor that expanded and weakened form of it known as the simile. Stopford Brooke has pointed out that with a poet like Cædmon, a Whitby man who looked forth upon the stormy waters of the Northumbrian coast while weaving his song, it was natural he should tell of the sea with imaginative vigor and felicity, as when he sang of Noah and the flood. Mostly, as earlier, it is the serious and sombre aspects which are depicted; but it is worth noting that when we come to Cynewulf such new compounds as "sea-bright" and "sea-calm" are made to portray the more amiable side of this moody monster.

Cædmon's subjects are essentially epic and grandiosely religious; in the case of Cynewulf we enter into the atmosphere of Middle-Age legend and worship, the cycle of hagiography, with an occasional excursus in the more primitive field, as in the Riddles. But by no means do the Old English qualities go by the board. If such themes as those of the Andreas and the Juliana suggest the studious cloister, the speech of the bard smacks of the soil, and there is enough of the epic and the folk-touch to prevent them from becoming scholastic and unattractive. Ten Brinck's remark

that "the introduction of Christianity was doubtless one of the causes that destroyed the productive power of epic poetry," while true in the abstract, must not be applied with strictness to *Cædmon* and *Cynewulf*; they were near enough the heroic day still to breathe its air. In the latter's *Christ*, a loosely constructed work of a choral-epic nature, which celebrates the Nativity, Ascension, and Day of Judgment, a single line gives an example of the imaginative touch, and conceives of nature as a vassal contributing her beauty to the glory of heaven. The seraphim who sing about the throne are described, and the poet sings:—

"Forever and ever, adorned with the sky,
They worship the Wielder;"

the Wielder being God, who wields power over all. The italicized clause embodies a conception which has a largeness reminding one of the work of a Michael Angelo. One thinks instinctively of Milton's scene:—

"Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires."

This brief passage from the *Christ* is nobly epic and large moving:—

"Our food He gives us and joy of goods,
Weal o'er the wide ways and weather soft
Under the skyey roof. The sun and moon,
Best-born of stars, shine they for all of us,
Candles of heaven for heroes on earth."

There is a sound of pantheism in this, and again comes the naïve stroke in the epithet "heroes" where "sinners" would be the conventional later word. It took centuries of masses and missals to make the Old Englishman admire the saint type more than the martial leader. *Cynewulf's Andreas* (now by the latest theory awarded to a follower rather than to himself) is a narrative poem which describes the delivery of Matthew from a Mermedonian prison by Andrew, who dwells in Achaia, and who therefore has to make a sea journey in faring on his quest of rescue. It is full of sea pictures,

and the color is that of the northeast coast of England, the singer's presumable home. In the passage following, the saint has been borne by angels to land, and left asleep on a highway near the Mermedonian city:—

"Then flew the angels, forth again faring,
Glad on the up-way their Home to seek,
Leaving the holy one there on the highroad,
Sleeping right peacefully under the heaven's
 beed,
Nigh to his foemen, all the night through.
Till that the Prince suffered day's candle
Sheerly to shine: the shades slunk away
Wan 'neath the welkin; then came the
 weather's torch,
The brilliant heaven-light o'er the homes
 beaming."

Here the thought is of light driving out darkness; it would have been more in the way of the heathen poet to give us the day swallowed up in the huge black maw of night. In the second line translated is an example of the constant perplexity of one who essays to turn Old English into more modern speech. I have retained the word "up-way" (like the German *Aufgang*) as it stands in the original, for it is certainly an admirably descriptive substantive for the airy path followed by the angelic messengers in flying back to heaven. One runs the danger of making either a bizarre effect or an obscure reading in such a case, the result being a frequent abandonment of the fine, strong, fresh Old English diction.

But not always did *Cynewulf* elect religious subjects; the series of remarkable Riddles, which rank among his best productions, are secular in subject, heathen in spirit, and full of the flavor of folk lore, myth, and northern melancholy. Yet there is a divergence from the oldest epic type: the writer of these puzzle-poems has, after all, felt the amelioration of the new religion, and its influence may be traced in the lyrico-subjective position of the bard toward nature. Commingling with the feeling for the savagery of beast-kind is a certain spiritual good

fellowship which foretokens Coleridge, Byron, and Wordsworth. Beside the dark, battle-ravenous raven we see the bright, high-bred falcon associated with the aristocratic chase and the stately king hall. In Riddle Eight the swan is thus done in rapid crayon, for the reader's guessing : —

"Silent my feather-robe when earth I tread,
Fly o'er the villages, venture the sea;
Whilom, this coat of mine and the lift lofty
Heave me on high over the heroes' bight,
And the wide welkin's strength beareth me
up
Over the folk ; my winged adornments
Go whirling and humming, keen is their
song
When, freed of fetters, straightway I am
A spirit that fareth o'er flood and field."

Riddle Fifty-Eight limns a somewhat mysterious brown bird, the identification of which may perhaps be left most safely to Mr. Burroughs. Luckily, uncertainty as to name does not interfere with enjoyment of the brief, beautiful description : —

"The lift upbeareth the little wights
Over the high hills : very black be they,
Swart, swallow-coated. Strong in their song.
Flockwise they fare, loud in their crying
Flit through the woody nesses, or, whiles, the
stately halls
Of mortal men. Their own names they
sound."

The hint in the final line suggests whip-poor-will, Bob White, and other songsters, but the analogy is not carried out. In Old English verse nothing of the lyric or idyllic sort is more imaginative than the subjoined sketch of the nightingale, in the ninth Riddle ; it has the interpretative quality removing it far from mere detail work : —

"Many a tongue I speak by mine own mouth,
In descants sing, pour out my lofty notes,
Chanting so loud, hold fast my melody,
Stay not my word, old even-singer,
But bring to earls bliss in their towers,
When for the dwellers there passioned I
sing;
Hushed in the houses sit they and hark.
How am I hight now, who with such scenic
tunes

Zealously strive, calling to hero-men
Many a welcome with my sweet voice ? "

We must make some requisition upon a long and remarkable passage from Cynewulf's allegorical poem, *The Phoenix*, a piece based upon the Latin, but much increased in volume and thoroughly Old English. The *Phoenix* is also an interesting example of the allegoric use of nature (here exemplified in the strange bird which names the composition) in the service of religious laudation. The bard uses a free hand in limning the praises of Paradise ; and on the whole, the finest work of Cynewulf, and perhaps of Christian poetry, in the broad style, is embodied in the glowing and vibrant words and cadences. Notice the Old English conception of the Home of the Blessed as an island. The sense of this mid-earth as water-girdled which is common to the several Germanic literatures is blended in this case with that thought of England's ocean-fretted isle which made the greatest poet of the language see it imaginatively as a "precious stone set in the silver sea."

"Yon plain was shining, blessed with all
sweets,

With fairest fragrance the earth may yield ;
The isle stands alone, its Artist was noble,
Proud, rich in might, who stablished the
mould.

Oft to the Blessed Ones is bliss of songs
Borne, and the doors of heaven opened are.
That is a winsome wold, green are the woods,
Roomy 'neath skies. Neither the rain nor
snow,

Nor breath of frost, nor blast of fire,
Not the hail's drumming nor the rime's
coming,

Neither the sun's heat nor bitter cold,
Neither the weather warm nor wintry storm
May harm the wights ; but the wold lasteth
Happy and hale ; 't is a right noble land
Woxen with blooms. Nor fells nor moun-
tains

Steeplly arise there ; nor do the stony cliffs
Beetle on high, as here midst mortals.

Still is that victor-wold, the sun-groves
glitter,
The blissfulholt. Growths do not wane,
The blades so bright ; but the trees ever

Stand greenly forth, as God has bidden,
The woods alike in winter and summer
Are hung with fruitings; never may wither
A leaf in the lift."

The faults of such descriptive writing are monotony, the repetition of stock phrases, the working over of the same thought. Nevertheless, it has a noble manner, and a charm of diction that makes for true poetry.

I hope the survey has now been wide enough to make the reader willing to believe that the treatment of nature in Old English poetry, in this its first manifestation, is something distinct, original, and of high poetic value. It affords a welcome insight into the mind and the imagination of our Saxon predecessors, and both by what it says and leaves unsaid yields interesting testimony with regard to their attitude toward the external world of terror, power, and beauty. That attitude was vastly different from our own, more limited in perception, less enlightened, gloomier in mood, registering a state of half-development. But it had fine and characteristic points about it: the Old English imaginative vigor and grip, though largely sardonic; the creative impulse, though vibrant to coarser passions and childish on the subjective side; a poetic sense of the shifting gloom and glory of human life as voiced in nature or flashed forth in the bravery and loyalty of human kind; a pathetic appreciation of the dreams and

glories of religion; and a power over the mother tongue very impressive, making it to give forth grave chords of harmony to grief, to echo the wild joy of the elements, to shrill like clarions in the onset of weapons, or to soften in the mystic melodies of worship. It is manly poetry, and one cannot read it and fail to get a bracing of the mental sinews, and a larger sense of the essential qualities of his race in their ideal aspects and deeper workings. Although we may declare without hesitation that English literature is still to-day Germanic in its backbone and vitals, nevertheless it has been subjected to so much of outside and disparate influence that, compared with the literary product of the Old English time, it is a composite thing. Hence, in getting in touch with *Beowulf* or with some of the other early lyrics and ballads, we are going back to the originals, and are given a glimpse at the substructure whereupon is built the noble edifice of our many-towered and multi-ornamented literature. The Old English lyric (such a poem as *The Seafarer's Lament*, or *The Seafarer*) is the corner stone; Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle and Ruskin, Hawthorne and Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell, are the lofty terraces and gracious spires which pierce to heaven and catch the eye with rapture from afar, seeming unearthly in their aerial splendor, their proportioned and thoughtful majesty.

Richard Burton.

THE SECRET OF THE WILD ROSE PATH.

"Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

WORDSWORTH'S lines are addressed to the cuckoo of the Old World, a bird of unenviable reputation, notorious for imposing his most sacred duties upon others; naturally, therefore, one who

would not court observation, and whose ways would be somewhat mysterious. But the American representative of the family is a bird of different manners. Unlike his namesake across the water, our cuckoo never — or so rarely as practically to be never — shirks the labor of

nest-building and raising a family. He has no reason to skulk, and though always a shy bird, he is no more so than several others, and in no sense is he a mystery.

There is, however, one American bird for whom Wordsworth's verse might have been written; one whose chief aim seems to be, reversing our grandmothers' rule for little people, to be heard, and not seen. To be seen is, with this peculiar fellow, a misfortune, an accident, which he avoids with great care, while his voice rings out loud and clear above all others in the shrubbery. I refer to the yellow-breasted chat (*Icteria virens*), whose summer home is the warmer temperate regions of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and whose unbirdlike utterances prepare one to believe the stories told of his eccentric actions; this, for example, by Dr. Abbott:

" Aloft in the sunny air he springs;
To his timid mate he calls;
With dangling legs and fluttering wings
On the tangled smilax falls;
He mutters, he shrieks —
A hopeless cry;
You think that he seeks
In peace to die,
But pity him not; 't is the ghostly chat,
An imp if there is one, be sure of that."

I first knew the chat — if one may be said to know a creature so shy — in a pleasant corner of Colorado, a small, deserted park at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain. I became familiar with his various calls and cries (one can hardly call them songs); I secured one or two fleeting glimpses of his graceful form; I sought and discovered the nest, which thereupon my Lady Chat promptly abandoned, though I had not laid a finger upon it; and last of all, I had the sorrow and shame of knowing that my curiosity had driven the pair from the neighborhood. This was the Western form of *Icteria*, differing from the Eastern only in a greater length of tail, which several of our Rocky Mountain birds affect, for

the purpose, apparently, of puzzling the ornithologist.

Two years after my unsuccessful attempt to cultivate friendly relations with the "ghostly chat," the middle of May found me on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, where I settled myself at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, at that point bare, gray, and unattractive, showing miles of loose boulders and great patches of sagebush. In the monotonous stretches of this shrub, each plant of which looks exactly like every other, dwelt many shy birds, as well hidden as bobolinks in the meadow grass, or meadow larks in the alfalfa.

But on this mountain side no friendly cover existed from which I could spy out bird secrets. Whatever my position and wherever I placed myself, I was as conspicuous as a tower in the middle of a plain; again, no shadow of protection was there from the too ardent sun of Utah, which drew the vitality from my frame as it did the color from my gown; worse than these, the everywhere present rocks were the chosen haunts of the one enemy of a peaceful bird lover, the rattlesnake, and I hesitated to pursue the bird because I invariably forgot to watch and listen for the reptile. Bird study under these conditions was impossible, but the place presented a phase of nature unfamiliar to me, and for a time so fascinating that every morning my steps turned of themselves "up the stony pathway to the hills."

The companion of my walks, a fellow bird student, was more than fascinated; she was enraptured. The odorous bush had associations for her; she reveled in it; she inhaled its fragrance as a delicious perfume; she filled her pockets with it; she lay for hours at a time on the ground, where she could bask in the sunshine, and see nothing but the gray leaves around her and the blue sky above.

I can hardly tell what was the fascination for me. It was certainly not the

view of the mountains, though mountains are beyond words in my affections. The truth is, the Rocky Mountains, many of them, need a certain distance to make them either picturesque or dignified. The range then daily before our eyes, the Wasatch, was, to dwellers at its feet, bleak, monotonous, and hopelessly prosaic. The lowest foothills, being near, hid the taller peaks, as a penny before the eye will hide a whole landscape.

Let me not, however, be unjust to the mountains I love. There is a range which satisfies my soul, and will rest in my memory forever, a beautiful picture, or rather a whole gallery of pictures. I can shut my eyes and see it at this moment, as I have seen it a thousand times. In the early morning, when the level sun shines on its face, it is like one continuous mountain reaching across the whole western horizon; it has a broken and beautiful sky line; Pike's Peak looms up toward the middle, and lovely Cheyenne ends it in graceful slope on the south; lights and shadows play over it; its colors change with the changing sky or atmosphere, — sometimes blue as the heavens, sometimes misty as a dream; it is wonderfully beautiful then. But wait till the sun gets higher; look again at noon, or a little later. Behold the whole range has sprung into life, separated into individuals: gorges are cut where none had appeared; chasms come to light; cañons and all sorts of divisions are seen; foothills move forward to their proper places, and taller peaks turn at angles to each other; shapes and colors that one never suspected come out in the picture: the transformation is marvelous. But the sun moves on, the magical moment passes, each mountain slips back into line, and behold, you see again the morning's picture.

Indulge me one moment, while I try to show you the last picture impressed upon my memory, as the train bore me, unwilling, away. It was cloudy, a storm

was coming up, and the whole range was in deep shadow, when suddenly through some rift in the clouds a burst of sunshine fell upon the "beloved mountain" Cheyenne, and upon it alone. In a moment it was a smiling picture,

"glad
With light as with a garment it was clad;"

all its inequalities, its divisions, its irregularities emphasized, its greens turned greener, its reds made more glowing, — an unequaled gem for a parting gift.

To come back to Utah. One morning, on our way up to the heights, as we were passing a clump of oak brush, a bird cry rang out. The voice was loud and clear, and the notes were of a peculiar character: first a "chack" two or three times repeated, then subdued barks like those of a distressed puppy, followed by hoarse "mews" and other sounds suggesting almost any creature rather than one in feathers. But with delight I recognized the chat; my enthusiasm instantly revived. I unfolded my camp chair, placed myself against a stone wall on the opposite side of the road, and became silent and motionless as the wall itself.

My comrade, on the contrary, as was her custom, proceeded with equal promptness to follow the bird up, to hunt him out. She slipped between the barbed wires which, quite unnecessarily, one would suppose, defended the bleak pasture from outside encroachment, and passed out of sight down an obscure path that led into the brush where the bird was hidden. Though our ways differ, or rather, perhaps, *because* our ways differ, we are able to study in company. Certainly this circumstance proved available in circumventing the wily chat, and that happened which had happened before: in fleeing from one who made herself obvious to him, he presented himself, an unsuspecting victim, to another who sat like a statue against the wall. To avoid his pursuer, the bird slipped through the thick foliage of the low

oaks, and took his place on the outside, in full view of me, but looking through the branches at the movements within so intently that he never turned his eyes toward me. This gave me an opportunity to study his manners that is rare indeed, for a chat off his guard is something inconceivable.

He shouted out his whole *répertoire* (or so it seemed) with great vehemence, now "peeping" like a bird in the nest, then "chacking" like a blackbird, mewing as neatly as pussy herself, and varying these calls by the rattling of castanets and other indescribable sounds. His perch was halfway down the bush; his trim olive-drab back and shining golden breast were in their spring glory, and he stood nearly upright as he sang, every moment stretching up to look for the invader behind the leaves. The instant she appeared outside, he vanished within, and I folded my chair and passed on. His disturber had not caught a glimpse of him.

My next interview with a chat took place a day or two later. Between the cottage which was our temporary home and the next one was a narrow garden bordered by thick hedges, raspberry bushes down each side, and a mass of flowering shrubs next the street. From my seat within the house, a little back from the open window, I was startled by the voice of a chat close at hand. Looking cautiously out, I saw him in the garden, foraging about under cover of the bushes, near the ground, and there for some time I watched him. He had not the slightest repose of manner; the most ill-bred tramp in the English sparrow family was in that respect his superior, and the most nervous and excitable of wrens could not outdo him in posturing, jerking himself up, flirting his tail, and hopping from twig to twig. When musically inclined, he perched on the inner side of the bushes against the front fence, a foot or two above the ground, and within three feet of any one

who might pass, but perfectly hidden from them.

The performance of the chat was exceedingly droll: first a whistle, clear as an oriole note, followed by chacks that would deceive a redwing himself, and then, oddest of all, the laugh of a feeble old man, a weak sort of "yah! yah! yah!" If I had not seen him in the act, I could not have believed the sound came from a bird's throat. He concluded with a low, almost whispered "chur-r-r," a sort of private chuckle over his unique exhibition. After a few minutes' singing he returned to his foraging on the ground, or over the lowest twigs of the bushes, all the time bubbling over with low joyous notes, his graceful head thrown up, and his beautiful golden throat swelling with the happy song. The listener and looker behind the screen was charmed to absolute quiet, and the bird so utterly unsuspecting of observers that he was perfectly natural and at his ease, hopping quickly from place to place, and apparently snatching his repast between notes.

The chat's secret of invisibility was thus plainly revealed. It is not in his protective coloring, for though his back is modest of hue, his breast is conspicuously showy; nor is it in his size, for he is almost as large as an oriole; it is in his manners. The bird I was watching never approached the top of a shrub, but invariably perched a foot or more below it, and his movements, though quick, were silence itself. No rustle of leaves proclaimed his presence; indeed, he seemed to avoid leaves, using the outside twigs near the main stalk or trunk, where they are usually quite bare, and no flit of wing or tail gave warning of his change of position. There was a seemingly natural wariness and cautiousness in every movement and attitude that I never saw equaled in featherers.

Then, too, the clever fellow was so constantly on his guard and so alert that the least stir attracted his attention.

Though inside the house, as I said, not near the window, and further veiled by screens, I had to remain as nearly motionless as possible, and use my glass with utmost caution. The smallest movement sent him into the bushes like a shot, — or rather, like a shadow, for the passage was always noiseless. Suspicion once aroused, the bird simply disappeared. One could not say of him, as of others, that he flew, for whether he used his wings, or melted away, or sank into the earth, it would be hard to tell. All I can be positive about is, that whereas one moment he was there, the next he was gone.

After this exhibition of the character of the chat, his constant watchfulness, his distrust, his love of mystery, it may appear strange that I should try again to study him at home, to find his nest and see his family. But there is something so bewitching in his individuality that, though I may be always baffled, I shall never be discouraged. Somewhat later, when it was evident that his spouse had arrived and domestic life had begun, and I became accustomed to hearing a chat in a certain place every day as I passed, I resolved to make one more effort to win his confidence, or, if not that, at least his tolerance.

The chat medley for which I was always listening came invariably from one spot on my pathway up the mountain. It was the lower end of a large horse pasture, and near the entrance stood a small brick house, in which no doubt dwelt the owner, or care-taker, of the animals. The wide gate, in a common fashion of that country, opened in the middle, and was fastened by a link of iron which dropped over the two centre posts. The rattle of the iron as I touched it, on the morning I resolved to go in, brought to the door a woman. She was rather young, with hair cut close to her head, and wore a dark cotton gown, which was short and scant of skirt, and covered with a "checked apron." She was evi-

dently at work, and was probably the mistress, since few in that "working bee" village kept maids.

I made my request to go into the pasture to look at the birds.

"Why, certainly," she said, with a courtesy that I have found everywhere in Utah, though with a slow surprise growing in her face. "Come right in."

I closed and fastened the gate, and started on past her. Three feet beyond the doorsteps I was brought to a standstill: the ground as far as I could see was water-soaked; it was like a saturated sponge. Utah is dominated by Irrigation; she is a slave to her water supply. One going there from the land of rains has much to learn of the possibilities and the inconveniences of water. I was always stumbling upon it in new combinations and unaccustomed places, and I never could get used to its vagaries. Books written in the interest of the Territory indulge in rhapsodies over the fact that every man is his own rain-maker; and I admit that the arrangement has its advantages — to the cultivator. But judging from the standpoint of an outsider, I should say that man is not an improvement upon the original providence which distributes the staff of life to plants elsewhere, spreading the vital fluid over the whole land so evenly that every grass blade gets its due share; and as all parts are wet at once, so all are dry at the same time, and the surplus, if there be any, runs in well-appointed ways, with delight to both eye and ear. All this is changed when the office of Jupiter Pluvius devolves upon man; different indeed are his methods. A man turns a stream loose in a field or pasture, and it wanders whither it will over the ground. The grass hides it, and the walker, bird student or botanist, steps splash into it without the slightest warning. This is always unpleasant, and is sometimes disastrous, as when one attempts to cross the edge of a field of some close-growing crop, and instantly

sinks to the top of the shoes in the soft mud.

On the morning spoken of, I stopped before the barrier, considering how I should pass it, when the woman showed me a narrow passage between the house and the stone wall, through which I could reach the higher ground at the back. I took this path, and in a moment was in the grove of young oaks which made her out-of-doors kitchen and yard. A fire was burning merrily in the stove, which stood under a tree; frying-pans and baking-tins, dippers and dish-cloths, hung on the outer wall of her little house, and the whole had a camping-out air that was captivating, and possible only in a rainless land. I longed to linger and study this open-air housekeeping; if that woman had only been a bird!

But I passed on through the oak-grove back yard, following a path the horses had made, till I reached an open place where I could overlook the lower land, filled with clumps of willows with their feet in the water, and rosebushes

"O'erburdened with their weight of flowers,
And drooping 'neath their own sweet scent."

A bird was singing as I took my seat, a grosbeak, — perhaps the one who had entertained me in the field below, while I had waited hour after hour for his calm-eyed mate to point out her nest. He sang there from the top of a tall tree, and she busied herself in the low bushes, but up to that time they had kept their secret well. He was a beautiful bird in black and orange-brown and gold, — the black-headed grosbeak; and his song, besides being very pleasing, was interesting because it seemed hard to get out. It was as if he had conceived a brilliant and beautiful strain, and found himself unable to execute it. But if he felt the incompleteness of his performance as I did, he did not let it put an end to his endeavor. I sat there listening, and he came nearer, even to a low tree over my head; and as I had a glimpse or two of his mate in a tangle

of willow and roses far out in the wet land, I concluded he was singing to her, and not to me. Now that he was so near I heard more than I had before, — certain low, sweet notes, plainly not intended for the public ear. This undertone song ended always in "sweet! sweet! sweet!" usually followed by a trill, and was far more effective than his state performances. Sometimes, after the "sweet" repeated half a dozen times, each note lower than the preceding one, he ended with a sort of purr of contentment.

I became so absorbed in listening that I had almost forgotten the object of my search, but I was suddenly recalled by a loud voice at one side, and the lively genius of the place was on hand in his usual rôle. Indeed, he rather surpassed himself in mocking and taunting cries that morning, either because he wished, as my host, to entertain me, or, what was more probable, to reproach me for disturbing the serenity of his life. Whatever might have been his motive, he delighted me, as always, by the spirit and vigor with which he poured out his chacks and whistles and rattles and calls. Then I tried to locate him by following up the sound, picking my way through the bushes and among the straggling arms of the irrigating stream. After some experiments, I discovered that he was most concerned when I came near an impenetrable tangle that skirted the lower end of the lot. I say "near:" it was near "as the crow flies," but for one without wings it may have been half a mile; for between me and that spot was a great gulf fixed, the rallying point of the most erratic of wandering streamlets, and so given over to its vagaries that no bird-gazer, however enthusiastic, and indifferent to wet feet and dragged garments, dared attempt to pass. There I was forced to pause, while the bird flung out his notes as if in defiance, wilder, louder, and more vehement than ever.

In that thicket, I said to myself, as I

took my way home, behind that tangle, if I can manage to reach it, I shall find the home of the chat. The situation was discouraging, but I was not to be discouraged; to reach that stronghold I was resolved, if I had to dam up the irrigator, build a bridge, or fill up the quagmire.

No such heroic treatment of the difficulty was demanded; my problem was very simply solved. As I entered the gate the next morning, my eyes fell upon an obscure footpath leading away from the house and the watery way beyond it down through overhanging wild roses, and under the great tangle in which the chat had hidden. It looked mysterious, not to say forbidding, and from the low drooping of the foliage above it was plainly a horse path, not a human way. But it was undoubtedly the key to the secrets of the tangle, and I turned into it without hesitation. Stooping under the branches hanging low with their fragrant burden, and stopping every moment to loosen the hold of some hindering thorn, I followed in the footsteps of my four-footed pioneers, till I reached the lower end of the marsh that had kept me from entering on the upper side. On its edge I placed my chair and seated myself.

It was an ideal retreat; within call if help were needed, yet a solitude it was plain no human being, in that land where (according to the Prophet) every man, woman, and child is a working bee, ever invaded;

"a leafy nook

Where wind never entered, nor branch ever shook,"

known only to my equine friends and to me. I exulted in it! No discoverer of a new land, no stumbler upon a gold mine, was ever more exhilarated over his find than I over my solitary wild rose path.

The tangle was composed of a varied growth. There seemed to have been originally a straggling row of low trees,

chokecherry, peach, and willow, which had been surrounded, overwhelmed, and almost buried by a rich growth of shoots from their own roots, bound and cemented together by the luxuriant wild rose of the West, which grows profusely everywhere it can get a foothold, stealing up around and between the branches, till it overtops and fairly smothers in blossoms a fair-sized oak or other tree. Besides these were great ferns, or brakes, three or four feet high, which filled up the edges of the thicket, making it absolutely impervious to the eye as well as to the foot of any straggler. Except in the obscure passages the horses kept open, no person could penetrate my jungle.

I had hardly placed myself, and I had not noted half of these details, when it became evident that my presence disturbed somebody. A chat cried out excitedly, "chack! chack! whe-e-w!" whereupon there followed an angry squawk, so loud and so near that it startled me. I turned quickly, and saw madam herself, all ruffled as if from the nest. She was plainly as much startled as I was, but she scorned to flee. She perked up her tail till she looked like an exaggerated wren; she humped her shoulders; she turned this way and that, showing in every movement her anger at my intrusion; above all, she repeated at short intervals that squawk, like an enraged hen. Hearing a rustle of wings on the other side, I turned my eyes an instant, and when I looked again she had gone! She would not run while I looked at her, but she had the true chat instinct of keeping out of sight.

She did not desert her grove, however. The canopy over my head, the roof to my retreat, was of green leaves, translucent, almost transparent. The sun was the sun of Utah; it cast strong shadows, and not a bird could move without my seeing it. I could see that she remained on guard, hopping and flying silently from one point of view to another, no

doubt keeping close watch of me all the time.

Meanwhile the chat himself had not for a moment ceased calling. For some time his voice would sound quite near; then it would draw off, growing more and more distant, as if he were tired of watching one who did absolutely nothing. But he never got far away before madam recalled him, sometimes by the squawk alone, sometimes preceding it by a single clear whistle, exactly in his own tone. At once, as if this were a signal, — which doubtless it was, — his cries redoubled in energy, and seemed to come nearer again.

Above the restless demonstrations of the chats I could hear the clear, sweet song of the Western meadow lark in the next field. Well indeed might his song be serene; the minstrel of the meadow knew perfectly well that his nest and nestlings were as safely hidden in the middle of the growing lucern as if in another planet; while the chat, on the contrary, was plainly conscious of the ease with which his homestead might be discovered. A ruthless destroyer, a nest-robbing boy, would have had the whole thing in his pocket days ago. Even I, if I had not preferred to have the owners show it to me; if I had not made excuses to myself, of the marsh, of bushes too low to go under; if I had not hated to take it by force, to frighten the little folk I wished to make friends with, — even I might have seen the nest long before that morning. Thus I meditated as, after waiting an hour or two, I started home.

Outside the gate I met my fellow-student, and we went on together. Our way lay beside an old orchard that we had often noticed in our walks. The trees were not far apart, and so overgrown that they formed a deep shade, like a heavy forest, which was most attractive when everything outside was baking in the June sun. It was nearly noon when we reached the gate, and looking into a place

"so curtained with trunks and boughs
That in hours when the ringdove cooes to his
spouse

The sun to its heart scarce a way could win,"

we could not resist its inviting coolness; we went in.

As soon as we were quiet, we noticed that there were more robins than we had heretofore seen in one neighborhood in that part of the world; for our familiar bird is by no means plentiful in the Rocky Mountain countries, where grassy lawns are rare, and his chosen food is not forthcoming. The old apple-trees seemed to be a favorite nesting-place, and before we had been there five minutes we saw that there were at least two nests within fifty feet of us, and a grosbeak singing his love song so near that we had hopes of finding his home, also, in this secluded nook.

The alighting of a bird low down on the trunk of a tree, perhaps twenty feet away, called the attention of my friend to a neighbor we had not counted upon, a large snake, with, as we noted with horror, the color and markings of the dreaded rattler. He had, as it seemed, started to climb one of the leaning trunks, and when he had reached a point where the trunk divided into two parts, his head about two feet up, and the lower part of his body still on the ground, had stopped, and now rested thus, motionless as the tree itself. It may be that it was the sudden presence of his hereditary enemy that held him apparently spellbound, or it is possible that this position served his own purposes better than any other. Our first impulse was to leave his lordship in undisputed possession of his shady retreat; but the second thought, which held us, was to see what sort of reception the robins would give him. There was a nest full of young on a neighboring tree, and it was the mother who had come down to interview the foe. Would she call her mate? Would the neighbors come to the rescue? Should we see a fight, such

as we had read of? We decided to wait for the result.

Strange to say, however, this little mother did not call for help. Not one of the loud, disturbed cries with which robins greet an innocent bird student or a passing sparrow hawk was heard from her; though her kinsfolk sprinkled the orchard, she uttered not a sound. For a moment she seemed dazed; she stood motionless, staring at the invader as if uncertain whether he were alive. Then she appeared to be interested; she came a little nearer, still gazing into the face of her enemy, whose erect head and glittering eyes were turned toward her. We could not see that he made the slightest movement, while she hopped nearer and nearer; sometimes on one division of the trunk, and sometimes on the other, but always, with every hop, coming a little nearer. She did not act frightened nor at all anxious; she simply seemed interested, and inclined to close investigation. Was she fascinated? Were the old stories of snake power over birds true? Our interest was most intense; we did not take our eyes from her; nothing could have dragged us away then.

Suddenly the bird flew to the ground, and, so quickly that we did not see the movement, the head of the snake was turned over toward her, proving that it was the bird, and not us, he was watching. Still she kept drawing nearer, till she was not more than a foot from him, when our sympathy with the unfortunate creature, who apparently was unable to tear herself away, overcame our scientific curiosity. "Poor thing, she'll be killed! Let us drive her away!" we cried. We picked up small stones which we threw toward her; we threatened her with sticks; we "shooed" at her with demonstrations that would have quickly driven away a robin in possession of its senses. Not a step farther off did she move; she hopped one side to avoid our missiles, but instantly fluttered back to her doom. Meanwhile her mate appeared upon the

scene, hovering anxiously about in the trees overhead, but not coming near the snake.

By this time we had lost all interest in the question whether a snake can charm a bird to its destruction; we thought only of saving the little life in such danger. We looked around for help; my friend ran across the street to a house, hurriedly secured the help of a man with a heavy stick, and in two minutes the snake lay dead on the ground.

The bird, at once relieved, flew hastily to her nest, showing no signs of mental aberration, or any other effect of the strain she had been under. The snake was what the man called a "bull snake," and so closely resembled the rattler in color and markings that, although its exterminator had killed many of the more famous reptiles, he could not tell, until it was stretched out in death, which of the two it was. This tragedy spoiled the old orchard for me, and never again did I enter its gates.

Down the wild rose path I took my way the next morning. Silently and quickly I gained my seat of yesterday, hoping to surprise the chat family. No doubt my hope was vain; noiseless, indeed, and deft of movement must be the human being who could come upon this alert bird unawares. He greeted me with a new note, a single clear call, like "ho!" Then he proceeded to study me, coming cautiously nearer and nearer, as I could see out of the corner of my eye, while pretending to be closely occupied with my notebook. His loud notes had ceased, but it is not in chat nature to be utterly silent; many low sounds dropped from his beak as he approached. Sometimes it was a squawk, a gentle imitation of that which rang through the air from the mouth of his spouse; again it was a hoarse sort of mewing, followed by various indescribable sounds in the same undertone; and then he would suddenly take himself in hand, and be perfectly silent for half a minute.

After a little, madam took up the matter, uttering her angry squawk, and breaking upon my silence almost like a pistol shot. At once I forgot her mate, and though he retired to a little distance and resumed his brilliant musical performance, I did not turn my head at his beguilements. She was the business partner of the firm whose movements I wished to follow. She must, sooner or later, go to her nest, while he might deceive me for days. Indeed, I strongly suspected him of that very thing, and whenever he became bolder in approaching, or louder and more vociferous of tongue, I was convinced that it was to cover her operations. I redoubled my vigilance in watching for her, keeping my eyes open for any slight stirring of a twig, tremble of a leaf, or quick shadow near the ground that should point her out as she skulked to her nest. I had already observed that whenever she uttered her squawks he instantly burst into energetic shouts and calls. I believed it a concerted action, with the intent of drawing my attention from her movements.

On this day, the disturbed little mother herself interviewed me. First she came silently under the green canopy, in plain sight, stood a moment before me, jerking up her beautiful long tail and letting it drop slowly back, and posing her mobile body in different positions; then suddenly flying close past me, she alighted on one side, and stared at me for half a dozen seconds. Then, evidently, she resolved to take me in hand. She assumed the rôle of deceiver, with all the wariness of her family; her object being, as I suppose, carefully to point out where her nest was *not*. She circled about me, taking no pains to avoid my gaze. Now she squawked on the right; then she acted "the anxious mother" on the left; this time it was from the clump of rosebushes in front that she rose hurriedly, as if that was her home; again it was from over my

head, in the chokecherry-tree, that she bustled off, as if she had been "caught in the act." It was a brilliant, a wonderful performance, a thousand times more effective than trailing or any of the similar devices by which an uneasy bird mother draws attention from her brood. It was so well done that at each separate manœuvre I could hardly be convinced by my own eyes that the particular spot indicated did not conceal the little homestead I was seeking. Several times I rose triumphant, feeling sure that "now indeed I *do* know where it is," and proceeded at once to the bush she had pointed out with so much simulated reluctance, parted the branches, and looked in, only to find myself deceived again. Her acting was marvelous. With just the properly anxious, uneasy manner, she would steal behind a clump of leaves into some retired spot admirably adapted for a chat's nest, and after a moment sneak out at the other side, and fly away near the ground, exactly as all bird students have seen bird mothers do a thousand times.

After this performance a silence fell upon the tangle and the solitary nook in which I sat,—and I meditated. It was the last day of my stay. Should I set up a search for that nest which I was sure was within reach? I could go over the whole in half an hour, examine every shrub and low tree and inch of ground in it, and doubtless I should find it. No; I do not care for a nest thus forced. The distress of parents, the panic of nestlings, give me no pleasure. I know how a chat's nest looks. I have seen one with its pinky-pearl eggs; why should I care to see another? I know how young birds look; I have seen dozens of them this very summer. Far better that I never lay eyes upon the nest than to do it at such cost.

As I reached this conclusion, into the midst of my silence came the steady tramp of a horse. I knew the wild rose path was a favorite retreat from the sun,

and it was then very hot. The path was narrow; if a horse came in upon me, he could not turn around and retreat, nor was there room for him to pass me. Realizing all this in an instant, I snatched up my belongings, and hurried to get out before he should get in.

When I emerged, the chat set up his loudest and most triumphant shouts. "Again we have fooled you," he seemed to say; "again we have thrown your poor human acuteness off the scent! We shall manage to bring up our babies in safety, in spite of you!"

So indeed they might, even if I had

seen them; but this, alas, I could not make him understand. So he treated me — his best friend — exactly as he treated the nest robber and the bird shooter.

I shall never know whether that nest contained eggs or young birds, or whether perchance there was no nest at all, and I had been deceived from the first by the most artful and beguiling of birds. And through all this I had never once squarely seen the chat I had been following.

"Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery."

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE SHEPHERD-GIRL.

WITHIN the twilight, on the hill,
A shepherd-girl I met;
And she was weeping as she went,
Nor may I well forget
The darksome eyes she lifted up,
That bitter tears had wet.

"My sheep are all astray, astray;
And since the sun arose,
I have been searching all the land
Beyond the meadow-close;
And all my sheep are gone from me,
And none are left to lose.

"We wandered, all the summer days,
Where any cowslip led;
The little brook came with us, too,
But now the leaves are dead;
The winds blow chill from yonder hill,
And it is dark," she said.

"Oh, all the summer days I piped
An answer to the lark.
My lambs were growing white as stars,
And fair for all to mark;
And they have left me, one by one,"
She said, "and it is dark."

"Nay, come, thou lonely shepherd-girl,
And find thy sheep with me!
The yellow moon will rise full soon,
And lend her light for thee.
But thou art weary, wandering;
Thine eyes are strange to see."

"Lad, I have called them long and long;
Only an echo hears.
The grass blows gray beneath the wind, —
As gray as far-off years;
And even if the moonlight shone,
I could not see, for tears."

Josephine Preston Peabody.

JERRY: A PERSONALITY.

DOUBTLESS a better horse never was made than the strawberry roan Jerry! At least that is my own belief concerning the intelligent, affectionate animal, whose head is the head of a sage, and whose heart is, in Calabrian phrase, like a mountain. When I assert, in presence of men and of angels, that Jerry is the best and most beautiful of all the horses in the world, the men are apt to reply, with civil detraction, "Well, that might be a matter of opinion," or, "He appears to be a good, sound, honest horse." But I am sure that the angels, if they could be interpellated on the subject of Jerry, would recognize fully the noble qualities of his spirit, of which I catch delightful glimpses.

To come to plain facts: Jerry is a dark strawberry roan, with four long black stockings, in which he stands something over fifteen hands high. He is strongly built; not a showy animal, but well formed, with a deep chest and a fine head. His face is very attractive; the brow is wide, and the eyes are extraordinarily large and lovely, with lids that have a charming curve toward the outer corner, such as is admired in portraits of the Empress Eugénie. The

ears of Jerry are expressive, voluble, in their lively movements. He weighs about twelve hundred pounds; the last hundred, they flatter me, is due to the sugar which, almost daily, he eats from my hand. When he first came to the stable he was thin from overwork, as one of a pair, in which partnership he did more than his half of the pulling. The roan's nature, at once tender and energetic, had won me immediately, and my devotion crystallized into lumps of sugar. The hostlers assured me that the sugar was doing good to Jerry. "Look," they would say, "how his barrel is filling out!" And I, untechnical but sympathizing, would stroke his silken sides, and murmur lovingly, "Bless his dear sugar barrel!"

In course of a year of petting Jerry became plump enough. He had gained one hundred pounds — and eaten as much sugar! He was a living proof of the old-fashioned housekeepers' formula for preserving: "A pound of sugar to a pound of strawberry" — roan.

Jerry is not really my horse, which renders it, perhaps, more permissible for me to boast concerning him. He is owned by the master of an excellent livery stable; his duty is to draw a coupé

for any one who may hire it. But what does it matter that Jerry's legs are at the command of the general public so long as his affections are mine? Jerry performs his hours of hack work; so do I. And then, like the good neighbors that we are, we have a refreshing interview, not uncheered by apples and sugar. We talk of so many things, exchanging whinnies and articulate words. A jeremiad no longer seems to me the synonym for dismal lamentation; instead, I associate it with the nobly joyous neigh which Jerry, at the sound of my step or voice, launches into the air.

Jerry is the *doyen* of the stable. He is credited with great judiciousness, and has various privileges. He likes to roam about, visiting the other horses, touching them gently with his nose as if to ask after their welfare. He is also pleased to put that nose into the grain-bin for an extra mouthful. One day, when he was at the supplies, an hostler said to him, conversationally, as to another man, "Jerry, will you let me come there a moment? I want to get some grain for Dick." Jerry quickly stepped aside, and waited until the measure was filled for Dick, then returned to thrust his nose again into the feed.

There is nothing mean about Jerry, not even when it is a question of food, which is for an animal the test of unselfishness that money is for mankind. And Jerry is gifted with an appetite that would have contented the old hostler in Lavengro. More than once Jerry has selected a small mouthful of hay, such as he hoped might suit a lady, and has offered it to me. I have thanked him, of course, but begged him to let me have the satisfaction of seeing him eat it instead, which he has obligingly and cheerfully done. One day Jerry was enjoying some slices of apple and lumps of sugar which I held before him in a basket. Across the stable yard stood a pair of iron-grays, high-spirited pets; they gave each other a glance of intelligence, and

then came prancing toward us. As they approached, Jerry raised his nose from the basket, and, withdrawing a step, invited Kitty and Dick to eat in his place. Then he caressed Kitty with his nose. But the lively mare soon overturned the basket. Somebody came and backed away the grays, while I picked up the remainder of the fruit and sugar, which, it is pleasant to remember, went to Jerry, after all. So it is that virtue is occasionally its own reward!

Another act of Jerry exhibited in a different way his thoughtfulness and abnegation. Just at that time the stall to the left of his was occupied by a horse not really vicious, but inclined to nip and to let off his heels. One day, when, as usual, I went to visit Jerry, he insisted on standing over to the near side, and would absolutely have me enter on the off side. This being contrary to equine good manners, I patted and reproved and coaxed Jerry, until — evidently against his own judgment — he yielded. The next day his actions were the same. I, however, had begun to believe that he had some good and sufficient reason, and in obedience to his wish I entered on the off side. The day after that, the nipping and eager horse was away, and Jerry willingly and at once admitted me on the near side. In short, while that horse was tenant of the neighboring stall Jerry saw to it that I was not in reach of the stranger's teeth, putting himself between me and any possible harm. Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous cloak act did not show himself so chivalrous as did Jerry, a noble by grace of nature!

Later, there was in the contiguous stall a horse, pathetically humble and gentle, named Peter. He had been sent out of the city for the winter; and, as often happens, the trust had been abused, so that poor Peter came home with the bones almost outside the skin, and the shoulders so stiff and rheumatic that it was feared lest he were ruined. The

hostler, an expert Australian horseman, gave Peter the best care. Jerry and I did a little ornamental charity in the way of lumps of sugar, and the invalid soon began to extend his nose for a share of the treat. Peter recovered health and spirits. He showed affection for those who had befriended him : to the humans by whinnies and caresses ; to Jerry in cleverly aiding and abetting a little scheme of the astute roan. Several times, the men, on entering the stable, found Jerry at large, visiting his colleagues, helping himself to hay from the common stock, and making free with things in general. They were surprised to see that he was without the halter, which, as they led him into his box, they found knotted to its ring, while the empty headstall lay on the floor. It appeared like a case of witchcraft ! But the Australian posted himself where he could watch Jerry, and at last saw the roan thrust his head over the partition which separated him from Peter. The recognizant Peter comprehended, and in a few moments succeeded in unbuckling with his teeth the strap of Jerry's headstall. Then the roan shook his head and freed it, the headstall fell to the floor, and Jerry backed out for a raid on the hay. Nowadays he is not tied ; instead, a rope passes behind him and is hooked into a staple. But Jerry will probably find out this combination, also.

If only it were possible for us to learn the language of horses ! Their speech is duplex : a vocal utterance, which they use to communicate with one another at a distance, or with those crude intelligences of mankind, and a mute transference of thought, which passes from the muzzle of one horse to that of another near to him.

One day Jerry had been temporarily removed from his box, in favor of an ailing horse who needed the extra space and comfort. I was at a loss where to look for my pet, and questioned, "Where are you, Jerry ?"

From a remote corner sounded Jerry's rich, full baritone, *vivace con affetto*.

I answered him, and again he whinnied. It was a game of "magical music." Guided by his repeated calls, I went to a stall in a dusky corner, and then remained a little uncertain. "Is it truly you, Jerry ?" He replied with a soft trilling note that was an invitation, a word of tenderness, an affidavit of his identity. I doubted no more, and, stretching forth a hand, felt my way along his smooth flanks up to the face that soon was rubbing against mine.

Since then the horses have been removed to another building, more spacious and better lighted. There is a large sliding door, which my force is insufficient to open. The first time that I visited Jerry in the new quarters the door was closed, and I was obliged to knock for admittance. The men did not hear. Then I called, "Jerry, are you there ?" Instantly his clear and resonant neigh replied from the depths of the stable. Again and again Jerry called, beating his hoofs, until an hostler came to see what was wanted, and noticed my rappings at the door. When it was opened Jerry continued to neigh, but diminished the tone as I came nearer ; so that finally, when I entered his stall, his whinny was not louder than the coo of a wood pigeon.

Jerry responds cordially to caresses. He covers my hands with kisses, sometimes holding the fingers lightly between his teeth, while his tongue plays over the wrist. Once he had the caprice to set a solemn — and moist — kiss precisely upon my right ear. Another day I told him, "If you will put your neck around my neck, I will put mine against yours." The phrase was a little complicated, and Jerry gazed under his feed-box, where he always looks for inspiration. The idea emerged for him. Promptly his great neck fell on my left shoulder, then curled around to the right. He glanced at me with inquiry. "Yes, good Jerry !" Then he tightened his clasp until he had gathered my head into the curve of his throat.

If, in my presence, he is being har-

nessed, he fixes his eyes on me, and often is oblivious of any order unless repeated by me. He is always treated with the utmost gentleness by the whole personnel of the stable; as indeed is necessary, for, large and powerful as he is, Jerry is peculiarly sensitive both of skin and of mouth. The lightest touch upon the rein can guide him. Once, as he was being put to the coupé, he thought best to trot off. As I was near, I volunteered to stop the runaway, but was afraid of hurting his mouth by catching the bridle at one side. So I ran in front of him, — he was not trotting at a speed to break any record, — and threw my arms around his neck. "Whoa, Jerry!" And he, with nose nestled against my shoulder, ambled amiably back to the expectant shafts.

Jerry's character is various, decided, and individual. He is one of those rare personalities who make virtue picturesque and amusing; his goodness is healthful, quite unconscious of itself. When he works, he pulls for all he is worth. When he rests, he lies down in the stall; and he could give lessons to the disciples of Delsarte in the art of complete relaxation and repose of every muscle, and in committing the whole weight to the floor. He requires more grain and hay than any other horse in the stable. His neigh is peculiarly deep-chested and sonorous. His vigor and patience are untiring.

These serious excellences of the good Jerry are enlivened by a sense of humor and by a marked dramatic talent. He is charming in his play; what an injustice to the graceful sportiveness of the equines is the common definition of "horse-play"! The sole occasion when Jerry went beyond the limit of the most perfect taste in his humorous doings was once when, in order to recall me from talking with his proprietor, he caught the tip of my finger between his teeth and bit it slightly. It is certain that he had carefully calculated the degree of pressure, not willing to hurt me. But it

proved a little too strong for a delicate finger, and I was in duty bound to teach Jerry that he must not do so again. So I tapped his nose with the pinched finger, at the same time scolding him. In a moment the tears began to gather in his great kind eyes. It was the first time — and the last — that Jerry was ever blamed by me. All was forgiven, and discipline ended in caresses. Another day, Jerry's tender heart was so grieved at the sad tones in which some disaster was discussed in his presence that his eyes grew moist, and the conversation was instantly changed to felicitation upon the fine condition of Jerry! He likes to be talked to, and has especial pleasure to hear his own name mentioned. He comprehends what is said, often to a surprising degree. Once I told him, in the stall, "Jerry, the rope behind you is unhooked; why don't you go and take a drink of water?" He immediately quitted his box, went to the water-trough, and had a noble drink.

He is a favorite with all those who have to do with him. His owner testifies that Jerry has never needed the least correction; although now and then it becomes necessary to tell him, in friendly argument, that there are errands which do not take him to my door. He is fond of the men who take care of him, and interrupts with many kisses the process of grooming or of harnessing him. He likes to lift the cap from a man's head; then, after giving it a little shake, he replaces it.

Jerry is an admirable comedian. Once, well meaning but misguided, I offered him some carrots. It was fine to see his scorn of the vegetable. He sniffed contemptuously, shook his head, tossed the carrots from the basket, and trampled upon them in a war dance. But it was told me that after I had left the stable Jerry picked up the carrots and ate them with good relish. It had been simply that he expected choicer gifts at my hands.

He owns a blanket and hood, gold-

color, and by me embroidered with his respected name. He is proud of it; and who knows what satisfaction he feels when, as he passes along the street, the populace, admiring, reads aloud, JERRY! His self-esteem demands good clothes; so much so that one day, as I came into the stable yard, Jerry told me, by means of whinnying, beating his hoofs, and shaking vigorously in his teeth the rather ancient blanket which had been hastily thrown over him, that he wanted his own cover, and not any common rag whatever! So his Australian friend kindly brought the embroidered robe,—observing, however, that Jerry had not protested until my arrival. Arrayed in his good blanket, Jerry looked around with pride, and caressed with his nose the hands that had attired him.

Another comedy, of which Jerry was stage manager, was a five-o'clock tea, admirably enacted. He had eaten all the apples and sugar from my dish-shaped basket. Then he had a luminous idea: he would now be host instead of guest at the banquet. He took the edge of the basket in his teeth, and, with a polite bow, proffered it to the Australian. It was accepted with thanks. Then Jerry took it again, and, with another bow, presented the Barmecide feast to me. I had not assisted at social functions for nothing, and received his civilities with many compliments. The tea party lasted for several minutes. Jerry was quite impartial in his attentions, and the affair was most enjoyable to everybody concerned.

It is very tantalizing when Jerry turns upon me his beautiful eyes and whinnies half a dozen phrases with a charming variety of intonations. He is telling me something which I am greatly interested to hear; but the density of human non-intelligence is like a fog between Jerry's mind and mine.

One morning he walked beside me, a courteous escort, talking of the fine weather and of the news of the day. "What

you say, Jerry," I answered him, "is not only true, but also finely expressed. What a pity that I'm too stupid to understand it!"

Another day, as I entered the yard, Jerry stood there harnessed. He immediately began the recital of some pleasant occurrence; whinnying, moving his ears, and tossing his head with evident delight. One of the men came from the stable, and asked me, "Has Jerry told you the news?"

"He has; but I have not quite understood."

"He had his photograph taken this morning. A man with a camera came into the yard; and I said, Jerry is such a good horse he ought to have his picture taken. So we put on his best blanket, and he stood for his likeness. He was very pleased about it."

On another occasion, Jerry, by means of his silent language, helped me out of a little dilemma of equine society. He had been eating fruit and sugar from my hands; and in the basket there remained only a few bits of sugar, when one of our friends, a black horse, trotted up for a share of the treat. I knew by experience that the black liked apples, but not sugar; so that there was nothing for him. "I'm so sorry, Wally," I told him, "but Jerry has eaten all the fruit, and you do not care for sugar. The next time you shall have a fine apple, if you will go away now."

The black did not comprehend; he kept gently pushing his nose against my shoulder. It was grievous to disappoint the good animal. With a sudden impulse I said to the roan, "You, Jerry, know both languages. Please tell Wally that I am very sorry that the apples are all eaten; but if he will go away now, in patience, to-morrow I will bring him a large red apple for himself."

Jerry looked at me, as if to take the message; then approached his nose to that of Wally. It appeared to me that the current of intelligence was almost

visible, — something as the warm air is seen to pass in transparent ripples along the outside of a heated iron pipe. The message repeated, Wally glanced pleasantly at me as if to accept the terms of my offer, and then trotted away. Needless to say that the next day he had the promised apple, and of the largest and reddest.

Another time Jerry took me in the coupé, on some errands. Whenever, in shopping or on paying visits, I leave the carriage, a regular fee of two lumps of sugar is due to Jerry. But that time he had met a friend, a horse whom I did not know, and they began at once to talk together intently, without a sound. When I offered the sugar, Jerry declined it. Supposing that his good manners might not permit him to eat alone, I invited the other horse to partake. He touched my fingers with a delicate salutation, as a friend of Jerry's, but refused the sugar. Then Jerry gave me a reproving look which said plainly, "When gentlemen are talking on business and politics, they do not wish to be interrupted by little women with lumps of sugar!" And I entered a shop quite repressed.

Jerry is a person of fastidious taste. For instance, when a box of bonbons is presented to me, it is a pleasure to give some of them to him. The first day, when they are fresh from the confectioner's, Jerry adores the bonbons; the second day he likes them well enough; but after that he lets me know that they are become stale, flat, and unprofitable to his palate, while I, without criterion, still consider the candies very good.

Not to make the praise of Jerry an endless serial, to the exclusion of all other matter from the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*, only one more story shall here be related about my dear horse. On a fine summer day it was proposed that there should be a picnic in honor of Jerry. The squire, immemorially a colleague of mine when fun is the order of

the day, accompanied me in the coupé. The driver was that appreciative person who caused the roan to be photographed. Jerry should have an afternoon in the fields, — such a free scamper over the grass as he had not enjoyed since he left the Western prairies of his colthood. We took him to a meadow where were pastured some high-bred animals: a horse, and a mare and two fillies, one a yearling, and the other only a few months old. The field was ample, divided into two pastures by a deep railway cut, well fenced, and spanned by an arched bridge, also with sufficient railing, over which the horses could pass at will. The grass had been mowed, and was velvety and inviting. When Jerry was unharnessed, he at first looked around, not realizing that he was master to do as he pleased. He began to nibble the grass; then it suddenly occurred to him that he was at liberty. With a joyous whinny, he flung himself on the turf, and rolled over and over in an abandon of comfort. The horizon seemed full of Jerry's enraptured heels. Then he arose, and stood tranquil and dignified.

Meanwhile the equine aristocrats had noticed the new-comer. "Is he eligible to our society? What are the credentials of this Mr. Jerry Roan? Let us see."

In a formal procession they approached him: first the horse, then the mare followed by her daughters. The horse rubbed his nose over Jerry; not rudely, but with the serious investigation which Jerry, as a horse of the world, would comprehend to be indispensable before he could be presented to the acquaintance of madam and the fillies. Jerry accepted the situation with the calm of an individual who knows himself worthy. The mare also sniffed daintily around Jerry's head, and the little ones tried to imitate the ways of their mamma. Then the four aristocrats withdrew for a family council; their heads close together, their bodies radiating toward

the four points of the compass. Jerry remained motionless, in an attitude of serene self-respect.

Soon, the others, in regular order of procession, returned to him. The horse rubbed his face against that of Jerry, and they embraced mutually with their necks; the mare saluted him as befitted "the lady of the herd," and then she pushed forward her fillies to receive a kiss from the new friend of the family. Mr. Jerry Roan was voted *persona grata*. Although he had not his pedigree with him at the moment, his innate nobility had accredited itself. The five horses, abreast, set out for a gallop across the meadow, and Jerry led the van! He seemed another horse from the steady, businesslike animal of his workadays.

That was a delicious afternoon for Jerry, and for us who enjoyed the sight of his pleasure. He did a thousand charming things. He brought the yearling up to me and requested sugar for two. He challenged the horse to a race, and easily won. Whenever an engine came puffing through the railway cut, Jerry — one of whose virtues it is to stand undisturbed amid a confusion of trains at a station — dramatized himself as a wild steed of the plains, uttered a scream better than that of a locomotive, and led the herd flying off in a delicious panic of feigned terror. When supper was served to the other horses, Jerry was kindly invited to join them at the grain.

When the happy afternoon was ended, and it was time for Jerry to be harnessed again, he was in the upper field with the other horses; and our driver went to bring him to the lower pasture, where the squire and I, near the coupé, awaited him. As Jerry crossed the bridge, he understood that his picnic was finished. He paused for an instant on the centre of the arch. He was magnificent: a dark silhouette against the pale golden sky, prancing, with head flung up and mane streaming on the air. He gave

one great epic shout, of recognition of the pleasure that had been his, of farewell to the other horses; his superb cry echoed far over the quiet space of the fields.

It was not easy for Jerry to resign himself to be put to the carriage. The driver had much to do to harness him; the squire held him with a strong hand by the bridle, while I aided materially by caressing Jerry's face and giving him a lump of sugar whenever he plunged. Then it was that I learned the literal meaning of "a fiery-nostriled steed." In each of Jerry's nostrils, quivering and distended, there was like a live coal, reddening as every heartbeat sent the generous blood through his veins.

In that afternoon we had witnessed the splendid possibilities of Jerry. He had displayed his latent speed and beauty of motion. He had made his own apotheosis. Having thus gloriously asserted himself, he settled down again to his business of drawing the coupé back to the city. But for days afterward, whenever I entered his stall, Jerry would fling up his head and prance in a reminiscent manner. "We had a fine picnic, had n't we, Jerry?" And then he would kiss my hands as if to thank me for having planned the excursion for his pleasure.

Whoever has cared to read this record of Jerry's traits, and has done me the honor to recognize my intent to show how distinct a personality is this dear horse, will like to know that Jerry and I shall never lose sight of each other. Jerry is now about twelve years old, — the very fullness of vigor for a horse who, like him, has always been well treated, — and he will be happy with his present owner and employment for some years to come. Then, when the coupé is a little too heavy for him and he begins to grow old, he is to be altogether mine. "I know a bank" where is hoarded a railroad bond, earned by the writing of fiction (this sketch of Jerry, however, is no fiction, but the truth about him): that bond, then, will purchase him and

go toward his maintenance. For Jerry and I shall keep near each other as long as we live; and his latter days shall be as happy as those of his colthood, if affection and money can make them so.

If he should survive me, he will have an annuity, suitably secured for his benefit; gained by the pen that seems never ready to cease from praising him, good Jerry the roan.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

EARLY LATIN POETRY.

ROMAN poetry begins in 514 (about 240 B. C.) with Livius Andronicus, who translated the *Odyssey* into Saturnian verse, — a work about which we know nothing that is interesting except that Horace probably had the same feeling towards it as most schoolboys now have towards Horace; for it was the book which he had to study under the *ferula* of the proverbially severe Orbilius.

In the very early poets of Rome, what most strikes us is a strange unevenness of execution. They do not seem to have caught any apprehension of that subtle quality which should distinguish even the humblest poetry from the very most ambitious prose. In our own literature instances of this insensitiveness to the essential difference between poetry and prose are very rare, and they hardly ever coexist with occasional elevation. In early Latin poetry lapses into mere prose are common, and yet we often meet real poetry side by side with them. Brilliant gifts of expression and true elevation of sentiment are found coexisting with abject humbleness of style, or even insensibility to the very existence of such a thing as style.

Macauley quotes from Blackmore a so-called poem which is certainly marked by a "plentiful lack" of inspiration: —

"Fancy six hundred gentlemen at least,
And each one mounted on his capering beast;
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

But this attempt at description, bald as it is, almost soars in comparison with some specimens of early Latin poetry

which have come down to us; for instance, this passage from the epic of Nævius on the Punic war: —

"The Romans cross to Malta, harry the place
With fire and sword, settle the enemies'
business;"

or: —

"Marcus Valerius consul leads a brigade
On a campaign;"

or, as Ennius writes: —

"Years seven hundred, more or less, have
passed
Since Rome with auguries august arose,"

a passage which, though it rises a little in the expression "auguries august," certainly creeps in the cautious accuracy of "more or less," and reminds us of a Dublin story, how a solicitor, in challenging to a duel another member of his own profession, invited him to meet him in the Phoenix Park "in the Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less."

Again, Ennius, after a really fine verse invoking the Muses, goes on to explain that *Muses* is a Greek word corresponding to the Latin *Casmenæ*. This is what strikes us in early Latin poetry, — real distinction and utter poverty of style side by side and hand in hand. Place beside the bald and uncouth verses quoted just now from Nævius those fine Saturnians of his: —

"They fain would perish there upon the spot,
And not come back to meet their comrades'
scorn;"

("Seseque ei perire malvolunt ibidem
Quam cum stupro rebitere ad suos popu-
lares;")

and beside the Ennian passage put that grand utterance which has been compared to the voice of an oracle, and which kindled the enthusiasm of the inspired Virgil:—

"Broad-based upon her men and principles
Standeth the state of Rome ; "

(" *Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque ;* ")

and we shall then see clearly this strange quality which distinguishes the early Latin poets from those of Greece, and other nations too, — that they were content to creep, though they knew what it was to fly, and that they seem hardly to be aware when they are on the ground, and when in the clouds.

Quintilian relates an anecdote which shows in what honor the epic of Ennius was held. One Sextus Annalis brought some charge against a client of Cicero's, and in the course of the trial proudly demanded, "Have you anything to say about Sextus Annalis?" That is, "Have you any charge to bring against *my* character?" But the words *numquid potes de sexto Annali* are susceptible of a quite different meaning. Cicero pretended to understand him to mean, "Can you repeat anything out of the sixth book of the Annals?" "To be sure I can," at once replied the consular wag (*scurra consularis* was a favorite sobriquet for Cicero), and he thundered forth the sonorous line,

"Quis potis ingentes oras evolvere belli?"

to the enthusiastic delight of his audience and the whole court. Opinion about Ennius underwent a steady change in successive ages. Lucretius calls him "immortal," *æternus*; in Propertius, he begins to be "rough," *hirsutus*; Ovid characterizes him as

"Ingenious, mighty, but in art unskilled;"

Martial complains that people are so tasteless that they will read Ennius though they have Virgil; in the time of Silius Italicus, Ennius is so completely

portion and parcel of the past that Silius introduces him as a character into his poem.

But Ennius, interesting though he is as the founder of the Roman epic and of satire, must no longer engage our attention except in so far as he affected the early Latin drama, which is the chief subject of this paper. As the real founder of Roman poetry, Quintilian finely says of him, in a well-known passage,¹ that we should reverence him as some sacred grove of venerable antiquity whose grand old trees have more majesty than beauty.

A generation ago, historians of Latin literature usually discussed the question, Why had Rome no tragedy? Such critics could find no Roman tragedy because they looked for it only in the declamations of Seneca, which probably were never put on the stage. They did not go so far back even as the Medea of Ovid and the Thyestes of Varius, which Quintilian put on a par with the Attic drama, or the tragedies of Pollio, which Virgil and Horace thought worthy of the Sophoclean buskin. Still less did they think of turning their eyes to the stage of Ennius, Pacuvius, and Attius. It is only recently, comparatively speaking, that the efforts of Continental scholarship have presented to us the fragments in which these dramatists have come down to us in such a shape as to render any literary appreciation possible. There are certain evidences that tragedy was held in estimation in the Rome of the Ciceronian epoch. These evidences are broadly the testimony of Cicero and of Horace. Latin tragedy took the Greek models in inverse order, and adopted Euripides first. The Ennian version is literal, and, like Roman comedy, postulates in the audience a knowledge of Greek. Sometimes, where we have an opportunity of comparing the Latin translation with the Greek original, we

¹ "Ennium sicut sacros vetustate lucos adoremus, in quibus grandia et antiqua robora iam

non tantum habent speciem quantum religionem." (Inst. Orat., X. i. 88.)

find the Latin awkward and clumsy. A fine passage in the Iphigenia in Aulis runs:—

"Oh, what a blessing hath the peasant's lot,
The happy privilege of uncheck'd tears!"

It is hard to give in English the Ennian version of it without exaggerating its homeliness, but it may perhaps be rendered:—

"In this the peasant holdeth o'er the king,
The one may weep, the other may not well."
("Plebes in hoc regi antistat loco: licet
Lacrimare plebi, regi honeste non licet.")

The Greek and Latin passages agree in being both perfectly plain and simple; but the Ennian is almost vulgar, and its simplicity is that of Rejected Addresses:

"Jack's in a pet, and this it is:
He thinks mine came to more than his;"

while the simplicity of the Greek is that which so deeply affects us in a great line in Webster's Duchess of Malfi:—

"Cover her face: my eyes dazzle: she died young."

Perhaps we might venture to say that the vulgarity in the Latin lies in the word *honeste*; to weep is not consistent with a king's position in society.

It is interesting to detect in these very ancient and somewhat rude efforts of a nation just emerging from absolute illiteracy something parallel to our own literature; something to remind us that there are touches of nature which make generations kin, however widely sundered in space and time.

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,"

is a very true reflection of Shakespeare's; and a similar thought must have presented itself to the mind of Ennius when he wrote:—

"To ope his lips is crime in a plain burcher."
The whole spirit of the fine poem,

"How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will!"

resides in the Ennian verse,

"Most free is he whose heart is strong and clean."

The fierce question of Shylock,

"Hates any man the thing he would not kill?"
is anticipated in

"Fear begets hate, hate the desire to kill;"

and "A friend in need is a friend indeed" finds a literal counterpart in

"Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur."

It is strange to meet as early as in Ennius a maxim which modern novelists would do well to lay to heart:—

"A little moralizing's good,—a little:
I like a taste, but not a bath of it."

Pacuvius was the rival and nephew of Ennius. Like Euripides, he was a painter as well as a poet, and "Pictor," the surname of the Fabii, shows that art was then held in high esteem. He learned the bitterness of being eclipsed by a younger rival, Attius, and retired to Tarentum (the ideal retreat of Horace), there to spend the closing years of a long and distinguished life. Aulus Gellius tells us that there he was visited by Attius, who read to him his *Atreus*. The old poet found in it elevation and brilliancy, but detected a certain harshness and unripeness. "So much the better," said Attius. "The mind is like a fruit, harsh while it is growing, but mellow when it attains maturity. If it is soft too soon, it is spoiled before it ripens thoroughly. I like to have something to grow out of." This is a very just remark. The young man whose essay shows nothing turgid, no ungraceful ornament or flashy rhetoric, will never do much as a writer. Dr. Johnson's advice to his young friend to cut out all the fine passages illustrates his ticklish temper rather than his sound judgment. On the whole, as Andrew Lang has somewhere said, one would prefer to see a very young writer rather a dandy in his manner. The affectations are annoying, but he will probably grow out of them, if he happens not to be a prig. It is well that he should feel it necessary to dress his thoughts before he brings them into company.

Ribbeck calls Pacuvius the freedman of Euripides, because, though mainly dependent on Euripides, he modifies the art of the Greek poet with far greater boldness than Ennius or Attius.

The less agreeable features in Pacuvius are his audacity in coining monstrous compounds, like *repandirostrum* and *incurvicircum*, and his poverty of invention. The latter failing is revealed by the fact that we find in his fragments traces of three different and separate storms. No doubt he excelled in this kind of description, and so he recurs to it whenever he wants an effect. We have abundant proofs of his popularity. Plautus parodies him more than once; Lucretius borrows his expression "*hoc circum supraque*," "the spacious firmament on high;" and it was during the performance of a play of his that the actor who was playing the part of the sleeping Ilione went to sleep in reality, while twelve hundred spectators joined in the appeal of Catienus on the stage, — the appeal to Ilione to awake. The way in which Horace relates the anecdote shows that the plays of Pacuvius must have been very popular and very familiar to the audiences of the time. A fine passage in the Medus (son of Medea by Ægeus) proves that Pacuvius is not merely a poet who can produce ingenious philosophical reflections and vigorous descriptions. The portrait of the unhappy dethroned Æetes, a kind of ancient Lear,

"With sunken eyes, and wasted frame, and furrows
rows

Worn by the tears adown his pallid cheeks,"

is the work of one who can raise pity and terror, and worthily describe human passion and suffering. His last triumph was at the funeral of the murdered Cæsar, in the year of the city 710. Among other songs sung in honor of the dead was one from the *Armorum Judicium*. There was a sad appropriateness to the occasion in the cry of Ajax, —

"To think I saved them but to murder me!"

Velleius gives Attius the palm among the tragic poets. He took Æschylus for his model, not Sophocles or Euripides, as did his predecessors, but seems largely to have adopted the practice called *contaminatio*, and to have fused together different dramas, and even different authors. Thus we find in his *Armorum Judicium*, which he borrowed from Æschylus, the well-known verse taken by him from the Ajax of Sophocles, and afterwards adapted from him by Virgil: —

"Be thine thy father's might, but not his fate."

("Virtute sis par, dispar fortunis patris.")

He also uses Homer, and even Apollonius Rhodius, whose very spirited description of the astonishment of the Colchian shepherds at the first sight of a ship seems to be reproduced in a passage cited by Cicero.

Like Ennius and Pacuvius, Attius was of humble birth, the son or grandson of a freedman. But the obscurity of his birth was to him no "invidious bar;" to quote a verse of his own: —

"Homo locum ornat, non hominem locus."

("A man may dignify his rank; no rank
Can dignify a man.")

We have already heard his confident answer to the aged Pacuvius, and we are told by Valerius Maximus that when Cæsar entered the *Collegium Poetarum*, a kind of ancient analogue of the French Academy, Attius did not rise. He acknowledged the superior rank of Cæsar, but added, "Here the question is, not who has most ancestors, but who has most works to point to."

Ennius excelled in sententious gravity, pathos, and naturalness; Pacuvius, in elaboration of style which earned him the name *doctus*, and which sometimes, as in his ponderous compounds, degenerated into pedantry and affectation. The strength of Attius lay in his spirit and elevation of style, for which Horace called him *altus*, and Ovid *animosus*. His "*Oderint dum metuant*" ("Let them hate me, so they fear me too") is a

thunder-word, and has ever been a favorite quotation with tyrants, from Tiberius to Bismarck.

The elevation of Attius is very marked. The Atreus which he read to Pacuvius begins with a stately passage much admired by Cicero, Quintilian, and Seneca :

"En impero Argis sceptrā mihi liquit Pelops
Sua ponto ab Helles atque ab Ionis mari
Urgetur Isthmus,"

("I'm Lord of Argos, heir of Pelops' crown,
Far as the Hellespont and Ionian main
Beat on the Isthmus,")

a passage which strikes us by the weight of names great in myth-land and heroland, and produces a vague impression of majesty, like Milton's

"Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

We are told by Plutarch that when the great tragic actor Æsopus uttered these words he entered so keenly into the spirit of the passage that he struck dead at his feet a slave who approached too near to the majesty of Argos.

Again, do not the following lines strongly recall the wise and sober but lofty dignity of Tennyson's King Arthur? —

"Foul shame I hold it that the blood of queens
Should foully mix itself and make the breed
Of royal stock a question."

And we meet now and then a sentiment quite in the vein of the Idylls: —

"For him is pity, to whose low estate
A noble mind lends lustre."

In some places the boldness of the Attian diction touches the borders of bombast, as when he says: —

"Simul et circum magna sonantibus
Excita saxa suavissona Echo
Crepitu clangente cæhinnat; "

("From the reverberating cliffs around
Starts Echo musical with clangorous peal
Of startled laughter; ")

or when Thyestes is described as

"Tomb of his brood devour'd."

The sound common sense which underlies this excitability of spirit has already been illustrated by the interview of Attius with Pacuvius. A further instance of it is given us by Quintilian. So great an admiration, he tells us, was felt for the forensic powers shown in the Attian tragedies that the poet's friends asked him why he did not become an advocate. "Because," he replied, "in my plays the speakers say what I please, and so the other characters can perfectly demolish their arguments; but in the courts, on the contrary, I find that my adversaries invariably say the very things I would rather they had left unsaid."

But in Attius, as in all the Latin tragic poets, we have to deplore a certain want of control. The easy, delicate grace of Greek tragedy was unattainable by the Latin dramatists, and they tried to supply its place by a vigor and amplitude which are excessive and out of place. You will remember the opening verses of Euripides' *Phœnissæ*, which may be rendered:

"O sun, that through the fires of the firmament
Cleavest thy way, and in thy golden car
Launchest the flames from thy swift coursers' feet,
Ill starr'd the ray thou sheddest once on
Thebes! "

How does this appear in Attius?

"O sun, that in thy glistening chariot borne,
With coursers swiftly galloping, dost unfold
A sheet of gleaming flame and burning heat,
Why with such baleful auguries and omens
Adverse giv'st thou to Thebes thy radiant light? "

The grace is lost; the attributes of the sun, which are merely glanced at (but in most stately phrase) in the Greek, are detailed and catalogued in the Latin. This is the main characteristic of early Latin tragedy. It is too much "in King Cambyzes' vein." It substitutes strength for sweetness, heat for light. Our own literature supplies an analogous phenomenon and in a still more exaggerated degree. "He is altogether set to do evil" in the Psalms is grand in its

simplicity; it becomes in the New Version by Nathaniel Brady and Nabum Tate (who, I regret to say, was a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin),

"His cruel, base, ungenerous spite
No execrable means declines;"

and "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" swells (yet shrinks) into

"With restless and ungovern'd rage
Why do the heathen storm,
And in such vain attempts engage
As they can ne'er perform?"

Like Latin tragedy, the version of Tate and Brady tried to make repetition and exaggeration compensate for the absence of grace and taste.

The first glimpse we obtain of a national comedy in Italy is in those charming sketches which Horace and Virgil give us of rustic merrymakings at harvests and vintage festivals, in which not only rude dances found a place, but a kind of rough banter in Saturnian verse was exchanged between peasants with masks of bark rudely improvised for the occasion. But this "Fescennine licence," even when developed into the "medley" which Livy describes at the beginning of the seventh book of his history, still wanted an essential quality of a play, namely, unity of plot, until it began to draw on the resources of the Greek drama. Thus, in the words of Livy, a mere masque or revel gradually had become a work of art, and a regular class of actors, *histriones*, arose. From improvised chants without dialogue or plot to a regular comedy such as those of Plautus and Terence is a very long step. Hampered as it was by police regulations, and laboring under the ban of public opinion, the

histrionic impulse of Italy would never have made this step by itself. It was forced to take its comedy straight from Athens, and to infuse into it a spirit distinctly antagonistic to the national mind of Rome. Perhaps it is in this quality in Roman comedy that we are to find a justification for the puzzling observation of Quintilian that "comedy is the weak point of Latin literature." Probably, however, it is safer to attribute Quintilian's criticism to some revulsion of taste against comedy strictly so called which seems to have occurred under the Empire.¹ It is hard, of course, for us to institute a comparison between Latin comedy and tragedy, because while we have between twenty and thirty Latin comedies, and not one complete Greek exemplar with which to compare them, in tragedy, on the other hand, we have an abundant supply of the Greek models, but not one single perfect, or even nearly perfect, Latin copy.

The most remarkable feature in Latin comedy is the fact that the scene was invariably laid out of Rome, — usually at Athens, — and the *dramatis personæ* were of Greece, not Rome; so were the costumes and the coinage. In all the plays of Plautus and Terence we do not find mention of a single Roman coin; when Romans are mentioned, they are called *barbari*, and Italy is *barbaria*. Whether this was a police regulation which insisted that the scene should be laid abroad, lest Romans or Roman institutions should seem to be satirized, or whether it resulted from the incapacity of the Roman playwrights to rise from mere translation to adaptation, it is certain, at all events, that the Roman poets

¹ We recall how strangely Horace depreciates both the metrical skill and the humor of Plautus, and perhaps we can infer a preference on the part of Horace for the mime, which superseded the comic muse, when we remember that the mime had for its butt the oddities of provincial life, and that these moved the mirth of Horace and his friends on the journey to Brundisium, when they laughed at the decora-

tion of the ex-clerk who was prætor of Fundi, and who was so proud of his purple robe, his broad stripes, and his pan of coals. Indeed, other writers under the Empire show their appreciation of this rather low form of humor. Persius and Juvenal laugh at the provincial magistrates, who are so proud of the office which gives them the right to break half-pints if they are not of the statutable capacity.

themselves accepted the situation and boasted of it. In the prologue to the *Menæchmi* Plautus declares:—

"We lay the scene of all the play at Athens,
To make the drama seem more Greek to
you."

But still they aimed at presenting Roman society as it unfolded itself to their eyes. Plautus says that he would not have dreamed of making a son rival to his father in a disgraceful intrigue, were it not that such a case had come under his own personal observation; and Cicero maintains "the aim of the drama to be to hold up a mirror to our own manners, and to give us the express image of our daily life." This attempt at the same time to give the piece a foreign character, and yet to bring the scenes home to the Roman audience, introduced certain confusions which impart a very odd semblance to Latin comedy. Roman gods and ritual, Roman legal and military terms, find their way into the Greek world; *ædiles* and *tresviri* jostle *agoranomoi* and *demarchi*; a speaker in a play in which the scene is laid in *Ætolia*, *Ephesus*, or *Epidamnus* will remark that he has just come from the *Velabrum* or the *Capitolium*. We remember how, in *Hamlet*, the gravedigger sends his fellow-workman from Denmark to an English village to fetch him a stoup of liquor, and how Shakespeare introduces English names and characters into Athens in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But these lapses of memory, exceptional in Shakespeare, are the rule in Latin comedy, which addressed an audience by no means familiar with the foreign world which was its scene, though we must presume them to have had considerable familiarity with the Greek tongue; else surely Plautus would not have made puns unintelligible without a knowledge of Greek, or introduced three new words coined from the Greek into one verse in the *Miles Gloriosus*. Horace not only denies to Plautus humor and metrical

skill, but he charges him with a desire to make money as quickly as possible, an indifference to the requirements of true art, and a consequent tendency to hurry with undue haste to the *dénouement* of his plays, a fault which he says he has in common with the Sicilian *Epicharmus*. It is true that the play is often wound up very suddenly. Indeed, in the *Casina*, the epilogue naively informs us that the *dénouement* will take place inside. But, on the other hand, the *Curculio* is excellently constructed, and so are the *Epidicus*, which Plautus tells us he loved better than his own life, and the *Pseudolus* and *Truculentus*, which Cicero informs us were the work and the favorites of his old age. It is curious that these are plays which turn on an attempt to cheat or overreach (*frustratio*), not on the more familiar theme of love or amateness (*amatio*.) These two motifs, or a fusion of them, as when a man is deprived of his mistress by some clever stratagem, are by far the commonest in Plautus. Two plays, the *Trinummus* and the *Captivi*, have neither of these motifs, but depict, one the noble fidelity of friend to friend, the other of slave to master. The *Rudens* turns on a shipwreck and the right of asylum. The *Captivi* and *Bacchides* are perhaps the best constructed of the plays, and Plautus regrets that he cannot find more models for a play like the former, where the moral tendency is so excellent. The *Miles* is spoiled by the introduction of the speech of *Palæstrio*, explaining the plot in the manner of a prologue, after the action has begun. So in the *Cistellaria* the play opens with an admirable dialogue between the girls *Silenium* and *Gymnasium* and an old procuress, and it is only in the third scene that the goddess *Auxilium* speaks the prologue. Another great blot on the construction of the *Miles* is the very long though very clever diatribe of *Periplocomenus* on the blessings of celibacy and the hollowness of society, which for

one hundred and seventy verses completely stops the action of the piece. We must, however, remember that these defects in construction would not be at all so noticeable in plays which really rather resembled our *opéra bouffe* than a modern comedy, — plays in which by far the most of the scenes were sung to the accompaniment of an instrument of music, and in which there was no division into acts and scenes save where the exigencies of the plot required that an actor should leave the stage at the end of one scene, and appear again at the beginning of the next, on which occasions a flute player entertained the audience while the stage was empty.

In some respects the *Amphitruo* is the most original of the plays of Plautus. Whether it is to be classed as a *fabula Rhintonica* or as a *λαγοτραγωδία* (both have been suggested), it seems to demand some classification which will distinguish it from the other plays. "A Roman tone pervades it," as Professor Palmer remarks. "In reading the account given by Sosia of the campaign against the Teleboæ, we feel as if Plautus had versified a page of some old Latin annalist. The ultimatum of *Amphitruo*, with its demand for restitution and threat in case of refusal, the pitched battle and crushing defeat of the enemy, the slaying of the commander in chief by *Amphitruo*'s own hand, — all these are in real Livian style." *Alemena* is a high type of a Roman wife, and a *risqué* subject is treated with a delicacy which contrasts most favorably with the work of such modern imitators as Molière and Dryden.

It would be, of course, quite impossible, in the space at our disposal, to analyze, or even characterize, all the Latin comedies which have come down to us. We may, however, inquire in a general manner how, on the whole, they deal with the different factors of society which were presented to them; how they deal, that is, with political, civil, and domestic life.

Political life is, owing to the circumstances which surrounded the composition and production of ancient comedy, but lightly touched. We find references to the unfairness of the *ædiles* in awarding the literary prizes, and to the summary proceedings of the *triumviri*, or police of Rome. But these are chiefly in prologues, and we cannot be sure that all the prologues of Plautus are not quite post-Plautine; some of them demonstrably are. They are subservient to the explanation of the plot, like those of Euripides, but generally are disfigured by cumbrous bantering of the audience. The prologues of Terence, on the other hand, which are undoubtedly genuine, undertake the defense of the poet's own literary views, and rebut the strictures of adverse critics, thus resembling rather the *parabasis* of Greek comedy than the prologues of Euripides. But much more indicative of the political views of Plautus than his gibes at *ædiles* and *triumviri* is the bitter and sustained attack on the vices of the governing classes; for we are constantly hearing that the aged reprobate, who is as ridiculous as he is vicious, is a pillar of the state, a column of the senate, a protector of the poor. It is strange that such assaults on a class should have been permitted in a city where personal allusion of any kind was punishable by law.

To pass, then, to the civil and domestic spheres, we have very little description of professional or mercantile life as such. The *Mercator* might as well be anything else as a merchant; we hear only of his amatory intrigues. We have, however, in the *Rudens* a description of the hardships of a fisherman's life which reminds us of an idyl of Theocritus, and in the *Menæchmi* we have a physician. Here and elsewhere we find that physicians, then as now, were prone to use terms derived from the Greek. In the *Curculio*, even the slave *Palinurus* has enough knowledge of medicine to tell *Cappadox*, who complains of an acute

pain in his liver, that he is suffering from a *morbus hepaticus*. The letters of Cicero show us that in his time physicians wrote their prescriptions in Greek, as they now do in Latin, and that it was customary to speak of ailments and their cures by their Greek names. There is in the *Poenulus* a strange occupation, that of the professional perjurer. The most common callings are those of the banker and money-lender, the parasite and the pimp, around whom cluster the professional beauties, who are by no means as good as they are beautiful. Ladies, on the other hand, *ingenue*, whether matrons or maids, are always virtuous, though often very disagreeable, as Artemona in the *Asinaria*. The picture of the girls who are in the train of the pander is very strange. *Philematium* in the *Mostellaria*, though belonging to this class, is almost charming, with her girlish love for dress and her sincere affection for *Philolaches*. *Philocomasium* in the *Miles* has enough grace to prefer *Pleusicles* to the wealthy captain, and to be faithful under strong temptation. *Melenis* in the *Cistellaria*, *Philenium* in the *Asinaria*, and *Lemni-selene* in the *Persa* are all capable of a disinterested love. But other Plautine girls are redeemed only by their cleverness, and the candor (if that is a redeeming point) with which they avow their depravity. *Plautus* himself, both in the *Miles* and in the *Cistellaria*, dwells on the heartlessness of such women, and he moralizes on the wretched end to which a life of wicked indulgence leads in a passage which probably suggested to *Lucretius* his terribly powerful treatment of the same theme. Even in the case of abandoned girls whom we might almost regard as attractive *Plautus* never lets us forget what they are. The atmosphere is not adverse to morality, as is that of the French novel. Such women are not intended to attract one, like the *Dame aux Camellias* or *Ninon de l'Enclos*. There are slaves of all kinds, but, with the exception of *Tyndarus* in the *Captivi* and

Stasimus in the *Trinummus*, they are the vilest of the vile, and seek a revenge in the abasement of their masters for the ill treatment and oppression which are their lot.

Plautus is as ready as *Cicero* to apply to Rome the Frenchman's aphorism about Paris: "On ne vie qu'à Paris, et l'on végète ailleurs." He speaks in a tone of contempt of the Italian towns, and especially makes the *Prænestines* his butt for their habit of docking the first syllable of a word, and thus turning *ciconia*, "a stork," into *conia*. "Do you think you are in the country?" asks one slave of another in the *Mostellaria*, when the latter is making an unseemly uproar in the street.

The late Professor *Sellar* remarks that *Plautus* could not describe a gentleman. "Nothing can be meaner than the conduct of the second *Menæchmus*, who is intended to interest us, in his relations with *Erotion*; and this failure is equally conspicuous in another of his favorite characters, *Periplectomenus*" in the *Miles*, whose indecorous geniality is, to us, somewhat repulsive.

In this respect, as in the gusto with which he dwells on the pleasures of good living, *Plautus* reminds us of *Dickens* more than of any other humorist. We cannot but think of the very thick strokes and glaring colors of *Dickens's* character-painting, of his *Quilps* and *Pecksniffs*, when we find *Euclid* the miser, in the *Aulularia*, carefully preserving the parings of his nails, and regretting his tears on account of the waste of water which they entail.

All these types which we have been examining are considerably different in *Terence*. The braggart captain is only vain, not a fool, and is more like the *Falstaff* of *Henry IV.* than of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The parasite is simply a flatterer. The slave is not an oppressed creature, at war with society, but a well-treated domestic, who puts his shrewdness at his master's service, and

often shows devotion and honesty. There is no longer a sharp distinction between *meretrix* and *ingenua*, except in the unfortunate condition of the former. She is as refined in her manners as her more reputable sister, and generally an unexpected disclosure at the end reveals that she was really a lady, and was changed at birth. The husbands of Terence are far better husbands, and the wives — for instance, Sostrata in the *Hecyra* — are more amiable, than those of Plautus. His young men are lovers rather than libertines, and his old men show them a better example. Terence, it may be said, painted men as they ought to be, Plautus as they are.

It is strange that Sedigitus places Terence only sixth in his list of comic poets, which he heads with Cæcilius, Plautus, and Nævius. Cicero refers to Terence as the true model of Latinity, and allows that in this matter the authority of Cæcilius is small. The ancients made Cæcilius first in the choice of plot, Plautus in dialogue, Terence in delineation of character. But so high was the estimate of the elegance of the Terentian style that a theory resembling that of an ingenious American, Mr. Donnelly, concerning Shakespeare and Bacon was actually broached in the ancient world about Terence, who was said to have been chosen by Lælius, and even Scipio himself, as the vehicle through which their clever comments on society should be presented to the world. The refinement of Terence is certainly very marked. Nævius, for instance, makes a son frankly and brutally pray for the death of his parents: —

"I wish the gods would take my parents both."

How different is the tone of Ctesipho in the *Adelphi*! —

"Would that my sire would so fatigue himself —

So as to do his health, of course, no harm —
As for the next three days to keep his bed."

Even the modern world has something to learn from the cultured African. Mo-

lière, in his *École des Maris*, restores the Nævian brutality of the passage to which I have referred, and Jonas Chuzzlewit complains that his father, in living so long, is flying in the face of the Scriptures. The very refinement of Terence has, in the minds of some critics, been prejudicial to his fame. An ingenious German, M. Meyer, thinks that Terence was spoiled by the patronage of Scipio and Lælius. His life was too easy and luxurious. The pampered freedman lost his powers of observation, and described a society such as existed only in his own enervated imagination. The *atrium* is transported into Arcadia, and one might suppose it was the reign of Numa or Evander. It is, however, very doubtful whether an observer of society does not see better from above than from below, and it is a barren kind of criticism which, instead of asking what were the powers of the dramatist as revealed in his work, pursues rather the inquiry what his circumstances ought to have made them.

We are told that the *ædiles* had the right of refusing or accepting plays. There seems always to have been some one to whom they referred the matter, and who did the part of the lord chamberlain in England. Tarpa was the referee in Cicero's time, as we learn from a letter of Cicero to Marius. Larcus of Lanuvium seems to have discharged the same function in the time of Terence, and to have regarded his young rival with jealousy, and accused him of plagiarism. The answer of the Latin dramatist is characteristic. He declares he has not used the works of his Latin predecessors. He does not even know them. He claims for himself the merit of complete originality, because he has taken his plays solely (and wholly) from the Greek.

A well-known story records what a generous critic of his *Andria* Terence found in Cæcilius, who certainly had not much in common with Terence, and rather ex-

aggregated than modified the coarseness of Plautus. Cæcilius makes a son say that it gives piquancy to an intrigue if one's father is a bear and a miser; it is no fun if he is generous and kind; and he makes a husband say of his wife, —

"She ne'er was really charming till she died."

Other coarse and disgusting fragments express brutally that indifference to his wife which the Plautine husband thought it humorous to dwell on. But we can forgive Cæcilius much when we meet our old familiar gallery claptrap sentiment that

"Many a good heart beats under a threadbare coat."

Afranius, the chief of the writers of the so-called *togate*, is the poet most frequently quoted next after Plautus and Terence. Unlike Terence, he confesses that he draws on the Latin as well as the Greek drama, and of Terence he declares that he has no second, and that every word of his is genuine wit. Cicero ascribes to him that thorough knowledge of human life which was so completely the appanage of Menander that a well-known verse declared it was hard to say whether the poet copied life, or life the poet. This is, perhaps, the meaning of

the Horatian remark that the *toga* of Afranius fitted Menander. It is in his refined and tender view of the relation of father and son that Afranius most resembles Terence. A father in the *Adelphi* welcomes the faintest sign of grace in his son, and exclaims, —

"He blushes! All will be well."

So, in Afranius, when a son cries, "Miserable wretch that I am!" the father comforts himself with the reflection that if his son expresses regret his shortcomings are more than half atoned for; and he, like Terence, condemns those fathers who seek "to inspire their sons with fear rather than respect."

After Afranius, Latin comedy merged into the *tabernaria*, then the mime, then the revived Atellan play, which ultimately itself gave way to the mime again under the Empire. The remark of the judicious Quintilian, already quoted, makes it hard to feel sure that fortune, which has given us only fragments of tragedy, has done the best for us in sparing so many comedies; but of one source of congratulation, at least, we may feel pretty certain, — the portion of comedy which has survived is surely the fittest.

R. Y. Tyrrell.

SUPPLICATION.

FORSAKE me not, O Light of many days!
 Low sinks the westering sun;
 An amethystine haze
 Flushes with purple all the upland ways;
 The shadows lengthen in the twilight glow,
 And well I know
 That day is almost done!

Thou whom I worshiped when my life was new,
 Say not that we must part!
 I have been leal and true,
 Loving thee better as the swift years flew,

With such pure homage that nor time nor change
Could e'er estrange
From thee my constant heart.

When I was but a child I heard thy voice,
And followed thee afar
In humble, happy choice,
Content in this far following to rejoice;
Didst thou but whisper, heaven and earth grew bright
With holy light,
Clearer than sun or star.

I dared not kiss thy garment's hem, nor lay
One pale flower at thy feet:
It was enough to stray
In a child's dream of thee by night, by day;
In tremulous ecstasy to feel thee near,
And half in fear,
Half joy, thy coming greet.

For thou wert one with nature. All things fair
Spoke to my soul of thee:
The far blue fields of air,
Sunrise, and starbeam, and the moonlight rare,
Splendor of summer, winter's frost and snow,
Autumn's rich glow,
Bird, river, flower, and tree.

Thou wert in love's first whisper, and the slow
Thrill of its dying kiss;
In the strong ebb and flow
Of the resistless tides of joy and woe;
In life's supremest hour thou hadst a share,
Its stress of prayer,
Its rapturous trance of bliss!

Leave me not now when the long shadows fall
Athwart the sunset bars;
Hold thou my soul in thrall
Till it shall answer to a mightier call;
Remain thou with me till the holy night
Puts out the light —
And kindles all the stars!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND AND IN AMERICA.

So much has been written of late years about the Swiss Referendum, or popular voting upon laws, that anything more would appear superfluous, were it not for a serious movement to adopt the institution in this country, — a movement that has taken positive shape in a number of political platforms. While, therefore, the mechanism of the Referendum has been repeatedly described, a few words on its practical results in Switzerland, and its possible application in America, may not be out of place.

The Swiss Referendum has two distinct forms. One of them is called the facultative, or optional, and this is where a law must be submitted to popular vote if a certain number of voters demand it in writing; the other is the compulsory, and requires, as the name implies, that all laws shall be so submitted, without the need of any demand. Each of these forms is in use in several cantons, but the Swiss statesmen themselves consider the compulsory form preferable, because it avoids the agitation involved in the effort to collect the necessary signatures. It is, however, the more expensive form, for the Swiss have the wise habit of printing and distributing the measures to be voted on, in order that the people may understand them. The cost of this is by no means trifling, as may be judged from the fact that the expense of printing alone, in the case of the recent national bankrupt law, amounted to 47,696 francs (about \$9500), and the total cost to the Confederation of the vote was about 130,000 francs (\$26,000). Nor do these appear to be unusual figures.

A brief survey of the use of the Referendum in the Confederation and in the cantons will serve as a basis for the study of its more important effects.

¹ During the same period there were also eight constitutional amendments submitted to

The compulsory Referendum exists for all amendments to the federal constitution; that is, these must always be submitted to popular vote for ratification. The facultative Referendum, on the other hand, applies to all laws and all other votes of a general nature passed by the Federal Assembly, if thirty thousand voters or eight cantons demand it, unless the Assembly declares the matter urgent, — a power which that body is said to have used arbitrarily at times. As a matter of practice, the cantons never demand the Referendum, but the right is freely used by the people, as is shown by the fact that from the time of its introduction in 1874 to March, 1893, the requisite number of voters demanded a Referendum upon nineteen out of the one hundred and sixty-nine laws to which it could have been applied; that is, on the average, in the case of one law out of eight. Of these nineteen laws, the people ratified six and rejected thirteen, or more than one twelfth of all the statutes passed by the Assembly.¹

These figures are surely enough to show that the Swiss exercise their rights with great sturdiness and independence. Nor do they obey the dictation of party: and this is a point that merits particular attention, for it is essential to the successful working of the system. If, indeed, in a land where the parties are as stable as they are in Switzerland, the people voted as their political leaders directed, the laws passed by a majority of the legislature would almost invariably be ratified at the polls. Not only is this very far from being true, but in many cases the parties as such do not make any campaign or canvass the country on the Referendum, and the popular vote is not cast on party lines, popular vote, of which six were accepted, and two rejected.

—a state of things which is even more marked when the submission of the laws to the people is compulsory. Moreover, as I shall try to prove later, the fact that political parties are less developed in Switzerland than in any other democratic country is due in great measure to this very institution of the Referendum. The relation of a deputy to his constituents is, in fact, very peculiar, and very characteristic of Swiss political ideas. The rejection by them of a measure he has supported is not regarded as an indication of a loss of confidence in him; and throughout Switzerland, in cantonal as well as in federal matters, the people have an almost invariable habit of reelecting representatives whose measures they have refused to sanction. A striking example of this was given ten years ago. During the whole term of the Federal Assembly of that time the Referendum had been demanded with unusual frequency, and every law submitted to popular vote had been rejected. No such general condemnation of the policy of the legislature had been known before, or has been since. It was supposed that the people were disgusted with the autocratic radicalism of their representatives, and it was naturally expected that the next elections would result in a crushing defeat for the party in power; but instead of this the Radical majority of the National Council was returned in nearly as large numbers as before. Such an extraordinary case has puzzled the Swiss themselves, who are not able to give an entirely satisfactory explanation of it.

So much for the Referendum in federal matters. Let us now turn to the cantons. These all require a popular vote for changes in their constitutions, but in regard to ordinary laws the practice varies. One canton alone has no Referendum of any kind for such laws. All the others have adopted it to a greater or less extent, about half having preferred the compulsory, and about half the facultative form.

The proportion of laws rejected differs a good deal in the several cantons; and an examination of the figures in a few of the largest ones will throw some light on the working of the institution. The Referendum was introduced into Berne in its compulsory form in 1869, and from that time to 1888 the people voted on sixty-eight measures (including a few federal laws, and some proposals to amend the cantonal constitution). Of these measures, fifty were accepted and eighteen rejected, so that less than three quarters passed the ordeal of a popular vote; and yet Berne has by no means the reputation of being a canton where the number of laws rejected is peculiarly large. The proportion is about the same in Zurich, the most democratic of the larger Swiss cantons, and one whose constitution expresses the Swiss democratic ideal, and in a singularly direct way, when it says that "the people exercise the legislative power with the assistance of the cantonal council." In Aargau the result is even less favorable. Here, from 1870 to 1889, twenty-five measures out of fifty-six, or nearly one half, were voted down. The proportion of laws rejected by the people, where the compulsory Referendum exists, varies, in fact, in the different cantons, from a little less than a quarter to a little less than a half. The facultative Referendum, on the other hand, which is found in cantons where democracy is less thoroughly developed, has been seldom used.

There is one feature of the Referendum at the same time marked and disappointing, and that is the small size of the vote. A palpable illustration of this is furnished by the half-canton of Rural Basle, where the law requires, for the ratification of any measure by the people, not only that a majority of the votes cast shall be affirmative, but also that a majority of all the persons qualified shall take part. Now, in the twenty years from 1864 to 1884 the people voted on one hundred and two laws, of

which forty-eight were accepted and twenty-eight rejected, while twenty-six failed to be ratified owing to the absence of a majority of the citizens. This result is not due to any peculiar indifference on the part of the inhabitants of Rural Basle. It would be the same in any other canton, if the laws were similar. In Berne, for example, a majority of the citizens have taken part in only nine out of sixty-eight Referenda, and up to 1888 one law alone had received a number of affirmative votes equal to the majority of all the qualified voters in the canton. The vote is, moreover, decidedly fuller at elections than at Referenda. Even in the case of national laws, which excite a greater interest, on the average scarcely more than one half the voters in the Confederation go to the polls. Popular voting in Switzerland furnishes, indeed, another illustration of the truth that under no form of government can the people as a whole really rule; for it shows that, with the most democratic system ever yet devised, the laws are made only by that portion of the community which takes a genuine interest in public affairs.

These statistics are dry, but they give us a very definite idea of the actual working of the Referendum, and prepare the way for a more general consideration of its effects. Several very marked tendencies are observable in the treatment by the people of the various measures submitted to them. The first of these is a tendency to reject radical laws, especially those that are in any way extreme; for in both federal and cantonal matters the people have shown themselves more conservative than their representatives. Such a result was predicted from the beginning by a few shrewd statesmen, and urged as an objection to the introduction of the system. But no party would now be

in favor of giving it up: not the Radicals, because they believe the Referendum to be a necessary feature of true democracy; and least of all the Conservatives, because they like to see a drag on hasty legislation. To some extent, however, the parties have changed their opinions; for while the Radicals cannot propose to do away with the federal Referendum, they are by no means anxious for its extension; and whenever the reactionary party have suggested a compulsory Referendum for all federal laws, they have objected, on the ground that in the hands of the Clericals it would be an instrument for impeding progress. Nor are such fears groundless; for it is clear that in Switzerland a measure cannot pass unless it is so thoroughly ripe that there is a good deal of agreement of opinion about it; and it is equally clear that the people are less willing than their representatives to try experiments in legislation. Labor laws, for instance, and other measures designed to improve the condition of the working classes, although commonly supposed to be very popular with the masses of the community, have not always prospered at the Referendum. Examples of this may be taken from the industrial canton of Zurich, where the people rejected a cantonal law reducing the hours of work in factories, and protecting women and children employed in them; where they voted against the federal factory law, and later refused to sanction a cantonal law providing for the compulsory insurance of workmen, and regulating their relations with their employers. But perhaps an illustration which will give to Americans most forcibly an idea of the conservative influence of the Referendum is to be found in the rejection by the people in Zurich of a law to give daughters an equal inheritance with sons in the estates of their parents.¹

¹ Several of the cantons have, indeed, adopted laws for the progressive taxation of incomes; but this is not quite so radical as it ap-

pears to be, on account of the prevalence of tax-dodging in Switzerland. In one or two of the most democratic cantons the people have,

The people show, further, a dislike of spending money which sometimes crops up in a way that is almost ludicrous, as, for example, when they rejected a bill to provide a secretary of legation at Washington. It is, indeed, a striking fact that the only two federal measures defeated at the Referendum for several years have been bills which entailed expense. It may be remarked in connection with this that two of the cantons, Berne and Aargau, at one time carried the theory of the Referendum so far as to submit to popular vote the budget, or general appropriation bill. The experiment was absurd, and had the natural result. The budget was several times rejected, and all government thereby made well-nigh impossible, until at last it was found absolutely necessary to withdraw the appropriations from popular control. The people might well be expected to object to such a loss of power, but in Berne, at least, they were induced to ratify the repeal by adding to it other provisions designed to make the measure more palatable. Some of the Swiss writers feel that such a tendency towards economy is a cause for reproach, an attempt to minimize it; but an American would naturally think it far preferable to that inclination to squander the public moneys which seems to be a besetting sin with democracies. The fact is, social conditions are comparatively equal in Switzerland, owing to the absence of great cities with an enormous proletariat class, which does not feel the weight of the public burdens, nor realize that an increase of taxation affects its own comfort and prosperity.

How far the Referendum diminishes the sense of responsibility of the deputies it is not easy to say. This is a matter of opinion which cannot be measured by statistics, and hence the answer must depend a great deal on the predisposition of the person who makes in fact, rejected laws that would have revealed the real amount of taxable property.

it. We should naturally expect a representative to feel less responsibility where his action is not final, and his decision is reviewed by his constituents; and this would appear to be the case to some extent in Switzerland, at least where the Referendum is compulsory. An eminent lawyer in Berne once told the writer that the members of the cantonal legislature would vote for a measure they did not approve, relying on the people to reject it; and that he had known men to vote for a law in the Great Council, and against it at the polls. But this gentleman belonged to a party which was in a hopeless minority, and was, in fact, decidedly out of sympathy with current politics. The truth seems to be that the sense of responsibility is diminished somewhat, but not enough to impair perceptibly the efficiency and conscientiousness of the representatives. It is generally believed that a good many members of the legislature of Massachusetts voted for the prohibitory amendment to the constitution, some years ago, when they did not approve of it, because they wanted to get the question out of the way, and knew that the people would not ratify it. But it would be absurd to found a general charge of levity against the representatives of the Commonwealth on such a ground.

Perhaps the most important effect of the Referendum is its influence on the development of parties. In purely representative democracies, election is the sole political act of the people, who retain no direct control over their representatives. Now, an election under these conditions is in reality only a choice between two or more rival candidates or rival parties, to one of which the destinies of the country must be committed; and hence the parties and their opinions are extremely important. But in Switzerland, where the people vote upon each measure separately, there is no such necessity of choosing between the programmes of opposing parties and of ac-

cepting one of them in its entirety. The Referendum, therefore, deprives political programmes of much of their significance by allowing the people to elect a representative, and then reject any of his measures that they do not like. As a rule, indeed, each law submitted to popular vote is considered on its own merits, with comparatively little regard to the party with which it originated, or any other matters that may come before the people at the same time. The Referendum tends, in short, to split up political issues, and thus to prevent the people from passing judgment at one stroke on the whole policy of the party in power. Its effect is, therefore, precisely the opposite of that of a general election in this country, where, although some one issue may be particularly prominent, the decision of the people is not confined to that issue, but comprehends the broader question which of the two great parties had better, on the whole, be entrusted with power. For this reason a general election helps to consolidate and strengthen the parties. But the Referendum entails a decision only on the special measure under consideration; and hence the people of Switzerland are never called upon, either at an election or a Referendum, to judge the conduct of a party as a whole. It is no doubt largely on this account that Swiss political parties have no very definite programmes and little organization. Now, we have seen that the Swiss are in the habit of constantly reflecting the same deputies, although they may reject a large part of their measures, and what is true of the individual is also true of the party. Both enjoy great permanence of tenure; and a study of Swiss history shows that since the general introduction of the Referendum there has been a very marked increase in the stability of political parties.

Again, the Referendum tends to draw

¹ Before the amendment of 1891, the provision of the constitution was so interpreted as

attention to measures, and away from men; and it is the personal admiration or dislike of public men that forms a great deal of the fibre of party allegiance. So marked is this result in Switzerland that a President of the Confederation once said, that if one were to question ten Swiss, all of them would know whether their country was well governed or not, but nine of them would not be able to tell the name of the President, and the tenth, who might think he knew, would be mistaken. After allowing largely for exaggeration in the remark, one feels impelled to wonder how party leaders can be expected to thrive in such a land.

The Referendum is not the only institution to which democracy has given rise in Switzerland. Far more extraordinary, though much less valuable, is the Initiative. The Referendum merely gives the people power to veto laws passed by their representatives, and has therefore a purely negative effect; but the Swiss have a strong feeling that democracy is not complete unless the people have also a right to propose laws directly, and the Initiative is intended to supply this deficiency. It is a device by which a certain number of citizens can demand a popular vote upon a measure in which they are interested, in spite of the refusal of the legislature to adopt their views. The federal constitution contains a recent provision of this kind, whereby any fifty thousand qualified voters may propose a specific amendment to the constitution, and require the matter to be submitted to the people.¹

The new procedure has already been used once, but the result has not been such as to encourage much hope of its usefulness as a means of progress. The required number of citizens demanded last year an amendment forbidding the slaughter of animals by bleeding. This was not done for the sake of preventing to permit only a demand for a revision of the constitution as a whole.

cruelty, although some of the voters were no doubt influenced by that consideration. The movement was really aimed at the Jews, who are forbidden by their religion to eat meat killed in the ordinary way; the true motive being made evident by the fact that at the final vote the heaviest affirmative majorities were given in those districts where the Jews had made considerable settlements. The Federal Assembly urged the rejection of the measure, and ordinances passed with the same object in a couple of the cantons had already been set aside by the Federal Council as inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty guaranteed by the national constitution; but in spite of the advice of their representatives the majority both of the people and of the cantons voted in favor of the amendment, thus placing Switzerland among the countries that oppress the Jews; and this by a species of petty persecution unworthy of an enlightened community.

The Initiative is not likely to be put in operation with success often enough to produce any marked influence on the politics of the Confederation, for it has not been found effective, even for ordinary laws, in the cantons where it has long existed. In order to understand how small is its practical value we can turn to the great democratic canton of Zurich, where five thousand voters can propose a law, and require it to be submitted to the people. From 1869, when the Initiative was first established, through 1885, a period for which very careful statistics have been compiled, there were eighteen measures proposed in this way. Four of them were approved by a majority of the Council, and of these, two were ratified by the people, and two rejected; in one other case the Council proposed a substitute, which was adopted; while of the remaining thirteen proposals, which were disapproved by the Council, only three were enacted by the people. Of these three, one established cantonal houses of correction for

tramps, a measure considered of doubtful expediency. Another reestablished the death penalty, which had previously been given up; but the people shortly afterwards rejected the statute which provided for carrying it into effect, and the matter was dropped. The third abolished compulsory vaccination. The net direct result of the Initiative in Zurich during sixteen or seventeen years was, therefore, the enactment of only three laws which the regular legislature was unwilling to pass; and of these, one was of doubtful value, about another the people seem to have changed their minds, and the third was distinctly pernicious. In the other cantons the Initiative has been very rarely used.

Even the advocates of the Initiative in Switzerland admit that as yet it has not developed much efficiency, but they hope that with the perfecting of democracy it will become more useful. The experience of the past, however, does not warrant us in believing that it will play any great part among the institutions of the future. It must always be worked against the opposition of the existing legislature, and, what is more important, it gives no room for compromise and mutual concession between different opinions, which is the very essence of legislation. Hence the chance of enacting any measure in this way must always be extremely small. The conception is a bold one, and the idea of direct popular legislation is attractive; but in practice the machinery is at best too imperfect to be of any real value to mankind, if indeed it is not liable to be a source of harm in the hands of extremists and fanatics.

After studying any successful institution in a foreign land, one is always moved to ask how it would work in one's own country; whether it could be grafted into the native system and made to thrive equally well there. Could we adopt the Referendum in America? Would it produce the same fruits here as in its na-

tive soil? Is it consistent with our form of government? I think not. It is to be noticed that we have long had a Referendum for constitutional questions; but our whole political system rests on the distinction between constitutional and other laws. The former are the solemn principles laid down by the people in its ultimate sovereignty; the latter are regulations made by its representatives within the limits of their authority, and the courts can hold unauthorized and void any act which exceeds those limits. The courts can do this because they are maintaining against the legislature the fundamental principles which the people themselves have determined to support, and they can do it only so long as the people feel that the constitution is something more sacred and enduring than ordinary laws, something that derives its force from a higher authority. Now, if all laws received their sanction from a direct popular vote, this distinction would disappear. There would cease to be any reason for considering one law more sacred than another, and hence our courts would soon lose their power to pass upon the constitutionality of statutes. The courts have in general no such power in Switzerland, where indeed the distinction between constitutional and other laws is not so clearly marked as in America. With the destruction of this keystone of our government the checks and balances of our system would crumble, and the spirit of our institutions would be radically changed. The Referendum as applied to ordinary statutes is, therefore, inconsistent with our polity, and could not be engrafted upon it without altering its very nature.

Moreover, the Referendum is contrary to our ideas, our habits, and our traditions, and hence could not be expected to work successfully. We are accustomed to depute all ordinary legislation to our representatives, and to charge them with the duty and responsibility of making the laws. Our people are not in the habit of weighing the merits of particular stat-

utes, or of debating the necessity for the various appropriations. Their experience has been confined to passing judgment upon men and upon general lines of policy. But the reverse of all this is true in Switzerland, where the historical traditions are strongly the other way. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the Swiss had a strictly representative form of government only for a very short period, and were never fully satisfied with it.

There is also a practical objection to the introduction of the Referendum here, arising from the elaborate nature of our laws. The relations of the executive and legislative in Switzerland are very different from what they are in this country, for a great deal of what we should consider legislation falls into the province of the Swiss executive. The laws are passed in a comparatively simple and general form, and the executive has authority to complete their details and provide for their application by means of decrees or ordinances. Partly for this reason, and partly on account of the small size of the country, the number of laws passed in a year is far less than with us. Thus, in the canton of Zurich, where all laws and all large appropriations require a popular vote, the number of questions submitted to the people in a year, including federal matters, averages less than ten, while in the canton of Berne it has averaged only about four. If now we turn to the statutes of Massachusetts, we shall find that the legislature of that State passed last year five hundred and ninety-five separate acts and resolves. It is impossible to say how many of the appropriations included in this list would have required a popular vote, if the Commonwealth had had a Referendum similar to that of Zurich; but any estimate, however moderate, of the number of acts and resolves to be submitted to the people will demonstrate the impracticability of the scheme. Let us call it four hundred. Is it not evident that while a people may vote intelligently on

five or ten laws in a year, it is absurd to suppose that they could vote intelligently on four hundred? How could they be expected to consider independently each one of four hundred different measures? Is it not clear what they would do? They would not attempt to consider each law separately, nor even to understand it at all, but they would vote on them all as their party leaders directed; and hence we should have a mere parody of the Swiss Referendum, — a system which would produce a result exactly the opposite of what we have observed to be the case in Switzerland; for our state legislation would be far more a matter of party lines and party politics than it is to-day.

A general Referendum in the compulsory form is, therefore, entirely out of the question in America; and even in the milder or facultative form it would be likely to do us more harm than good, for it would probably be used only in the case of laws that had aroused a good deal of party feeling, and had been carried as party measures. In such cases, the necessary signatures to the demand for a popular vote could easily be collected by means of the party machinery, without which the task would be extremely difficult. In all probability, therefore, the Referendum would be used almost exclusively as a method of harassing the party in power by delaying legislation, and would become a mere party weapon instead of a cause of the mitigation of party strife. It is, indeed, important to remember that while the Referendum in Switzerland has undoubtedly contributed to the absence of party government, its successful working depends no less certainly on the low development of party spirit; and as in the United States we cannot hope to abolish parties, or even to diminish their activity to any great extent, the conditions are not present under which the Referendum can be expected to succeed.

Moreover, there is not the same need of a Referendum here that there is in

Switzerland. The institution is essentially a limitation on democracy, and is really a means of vetoing the acts of the legislature. Now, the Swiss have no executive veto, no judicial process for setting aside unconstitutional laws, and in the cantons only a single chamber. Hence they are exposed to much more danger of hasty legislation than we are, and have greater need of a veto in the hands of the people. It is the mission of Switzerland to try experiments in popular government for the benefit of the rest of the world, but it does not follow that everything she has found successful can be profitably adopted by other nations, or will bear the same fruit in another soil.

More accurately stated, however, the question in America is not whether we shall adopt the Referendum, but whether we shall adopt it in the Swiss form; for the institution already exists here, and, having developed spontaneously, has probably assumed the form best suited to the nature of our government. Its principal application is in constitutional questions; but the tendency, especially in the newer States of the West, is in the direction of making the constitutions more and more elaborate and inclusive, so that they cover a great deal of the ground formerly within the province of the legislature. The result is that the range of subjects controlled by direct popular vote has been very much enlarged. This tendency has perhaps been carried too far; for, as Mr. Oberholzer remarks in his valuable book on the Referendum in America, "if a constitution is to enter into the details of government, and trespass on those fields of action before reserved to the legislature, it cannot have the character of permanence which it had when it was only an outline to direct the legislature. It must change as laws change, and laws must change as the needs of the people change." But while the increasing scope of the constitutions may render them less

immutable, it does not tend to obliterate the distinction between constitutional and other laws. The extension of the Referendum by this means involves, therefore, no danger to the fundamental principles of our system.

The sanction of a popular vote has, it is true, been required in many of the States for other things than constitutional amendments; but if we leave out local affairs, we shall find that the matters so treated are closely akin to constitutional questions, and are of such a nature that, except for some obvious motive of necessity or convenience, they would be regulated by the constitution itself. The power of the legislature to contract debts, for example, is often limited, with a proviso that any excess above the limit must be approved by the people. The object of this provision is evident. A necessity for exceeding the debt limit may easily arise, and yet it would clearly be absurd to insist on a formal amendment to the constitution on each occasion. It is far more appropriate to require for an exception to the constitutional rule a simple authority from the people who sanctioned the constitution. A similar procedure is established in some States for the alienation of public property, for the levy of certain taxes, and even for the expenditure of money for a specified purpose above a fixed amount. All these cases clearly depend upon the same principle, that of providing a convenient way of making the necessary exceptions to a general rule laid down in the constitution. Another provision to be found in all the new States, and in some of the older ones, declares that the capital shall be selected by a vote of the people, and shall not be changed without their consent. Now, as the seat of government is, naturally and properly, fixed by the constitution itself, such a

provision merely establishes an informal method of completing or amending that instrument. The same thing is even more evidently true of provisions authorizing the legislature to submit to the people the question of woman suffrage or of proportional representation.

These examples substantially include all the cases where a constitution allows a measure to be submitted to the people of the State, with one notable exception.¹ About 1848, when the excitement over wild banking schemes was raging in the West, several States adopted a provision requiring a popular vote upon every act creating banks. This provision differs materially from all the others we have considered, and comes far nearer to the Swiss Referendum. It is hardly within the domain of constitutional law; and instead of involving only a simple question about which the mass of the people can easily form an opinion, it presents to them a complex piece of legislation, whose details cannot be understood without a great deal of study. Curiously enough, the provision has scarcely been copied at all, but has been almost entirely confined to the States which suffered from the banking mania at that time, — a fact which seems to prove that it is not in harmony with our institutions.

There remains to be considered the application in America of the popular vote to local questions. This depends upon quite a different principle. The Referendum means an appeal from the legislature to the whole body of constituents who elected the representatives; but in the practice of leaving local affairs to be decided by the voters of the city, town, or county there is no appeal of this kind. The people of the State, in such a case, are not asked to ratify the act of the legislature; nor

¹ Legislatures have occasionally submitted statutes to popular vote without express authority in the constitution, but the weight of opinion is against the constitutionality of such

a proceeding (Oberholzer, pages 130, 131). At the time this goes to press the Supreme Court of Massachusetts is preparing an opinion for the legislature upon the question.

can they veto it, for, although the vast majority may be strongly opposed to a local option bill, for example, they cannot prevent its becoming a law. The statute acquires a complete validity from the enactment by the legislature, and the only question on which a popular vote is taken is that of the local application of its provisions. With this the people of the State as a whole have nothing to do, for it is decided in each particular town solely by the voters of that town. Local popular voting is, therefore, only a method of local self-government, whereby additional powers are given to the city, town, or county, and their exercise is entrusted to the whole body of inhabitants. It is really an extension of the principle of the town meeting, and not a use of the Referendum at all.

To sum up what has been said, we find that the Referendum in America is applied only to constitutional questions, and to a small number of other matters which are carefully specified. We find also that, except in the anomalous case of the bank acts in a few States, these matters are akin to constitutional subjects, and are of such a nature that the

question submitted to the people is extremely simple. It will, moreover, be observed that the submission to popular vote is always compulsory. Now, these results have an important practical bearing; for if a further extension of the Referendum in America is desirable, it is at least probable that the wisest policy will be to follow the lines on which the institution has spontaneously developed. By such a course alone can dangerous experiments be avoided, and the harmony of our system be insured.

Even if space permitted it would hardly seem necessary to discuss the adoption of the Initiative at any great length. With regard to the Referendum, the question is whether an institution that has proved of great value at home can be profitably introduced here; but the Initiative has not been a success even in Switzerland, and there is no reason to suppose it would work any better elsewhere. Surely we do not suffer so much from sterility in legislation as to make us anxious to add another process for manufacturing laws, without proof that the laws it produces are wise, just, and statesmanlike.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

THE WINDIGO.

THE cry of those rapids in Ste. Marie's River called the Sault could be heard at all hours through the settlement on the rising shore and into the forest beyond. Three quarters of a mile of frothing billows, like some colossal instrument, never ceased playing music down an inclined channel until the trance of winter locked it up. At August dusk, when all that shaggy world was sinking to darkness, the gushing monotone became very distinct.

Louizon Cadotte and his father's young seignior, Jacques de Repentigny,

stepped from a birch canoe on the bank near the fort, two Chippewa Indians following with their game. Hunting furnished no small addition to the food supply of the settlement, for the English conquest had brought about scarcity at this as well as other Western posts. Peace was declared in Europe; but soldiers on the frontier, waiting orders to march out at any time, were not abundantly supplied with stores, and they let season after season go by, reluctant to put in harvests which might be reaped by their successors.

Jacques was barely nineteen, and Louizon was considerably older. But the Repentignys had gone back to France after the fall of Quebec; and five years of European life had matured the young seignior as decades of border experience would never mature his half-breed tenant. Yet Louizon was a fine dark-skinned fellow, well made for one of short stature. He trod close by his tall superior with visible fondness; enjoying this spectacle of a man the like of whom he had not seen on the frontier.

Jacques looked back, as he walked, at the long zigzag shadows on the river. Forest fire in the distance showed a leaning column, black at base, pearl-colored in the primrose air, like smoke from some gigantic altar. He had seen islands in the lake under which the sky seemed to slip, throwing them above the horizon in mirage, and trees standing like detached bushes on a world rim of water. The Ste. Marie River was a beautiful light green in color, and sunset and twilight played upon it all the miracles of change.

"I wish my father had never left this country," said young Repentigny, feeling that spell cast by the wilderness. "Here is his place. He should have withdrawn to the Sault, and accommodated himself to the English, instead of returning to France. The service in other parts of the world does not suit him. Plenty of good men have held to Canada and their honor also."

"Yes, yes," assented Louizon. "The English cannot be got rid of. For my part, I shall be glad when this post changes hands. I am sick of our officers."

He scowled with open resentment. The seignior house faced the parade ground, and they could see against its large low mass, lounging on the gallery, one each side of a window, the white uniforms of two French soldiers. The window sashes, screened by small curtains across the middle, were swung into

the room; and Louizon's wife leaned on her elbows across the sill, the rosy atmosphere of his own fire projecting to view every ring of her bewitching hair, and even her long eyelashes as she turned her gaze from side to side.

It was so dark, and the object of their regard was so bright, that these buzzing bees of Frenchmen did not see her husband until he ran up the steps facing them. Both of them greeted him heartily. He felt it a peculiar indignity that his wife's dangles forever passed their good will on to him; and he left them in the common hall, with his father and the young seignior, and the two or three Indians who congregated there every evening to ask for presents or to smoke.

Louizon's wife met him in the middle of the broad low apartment where he had been so proud to introduce her as a bride, and turned her cheek to be kissed. She was not fond of having her lips touched. Her hazel-colored hair was perfumed. She was so supple and exquisite, so dimpled and aggravating, that the Chippewa in him longed to take her by the scalp-lock of her light head; but the Frenchman bestowed the salute. Louizon had married the prettiest woman in the settlement. Life overflowed in her, so that her presence spread animation. Both men and women paid homage to her. Her very mother-in-law was her slave. And this was the stranger spectacle because Madame Cadotte the senior, though born a Chippewa, did not easily make herself subservient to anybody.

The time had been when Louizon was proud of any notice this siren conferred on him. But so exacting and tyrannical is the nature of man that when he got her he wanted to keep her entirely to himself. From his Chippewa mother, who, though treated with deference, had never dared to disobey his father, he inherited a fond and jealous nature; and his beautiful wife chafed it. Young Repentigny saw that she was like a Parisian. But Louizon felt that she was a spirit too fine and

tantalizing for him to grasp, and she had him in her power.

He hung his powderhorn behind the door, and stepped upon a stool to put his gun on its rack above the fireplace. The fire showed his round figure, short but well muscled, and the boyish petulance of his shaven lip. The sun shone hot upon the Sault of an August noon, but morning and night were cool, and a blaze was usually kept in the chimney.

"You found plenty of game?" said his wife; and it was one of this woman's wickedest charms that she could be so interested in her companion of the moment.

"Yes," he answered, scowling more, and thinking of the brace on the gallery whom he had not shot, but wished to.

She laughed at him.

"Archange Cadotte," said Louizon, turning around on the stool before he descended; and she spread out her skirts, taking two dancing steps to indicate that she heard him. "How long am I to be mortified by your conduct to Monsieur de Repentigny?"

"Oh — Monsieur de Repentigny. It is now that boy from France, at whom I have never looked."

"The man I would have you look at, madame, you scarcely notice."

"Why should I notice him? He pays little attention to me."

"Ah, he is not one of your dangles, madame. He would not look at another man's wife. He has had trouble himself."

"So will you have if you scorch the backs of your legs," observed Archange.

Louizon stood obstinately on the stool and ignored the heat. He was in the act of stepping down, but he checked it as she spoke.

"Monsieur de Repentigny came back to this country to marry a young English lady of Quebec. He thinks of her, not of you."

"I am sure he is welcome," murmured Archange. "But it seems the

young English lady prefers to stay in Quebec."

"She never looked at any other man, madame. She is dead."

"No wonder. I should be dead, too, if I had looked at one stupid man all my life."

Louizon's eye sparkled. "Madame, I will have you know that the seignior of Sault Ste. Marie is entitled to your homage."

"Monsieur, I will have you know that I do not pay homage to any man."

"You, Archange Cadotte? You are in love with a new man every day."

"Not in the least, monsieur. I only desire to have a new man in love with me every day."

Her mischievous mouth was a scarlet button in her face, and Louizon leaped to the floor, and kicked the stool across the room.

"The devil himself is no match at all for you!"

"But I married him before I knew that," returned Archange; and Louizon grinned in his wrath.

"I don't like such women."

"Oh yes, you do. Men always like women whom they cannot chain."

"I have never tried to chain you." Her husband approached, shaking his finger at her. "There is not another woman in the settlement who has her way as you have. And see how you treat me!"

"How do I treat you?" inquired Archange, sitting down and resigning herself to statistics.

"Ste. Marie! St. Joseph!" shouted the Frenchman. "How does she treat me! And every man in the seigniory dangling at her apron string!"

"You are mistaken. There is the young seignior; and there is the new English commandant, who must be now within the seigniory, for they expect him at the post to-morrow morning. It is all the same: if I look at a man you are furious, and if I refuse to look at him you are more furious still."

Louizon felt that inward breaking up which proved to him that he could not stand before the tongue of this woman. Groping for expression, he declared, —

“If thou wert sickly or blind, I would be just as good to thee as when thou wert a bride. I am not the kind that changes if a woman loses her fine looks.”

“No doubt you would like to see me with the smallpox,” suggested Archange. “But it is never best to try a man too far.”

“You try me too far, — let me tell you that. But you shall try me no further.”

The Indian appeared distinctly on his softer French features, as one picture may be stamped over another.

“Smoke a pipe, Louizon,” urged the thorn in his flesh. “You are always so much more agreeable when your mouth is stopped.”

But he left the room without looking at her again. Archange remarked to herself that he would be better natured when his mother had given him his supper; and she yawned, smiling at the maladroits creatures whom she made her sport. Her husband was the best young man in the settlement. She was entirely satisfied with him, and grateful to him for taking the orphan niece of a poor post commandant, without prospects since the conquest, and giving her sumptuous quarters and comparative wealth; but she could not forbear amusing herself with his masculine weaknesses.

Archange was by no means a slave in the frontier household. She did not spin, or draw water, or tend the oven. Her mother-in-law, Madame Cadotte, had a hold on perennally destitute Chippewa women who could be made to work for longer or shorter periods in a Frenchman's kitchen or loom-house instead of with savage implements. Archange's bed had ruffled curtains, and her pretty dresses, carefully folded, filled a large chest.

She returned to the high window sill, and watched the purple distances grow-

ing black. She could smell the tobacco the men were smoking in the open hall, and hear their voices. Archange knew what her mother-in-law was giving the young seignior and Louizon for their supper. She could fancy the officers laying down their pipes to draw to the board, also, for the Cadottes kept open house all the year round.

The thump of the Indian drum was added to the deep melody of the rapids. There were always a few lodges of Chippewas about the Sault. When the trapping season and the maple-sugar making were over and his profits drunk up, time was the largest possession of an Indian. He spent it around the door of his French brother, ready to fish or to drink whenever invited. If no one cared to go on the river, he turned to his hereditary amusements. Every night that the rapids were void of torches showing where the canoes of whitefishers darted, the thump of the Indian drum and the yell of Indian dancers could be heard.

Archange's mind was running on the new English garrison who were said to be so near taking possession of the picketed fort, when she saw something red on the parade ground. The figure stood erect and motionless, gathering all the remaining light on its indistinct coloring, and Archange's heart gave a leap at the hint of a military man in a red uniform. She was all alive, like a whitefisher casting the net or a hunter sighting game. It was Archange's nature, without even taking thought, to turn her head on her round neck so that the illuminated curls would show against a background of wall, and wreath her half-bare arms across the sill. To be looked at, to lure and tantalize, was more than pastime. It was a woman's chief privilege. Archange held the secret conviction that the priest himself could be made to give her lighter penances by an angelic expression she could assume. It is convenient to have large brown eyes and the trick of casting them sidewise in sweet distress.

But the Chippewa widow came in earlier than usual that evening, being anxious to go back to the lodges to watch the dancing. Archange pushed the sashes shut, ready for other diversion, and Michel Penonneau never failed to furnish her that. The little boy was at the widow's heels. Michel was an orphan.

"If Archange had children," Madame Cadotte had said to Louizon, "she would not seek other amusement. Take the little Penonneau lad that his grandmother can hardly feed. He will give Archange something to do."

So Louizon brought home the little Penonneau lad. Archange looked at him, and considered that here was another person to wait on her. As to keeping him clean and making clothes for him, they might as well have expected her to train the sledge dogs. She made him serve her, but for mothering he had to go to Madame Cadotte. Yet Archange far outweighed Madame Cadotte with him. The labors put upon him by the autocrat of the house were sweeter than mocoeks full of maple sugar from the hand of the Chippewa housekeeper. At first Archange would not let him come into her room. She dictated to him through door or window. But when he grew fat with good food and was decently clad under Madame Cadotte's hand, the great promotion of entering that sacred apartment was allowed him. Michel came in whenever he could. It was his nightly habit to follow the Chippewa widow there after supper, and watch her brush Archange's hair.

Michel stood at the end of the hearth with a roll of pagessanung or plum-leather in his fist. His cheeks had a hard garnered redness like polished apples. The Chippewa widow set her husband carefully against the wall. The husband was a bundle about two feet long, containing her best clothes tied up in her dead warrior's sashes and rolled in a piece of cloth. His arm-bands and his necklace of bear's-claws appeared at the top as a

grotesque head. This bundle the widow was obliged to carry with her everywhere. To be seen without it was a disgrace, until that time when her husband's nearest relations should take it away from her and give her new clothes, thus signifying that she had mourned long enough to satisfy them. As the husband's relations were unable to cover themselves, the prospect of her release seemed distant. For her food she was glad to depend on her labor in the Cadotte household. There was no hunter to supply her lodge now.

The widow let down Archange's hair and began to brush it. The long mass was too much for its owner to handle. It spread around her like a garment, as she sat on her chair, and its ends touched the floor. Michel thought there was nothing more wonderful in the world than this glory of hair, its rings and ripples shining in the firelight. The widow's jaws worked in unobtrusive rumination on a piece of pleasantly bitter fungus, the Indian substitute for quinine, which the Chippewas called *waubudone*. As she consoled herself much with this medicine, and her many-syllabled name was hard to pronounce, Archange called her *Waubudone*, an offense against her dignity which the widow might not have endured from anybody else, though she bore it without a word from this soft-haired mag-nate.

As she carefully carded the mass of hair lock by lock, thinking it an unnecessary nightly labor, the restless head under her hands was turned towards the portable husband. Archange had not much imagination, but to her the thing was uncanny. She repeated what she said every night:—

"Do stand him in the hall and let him smell the smoke, *Waubudone*."

"No," refused the widow.

"But I don't want him in my bedroom. You are not obliged to keep that thing in your sight all the time."

"Yes," said the widow.

A dialect of mingled French and Chippewa was what they spoke, and Michel knew enough of both tongues to follow the talk.

"Are they never going to take him from you? If they don't take him from you soon, I shall go to the lodges and speak to his people about it myself."

The Chippewa widow usually passed over this threat in silence; but, threading a lock with the comb, she now said,

"Best not go to the lodges awhile."

"Why?" inquired Archange. "Have the English already arrived? Is the tribe dissatisfied?"

"Don't know that."

"Then why should I not go to the lodges?"

"Windigo at the Sault now."

Archange wheeled to look at her face. The widow was unmoved. She was little older than Archange, but her features showed a stoical harshness in the fire-light. Michel, who often went to the lodges, widened his mouth and forgot to fill it with plum-leather. There was no sweet which Michel loved as he did this confection of wild plums and maple sugar boiled down and spread on sheets of birch bark. Madame Cadotte made the best pagessanung at the Sault.

"Look at the boy," laughed Archange. "He will not want to go to the lodges any more after dark."

The widow remarked, noting Michel's fat legs and arms,—

"Windigo like to eat him."

"I would kill a windigo," declared Michel, in full revolt.

"Not so easy to kill a windigo. Bad spirits help windigos. If man kill windigo and not tear him to pieces, he come to life again."

Archange herself shuddered at such a tenacious creature. She was less superstitious than the Chippewa woman, but the Northwest had its human terrors as dark as the shadow of witchcraft.

Though a Chippewa was bound to dip his hand in the war kettle and taste the

flesh of enemies after victory, there was nothing he considered more horrible than a confirmed cannibal. He believed that a person who had eaten human flesh to satisfy hunger was never afterwards contented with any other kind, and, being deranged and possessed by the spirit of a beast, he had to be killed for the safety of the community. The cannibal usually became what he was by stress of starvation: in the winter when hunting failed and he was far from help, or on a journey when provisions gave out, and his only choice was to eat a companion or die. But this did not excuse him. As soon as he was detected the name of "windigo" was given him, and if he did not betake himself again to solitude he was shot or knocked on the head at the first convenient opportunity. Archange remembered one such wretched creature who had haunted the settlement awhile, and then disappeared. His canoe was known, and when it hovered even distantly on the river every child ran to its mother. The priest was less successful with this kind of outcast than with any other barbarian on the frontier.

"Have you seen him, Waubudone?" inquired Archange. "I wonder if it is the same man who used to frighten us?"

"This windigo a woman. Porcupine in her. She lie down and roll up and hide her head when you drive her off."

"Did you drive her off?"

"No. She only come past my lodge in the night."

"Did you see her?"

"No, I smell her."

Archange had heard of the atmosphere which windigos far gone in cannibalism carried around them. She desired to know nothing more about the poor creature, or the class to which the poor creature belonged, if such isolated beings may be classed. The Chippewa widow talked without being questioned, however, preparing to reduce Archange's mass of hair to the compass of a nightcap.

"My grandmother told me there was

a man dreamed he had to eat seven persons. He sat by the fire and shivered. If his squaw wanted meat, he quarreled with her. 'Squaw, take care. Thou wilt drive me so far that I shall turn windigo.'

People who did not give Archange the keen interest of fascinating them were a great weariness to her. Humble or wretched human life filled her with disgust. She could dance all night at the weekly dances, laughing in her sleeve at girls from whom she took the best partners. But she never helped nurse a sick child, and it made her sleepy to hear of windigos and misery. Michel wanted to squat by the chimney and listen until Louizon came in; but she drove him out early. Louizon was kind to the orphan, who had been in some respects a failure, and occasionally let him sleep on blankets or skins by the hearth instead of groping to the dark attic. And if Michel ever wanted to escape the attic, it was to-night, when a windigo was abroad. But Louizon did not come.

It must have been midnight when Archange sat up in bed, startled out of sleep by her mother-in-law, who held a candle between the curtains. Madame Cadotte's features were of a mild Chippewa type, yet the restless aboriginal eye made Archange uncomfortable with its anxiety.

"Louizon is still away," said his mother.

"Perhaps he went whitefishing after he had his supper." The young wife yawned and rubbed her eyes, beginning to notice that her husband might be doing something unusual.

"He did not come to his supper."

"Yes, mamma. He came in with Monsieur de Repentigny."

"I did not see him. The seignior ate alone."

Archange stared, fully awake. "Where does the seignior say he is?"

"The seignior does not know. They parted at the door."

"Oh, he has gone to the lodges to watch the dancing."

"I have been there. No one has seen him since he set out to hunt this morning."

"Where are Louizon's canoemen?"

"Jean Boucher and his son are at the dancing. They say he came into this house."

Archange could not adjust her mind to anxiety without the suspicion that her mother-in-law might be acting as the instrument of Louizon's resentment. The huge feather bed was a tangible comfort interposed betwixt herself and calamity.

"He was sulky to-night," she declared.

"He has gone up to sleep in Michel's attic to frighten me."

"I have been there. I have searched the house."

"But are you sure it was Michel in the bed?"

"There was no one. Michel is here."

Archange snatched the curtain aside, and leaned out to see the orphan sprawled on a bearskin in front of the collapsing logs. He had pushed the sashes inward from the gallery and hoisted himself over the high sill after the bed drapery was closed for the night, for the window yet stood open. Madame Cadotte sheltered the candle she carried, but the wind blew it out. There was a rich glow from the fireplace upon Michel's stuffed legs and arms, his cheeks, and the full parted lips through which his breath audibly flowed. The other end of the room, lacking the candle, was in shadow. The thump of the Indian drum could still be heard, and distinctly and more distinctly, as if they were approaching the house, the rapids.

Both women heard more. They had not noticed any voice at the window when they were speaking themselves, but some offensive thing scented the wind, and they heard, hoarsely spoken in Chippewa from the gallery, —

"How fat he is!"

Archange, with a gasp, threw herself upon her mother-in-law for safety, and

Madame Cadotte put both arms and the smoking candle around her. A feeble yet dexterous scramble on the sill resulted in something dropping into the room. It moved toward the hearth glow, a gaunt vertebrate body scarcely expanded by ribs, but covered by a red blanket, and a head with deathlike features overhung by strips of hair. This vision of famine leaned forward and indented Michel with one finger, croaking again, —

"How fat he is!"

The boy roused himself, and, for one instant stupid and apologetic, was going to sit up and whine. He saw what bent over him, and, bristling with unimaginable revolutions of arms and legs, he yelled a yell which seemed to sweep the thing back through the window.

Next day no one thought of dancing or fishing or of the coming English. Frenchmen and Indians turned out together to search for Louizon Cadotte. Though he never in his life had set foot to any expedition without first notifying his household, and it was not the custom to hunt alone in the woods, his disappearance would not have roused the settlement in so short a time had there been no windigo hanging about the Sault. It was told that the windigo, who entered his house again in the night, must have made way with him.

Jacques Repentigny heard this with some amusement. Of windigos he had no experience, but he had hunted and camped much of the summer with Louizon.

"I do not think he would let himself be knocked on the head by a woman," said Jacques.

"White chief does n't know what helps a windigo," explained a Chippewa; and the canoeman Jean Boucher interpreted him. "Bad spirit makes a windigo strong as a bear. I saw this one. She stole my whitefish and ate them raw."

"Why did n't you give her cooked food when you saw her?" demanded Jacques.

"She would not eat that now. She likes offal better."

"Yes, she was going to eat me," declared Michel Pensonneau. "After she finished Monsieur Louizon, she got through the window to carry me off."

Michel enjoyed the windigo. Though he strummed on his lip and mourned aloud whenever Madame Cadotte was by, he felt so comfortably full of food and horror, and so important with his story, that life threatened him with nothing worse than satiety.

While parties went up the river and down the river, and talked about the chutes in the rapids where a victim could be sucked down to death in an instant, or about tracing the windigo's secret camp, Archange hid herself in the attic. She lay upon Michel's bed and wept, or walked the plank floor. It was no place for her. At noon the bark roof heated her almost to fever. The dormer windows gave her little air, and there was dust as well as something like an individual sediment of the poverty from which the boy had come. Yet she could endure the loft dungeon better than the face of the Chippewa mother who blamed her, or the bluff excitement of Monsieur Cadotte. She could hear his voice from time to time, as he ran in for spirits or provisions for parties of searchers. And Archange had aversion, like the instinct of a maid, to betraying fondness for her husband. She was furious with him, also, for causing her pain. When she thought of the windigo, of the rapids, of any peril which might be working his limitless absence, she set clenched hands in her loosened hair and trembled with hysterical anguish. But the enormity of his behavior if he were alive made her hiss at the rafters. "Good, monsieur! Next time I will have four officers. I will have the entire garrison sitting along the gallery! Yes, and they shall be English, too. And there is one thing you will never know, besides." She laughed through her weep-

ing. "You will never know I made eyes at a windigo."

The preenings and posings of a creature whose perfections he once thought were the result of a happy chance had made Louizon roar. She remembered all their life together, and moaned, "I will say this: he was the best husband that any girl ever had. We scarcely had a disagreement. But to be the widow of a man who is eaten up — O Ste. Marie!"

In the clear August weather the wide river seemed to bring its opposite shores nearer. Islands within a stone's throw of the settlement, rocky drops in a boiling current, vividly showed their rich foliage of pines. On one of these islands Father Dablon and Father Marquette had built their first mission chapel; and though they afterwards removed it to the mainland, the old tracery of foundation stones could still be seen. The mountains of Lake Superior showed like a cloud. On the ridge above fort and houses the Chippewa lodges were pleasant in the sunlight, sending ribbons of smoke from their camp fires far above the serrated edge of the woods. Naked Indian children and their playmates of the settlement shouted to one another, as they ran along the river margin, threats of instant seizure by the windigo. The Chippewa widow, holding her husband in her arms, for she was not permitted to hang him on her back, stood and talked with her red-skinned intimates of the lodges. The Frenchwomen collected at the seignior house. As for the men of the garrison, they were obliged to stay and receive the English then on the way from Detour. But they came out to see the boats off with the concern of brothers, and Archange's uncle, the post commandant, embraced Monsieur Cadotte.

The priest and Jacques Repentigny did not speak to each other about that wretched creature whose hoverings around the Sault were connected with Louizon Cadotte's disappearance. But

the priest went with Louizon's father down the river, and Jacques led the party which took the opposite direction. Though so many years had passed since Father Dablon and Father Marquette built the first bark chapel, their successor found his work very little easier than theirs had been.

A canoe was missing from the little fleet usually tied alongshore, but it was not the one belonging to Louizon. The young seignior took that one, having Jean Boucher and Jean's son to paddle for him. No other man of Sault Ste. Marie could pole up the rapids or paddle down them as this expert Chippewa could. He had been baptized with a French name, and his son after him, but no Chippewa of pure blood and name looked habitually as he did into those whirlpools called the chutes, where the slip of a paddle meant death. Yet nobody feared the rapids. It was common for boys and girls to flit around near shore in birch canoes, balancing themselves and expertly dipping up whitefish.

Jean Boucher thrust out his boat from behind an island, and, turning it as a fish glides, moved over thin sheets of water spraying upon rocks. The fall of the Ste. Marie is gradual, but even at its upper end there is a little hill to climb. Jean set his pole into the stone floor of the river, and lifted the vessel length by length from crest to crest of foam. His paddles lay behind him, and his arms were bare to the elbows, showing their strong red sinews. He had let his hair grow like a Frenchman's, and it hung forward shading his hatless brows. A skin apron was girded in front of him to meet waves which frothed up over the canoe's high prow. Blacksmith of the waters, he beat a path between juts of rock; struggling to hold a point with the pole, calling a quick word to his helper, and laughing as he forged his way. Other voyagers who did not care to tax themselves with this labor made a portage with their canoes along-

shore, and started above the glassy curve where the river bends down to its leap.

Gros Cap rose in the sky, revealing its peak in bolder lines as the searchers pushed up the Ste. Marie, exploring mile after mile of pine and white birch and fantastic rock. The shaggy bank stooped to them, the illimitable glory of the wilderness witnessing a little procession of boats like chips floating by.

It was almost sunset when they came back, the tired paddlers keeping near that shore on which they intended to land. No trace of Louison Cadotte could be found; and those who had not seen the windigo were ready to declare there was no such thing about the Sault, when, just above the rapids, she appeared from the dense up-slope of forest.

Jacques Repentigny's canoe had kept the lead, but a dozen light-bodied Chippewas sprung on shore and rushed past him into the bushes.

The woman had disappeared in underbrush, but, surrounded by hunters in full chase, she came running out, and fell on her hands, making a hoarse noise in her throat. As she looked up, all the marks in her aged aboriginal face were distinct to Jacques Repentigny. The sutures in her temples were parted. She rolled herself around in a ball, and hid her head in her dirty red blanket. Any wild beast was in harmony with the wilderness, but this sick human being was a blot upon it. Jacques felt the compassion of a god for her. Her pursuers were after her, and the thud of stones they threw made him heartsick, as if the thing were done to the woman he loved.

"Let her alone!" he commanded fiercely.

"Kill her!" shouted the hunters. "Hit the windigo on the head!"

All that world of northern air could not sweeten her, but Jacques picked her up without a thought of her offensiveness and ran to his canoe. The bones resisted him; the claws scratched at him through her blanket. Jean Boucher

lifted a paddle to hit the creature as soon as she was down.

"If you strike her, I will kill you!" warned Jacques, and he sprung into the boat.

The superstitious Chippewas threw themselves madly into their canoes to follow. It would go hard, but they would get the windigo and take the young seignior out of her spell. The Frenchmen, with man's instinct for the chase, were in full cry with them.

Jean Boucher laid down his paddle sulkily, and his son did the same. Jacques took a long pistol from his belt and pointed it at the old Indian.

"If you don't paddle for life, I will shoot you." And his eyes were eyes which Jean respected as he never had respected anything before. The young man was a beautiful fellow. If he wanted to save a windigo, why, the saints let him. The priest might say a good word about it when you came to think, also.

"Where shall I paddle to?" inquired Jean Boucher, drawing in his breath. The canoe leaped ahead, grazing hands stretched out to seize it.

"To the other side of the river."

"Down the rapids?"

"Yes."

"Go down rough or go down smooth?"

"Rough — rough — where they cannot catch you."

The old canoe man snorted. He would like to see any of them catch him. They were straining after him, and half a dozen canoes shot down that glassy slide which leads to the rocks.

It takes three minutes for a skillful paddler to run that dangerous race of three quarters of a mile. Jean Boucher stood at the prow, and the waves boiled as high as his waist. Jacques dreaded only that the windigo might move and destroy the delicate poise of the boat; but she lay very still. The little craft quivered from rock to rock without grazing one, rearing itself over a great breaker or sinking under a crest of foam.

Now a billow towered up, and Jean broke it with his paddle, shouting his joy. Showers fell on the woman coiled in the bottom of the boat. They were going down very rough indeed. Yells from the other canoes grew less distinct. Jacques turned his head, keeping a true balance, and saw that their pursuers were skirting toward the shore. They must make a long detour to catch him after he reached the foot of the fall.

The roar of awful waters met him as he looked ahead. Jean Boucher drove the paddle down and spoke to his son. The canoe leaned sidewise, sucked by the first chute, a caldron in the river bed where all Ste. Marie's current seemed to go down, and whirl, and rise, and froth, and roar.

"Ha!" shouted Jean Boucher. His face glistened with beads of water and the glory of mastering Nature.

Scarcely were they past the first pit when the canoe plunged on the verge of another. This sight was a moment of madness. The great chute, lined with moving water walls and floored with whirling foam, bellowed as if it were submerging the world. Columns of green water sheeted in white rose above it and fell forward on the current. As the canoemen held on with their paddles and shot by through spume and rain, every soul in the boat exulted except the woman who lay flat on its keel. The rapids gave a voyager the illusion that they were running uphill to meet him, that they were breasting and opposing him instead of carrying him forward. There was scarcely a breath between riding the edge of the bottomless pit and shooting out on clear water. The rapids were past, and they paddled for the other shore, a mile away.

On the west side the green water seemed turning to fire, but as the sunset went out shadows sunk on the broad surface. The fresh evening breath of a primitive world blew across it. Down river the channel turned, and Jacques

could see nothing of the English or of the other party. His pursuers had decided to land at the settlement.

It was twilight when Jean Boucher brought the canoe to pine woods which met them at the edge of the water. The young Repentigny had been wondering what he should do with his windigo. There was no settlement on this shore, and had there been one it would offer no hospitality to such as she was. His canoemen would hardly camp with her, and he had no provisions. To keep her from being stoned or torn to pieces he had made an inconsiderate flight. But his perplexity dissolved in a moment before the sight of Louizon Cadotte coming out of the woods towards them, having no hunting equipments and looking foolish.

"Where have you been?" called Jacques.

"Down this shore," responded Louizon.

"Did you take a canoe and come out here last night?"

"Yes, monsieur. I wished to be by myself. The canoe is below. I was coming home."

"It is time you were coming home, when all the men in the settlement are searching for you, and all the women trying to console your mother and your wife."

"My wife — she is not then talking with any one on the gallery?" Louizon's voice betrayed gratified revenge.

"I do not know. But there is a woman in this canoe who might talk on the gallery and complain to the priest against a man who has got her stoned on his account."

Louizon did not understand this, even when he looked at the heap of dirty blanket in the canoe.

"Who is it?" he inquired.

"The Chippewas call her a windigo. They were all chasing her for eating you up. But now we can take her back to the priest, and they will let her alone

when they see you. Where is your canoe?"

"Down here among the bushes," answered Louizon. He went to get it, ashamed to look the young seignior in the face. He was light-headed from hunger and exposure, and what followed seemed to him afterwards a piteous dream.

"Come back!" called the young seignior, and Louizon turned back. The two men's eyes met in a solemn look.

"Jean Boucher says this woman is dead."

Jean Boucher stood on the bank, holding the canoe with one hand, and turning her unresisting face with the other. Jacques and Louizon took off their hats.

They heard the cry of the whip-poor-will. The river had lost all its green and was purple, and purple shadows lay on the distant mountains and opposite ridge. Darkness was mercifully covering this poor demented Indian woman, overcome by the burdens of her life, aged without being venerable, perhaps made hideous by want and sorrow.

When they had looked at her in silence, respecting her because she could no longer be hurt by anything in the world, Louizon whispered aside to his seignior, —

"What shall we do with her?"

"Bury her," the old canoeman answered for him.

One of the party yet thought of taking her back to the priest. But she did not belong to priests and rites. Jean Boucher said they could dig in the forest mould with a paddle, and he and his son would make her a grave. The two Chippewas left the burden to the young men.

Jacques Repentigny and Louizon Cadotte took up the woman who perhaps had never been what they considered woman; who had missed the good, and got for her portion the ignorance and degradation of the world; yet who must be something to the Almighty, for he had sent youth and love to pity and take care of her in her death. They carried her into the woods between them.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

SOME CAUSES OF THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

FROM time to time we have been told — and most frequently during the past few months — that Italy is on the verge of ruin. "Ruin" is a superlative term to apply to a nation; certainly to apply to Italy, who has demonstrated again and again in the course of a thousand years that she is endowed with marvelous vitality. A country like Poland could, indeed, sink into ruin; but between the conditions which wrecked Poland and those which now threaten Italy there run differences vast and fundamental. Italy is the Aaron's rod among the peoples: when stripped bare and dry, suddenly she buds again, and puts forth a new generation of efficient, strong, intensely alive

children. Her present crisis is interesting not only on its own account, but also because it illustrates principles to which other nations, and Americans as much as any, should give heed.

During the past fifty years Italy has passed through one stage of development, and has been passing through another. The former, which we may call the heroic period, ended in 1870, when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome and completed the geographical and political unity of the country; the latter stage, which embraces the four-and-twenty years since 1870, we may call the economic period. During the heroic period, which required great sacrifices, the abnegation of local parti-

sanship, the creation of an army of devoted soldiers out of downtrodden citizens, and the guidance of strong but subtle statesmanship, the Italians had proved equal to all demands. On Austrian or Bourbon scaffolds, in Austrian or Bourbon prisons, they had endured with the fortitude of martyrs; and when the time came for action, they had fought and died like heroes on many battlefields. Thanks to the assistance of France in 1859, thanks to Garibaldi's epic expedition in 1860, thanks to a wise alliance with Prussia in 1866, they had redeemed the whole peninsula except Rome; and Rome herself welcomed them on September 20, 1870, when the French garrison was withdrawn.

Then opened a new epoch. Italy now stood before the world as a nation of twenty-five million inhabitants, her frontiers well defined, her needs very evident. Nevertheless, if her national existence was to be more than a name, she must have discipline in self-government, and she must as quickly as possible acquire the tools and methods of the civilization prevailing among those nations into whose company her victories had raised her. Two thirds of her people lagged behind the Western world not only in material inventions, but in education and civic training. Railroads and telegraphs, the wider application of steam to industries, schools, courts, the police, had all to be provided, and provided quickly. Improvements which England and France had added gradually and paid for gradually, Italy had to organize and pay for in a few years. Hence a levying of heavy taxes, and exorbitant borrowing from the future in the public debt. Not only this, but ancient traditions, the memories of feuds between town and town, had to be obliterated; the people had to be made truly one people, so that Venetians, or Neapolitans, or Sicilians should each feel that they were first of all Italians. National uniformity must supplant provincial peculiarity; there

must be one language, one code of laws, one common interest; in a word, the new nation must be *Italianized*.

The ease and rapidity with which the Italians have progressed in all these respects have no parallel in modern times. Though immense the undertaking, they have, in performing it, revealed an adaptability to new conditions, a power of transformation, which are among the most remarkable characteristics of their race, and the strongest proofs that ruin will not now engulf them. Only a race incapable of readjusting itself need despair.

Happy had Italy been if, undistracted by temptation, she had pursued the plain course before her; still happy, had she resisted such temptation. But nations, like individuals, are not made all of one piece: they, too, acknowledge the better reason, but follow the worse; they, too, through pride or vanity or passion, often forfeit the winnings from years of toil. In 1870, Italy's well-wishers would have said to her: "Your task, for at least twenty years, must be to build up your home. You must make character; you must educate; you must economize; you must fuse these provinces into one organism; you must cause laws to be respected. If the thirst for glory beset you, resist it; shun pomp; live soberly, and you will be strong. With strength, aught else that may be necessary will come."

Many things conspired to prevent Italy from following such advice: chief among these we may place national vanity. To appreciate the force of the temptation, we must remember that the Italians had been bereft of civic life, the laughing-stock of Europe for many generations. That experience made them all the more sensitive to any slight, or to any hint, however baseless, that their national existence was as yet only tentative. They felt that, having become a nation, they must imitate their neighbors, cost what it would. To what end all the previous sacrifices and wars, if Italy should not now, being admitted

to the circle of the great powers, exercise her influence in the same way that they exercise theirs? How could Italy convince the world that she was of more importance now than in the old days of servitude, if her army and navy were small, and if her statesmen did not play the game of diplomacy with the statesmen of France and Germany? It might be well enough to bid her concentrate her attention upon internal affairs, but there must be something more interesting and dramatic than these to satisfy a people who had been kindled to a high pitch of enthusiasm by a war of independence, the achievement of which had but stimulated their ambition. Purely economic questions concerning taxes and tariffs, or questions of government and administration, seemed chill and sordid, compared with the patriotic cause which had so recently claimed a life-and-death devotion. Such questions have never, in any country, taken hold of the enthusiasm of the masses, for they are questions which appeal to the reason, and not to the emotions, and nowhere yet have the masses been taught to reason; rather have they, by the treatment of economic matters emotionally, retarded a rational settlement of them. So long as an Austrian lingered in Venice, so long as Bomba's soldiery swaggered in Naples, every Italian who yearned for his country's independence knew what must be done: the task then was concrete, embodied in a blond-bearded oppressor. Very different was the present task, — a dealing with abstractions, which could not, by any magic of the imagination, be embodied in living persons. Whether the grist tax should be three soldi or four, was it advisable to increase the debt in order to construct a railroad, — these were concerns for the economists, not causes to lay down one's life for. No wonder that they seemed peculiarly commonplace to a people who, in the heat of their heroic struggle, had supposed that in united and free Italy the humdrum

details of national life from day to day would present no difficulties. In America we have had a similar experience. Have not thirty years of contest with the products of the Rebellion taught us that while the holiest of wars calls out some of the noblest virtues, it also engenders peculiar and obstinate vices which flourish with the return of peace?

Little could it be expected, therefore, that Italians would content themselves with a national life restricted to the building up of internal strength and to the practice of unheroic economy, — unheroic except to a few wise watchers. In any community there is only here and there a philosopher who so orders his life; a nation of philosophers has never existed. Italy was recognized as a great power by her neighbors, and she willingly persuaded herself that it was her duty to do what they did. In this civilized age, the first requisite of a great power is a large standing army. Not by pre-eminence in literature or arts or industries, not by public integrity and private morals, shall you determine the rank of a European nation to-day, but by the number of its soldiers; by the success, that is, with which it withdraws its sons from loom and plough and workshop, to be, during the best years of their lives, converted into machines for loading and firing rifles. Doubtless they derive good from the training, but for every ounce of good they spend a pound of better. National existence is worth even *that* prodigious sacrifice; what makes the sacrifice supremely tragic is the fact that it is unnecessary. That the foremost nations of Europe should live side by side not otherwise than hostile tribes of scalp-hunting Iroquois once lived will some day seem incredible.

A large standing army being the first condition of ranking among the great powers, Italy set about preparing one. During her struggle for independence, before 1870, her plain duty had been to make as many as possible of her sons

into soldiers to drive out her oppressors ; but, having attained her end, that duty ceased. Thenceforth she could use a great army for only one of two purposes, attack or defense. As to the former, she could legitimately entertain no designs. Her territory, except a few outlying and comparatively unimportant districts in Ticino, Tyrol, and Istria, had reached its natural frontiers. Only hot-heads could propose to stake the solidarity of the newly formed kingdom on the chance of winning any, or all, of those "unredeemed" provinces. Conquest beyond the Alps was out of the question. Victor Emmanuel indulged in no dreams of aggrandizement ; even he realized that Nice and his ancestral Duchy of Savoy lay outside of the logical boundaries of Italy. Since, therefore, no adequate reason existed for employing a great army on the offensive, we must assume that she needed it for defense ; and this implies that she was threatened, or believed herself to be threatened, with attack by her neighbors.

The only neighbors who could assail her by land were France, Switzerland, and Austria. No one pretended that Switzerland could, if so disposed, give her any trouble ; what was the danger from the others ? At first it seems as if Austria, whether from her position or her hereditary policy, justified Italian apprehension. Her troops could with ease cross the stream which separated Istria from Venetia, and afforded no strong line of defense ; and it might further be apprehended that she would seize the first opportunity to recover the rich provinces she had lost in 1866. But the truth is that the Franco-Prussian war had closed one epoch of European international combinations, and had opened a new epoch. That war not only completed the unification of Italy and Germany, but also, in promoting Germany into the first place, it necessitated a readjustment of Austria's aspirations : the empire of the Hapsburgs

would be more than compensated in the Balkan Peninsula for its losses on the Po. Manifest destiny — that imaginary sanctifier of national rapacity — seemed to designate Austria as the receiver of the property of the bankrupt Sultan, or at least of those provinces contiguous to Austria's Danubian possessions. Salonica, as a seaport of great possibilities, beckoned from afar. The substitution of the Balkan States for Venetia, as a field in which Austria might appease her land-hunger, offered, therefore, a fair outlook to Italy on that side ; she had, moreover, a stronger reason for believing herself secure. The events of 1870-71 had forced Austria to see that her interests must henceforth be regulated by those of Germany. For seventy years Austria and Prussia had competed for the hegemony of the Teutonic race ; Prussia had at length, and conclusively, triumphed. The Hapsburg dynasty was German ; the Austrian capital and the minority, but the dominant minority, of the Austrian Empire were German. Whatever difference or conflict there might be in the mutual interests of Austria and Germany, those two empires, as Teutonic powers, must hold the same general attitude toward the alien French race on the west and the alien Slavs on the east. Austria especially, with a large body of Slavic subjects already under her sway, and with hopes of further acquisition in the Balkan Peninsula, could expect to form no profitable alliance with Russia, the proclaimed champion of Pan Slavism. Just so far, therefore, as Austria pursued a Teutonic policy she must coöperate with Germany ; and we do not exaggerate when we say that at no time since 1871 would the politicians at Vienna have been so rash as to embark in any general war unless they had first secured the approval of the statesmen at Berlin.

Accordingly, after 1870, Italy had to fear Austrian aggression only in case Germany should consent to it ; the pos-

sibility of that consent being given was incalculably small. Germany had no territorial or dynastic reason for envying Italy her independence; she had been drawn to Italy by the aid rendered in 1866, and although gratitude among nations counts for little, and is but a slight factor compared with revenge or covetousness in determining international combinations, still, in this case, in the absence of stronger motives to the contrary, it stood for something. Bismarck could not be unmindful of the advantage of having in Italy a compact nation in alliance with which he might, if necessary, check any anti-Teutonic vagaries into which the politicians at Vienna might fall through pique or folly or stubbornness. Far greater than these, however, were two reasons for making him not merely indifferent or neutral, but actively friendly toward Italy. From the day when Paris surrendered, he set before him the isolation of France as the foremost purpose of his diplomacy; and with the unexpectedly rapid recuperation of the French, and with their growing thirst for revenge, he labored the more strenuously to thwart them in negotiating any league that might make their passion formidable. As he had already persuaded Austria that her welfare lay with Germany, he had most to fear an alliance of the Latin races, — the French, Italians, and Spaniards, — to frustrate which he had only to win over the Italians. This was not hard to do, for Italy was ready to believe that the French Republicans, smarting under defeat, and realizing that they could not recover Alsace and Lorraine, might seek to recoup themselves by territorial conquest in the valley of the Po; or that, if the Republic should succumb to a monarchical restoration, the restored Monarchists might interfere in behalf of the reestablishment of the Pope's temporal power at Rome. In any event, the presence of a new nation, and a possible enemy, on her southeastern border could

not be regarded with pleasure by France; whereas that same nation, if secured as an ally, must bring corresponding satisfaction to Germany.

Finally, Bismarck was then engaged in a conflict with the Pope, — a renewal in modern fashion of the mediæval struggle between the Church and the Empire, — and the Pope was the internal enemy whom the Italians feared most. For the Pope, through his spiritual arm, might stir up the Catholics throughout the world against them, in his solicitude to recover his temporal power. This was their dread, founded upon centuries of experience with a hierarchy which subtly used its spiritual weapons to advance its temporal interests. It was a legitimate dread, and yet we may well believe that the Italians have overestimated the danger from this source, when we reflect that, in establishing a nation in which temporal concerns were separated from spiritual, they obeyed the inevitable tendency towards the secularization of government which has been operating with greater and greater momentum during the past hundred years. Nevertheless, this consideration was most potent in strengthening the friendship between Germany and Italy.

Sure, therefore, that Germany held France in check on the one side, and Austria on the other; sure, also, that Bismarck would encourage no international combination which looked to the restoration of the Pope at the expense of Italy, the Italians might have spared themselves the burden of a great military establishment. The German army was their best protection, and would be maintained whether they had one or not. Or, if Germany grew cold, they might turn to France and throw their weight with her, to the menace of the Germans. But such an unspectacular policy would not have satisfied public opinion in Italy. Public opinion demanded that she should cut a figure in the world; and one of the most evident ways by which to cut a

figure in the modern European world is to support a large army. If the last French manœuvres were brilliant, would not the average Italian ask why Italy had no manœuvres? If Germany ordered a new equipment of Krupp guns, would he not ask why she had none? To be in the fashion, to keep pace with one's neighbors, to be applauded by them for the qualities which they affect, — these are traits which shape the destiny of nations as of men. Anybody suddenly thrust into a society which regarded ability to turn somersaults as the first test of manhood would lose no time in taking a course in gymnastics, although he might still hold privately that somersaults do not exhibit one's moral and intellectual excellence.

In stating the case thus, I would not make Italy's foolish conduct seem too irrational. I hope that I have intimated how strong and plausible was the temptation against which she should have nerved herself. Perhaps more than any other European nation she was excusable in desiring to show that her citizens could become soldiers, for she had been taunted time out of mind with her effeminacy, her cowardice. It might be argued, too, that she received a larger dividend in indirect compensation for her capital invested in the army than her neighbors received from theirs. Uniform military service helped to blot out provincial lines and to Italianize all sections; it also furnished rudimentary education to the vast body of illiterate conscripts. These ends might have been reached at far less cost by direct and natural means; but this fact should not lessen the credit due to the Italian military system for furthering them.

Tradition, example, national sensitiveness, all conspired in this way to persuade Italy to saddle an immense army on her back. Like many follies, this wore an aspect of expedience, if not of necessity. The taxpayer, chafing under his burdens, discovered a new meaning in the motto "Noblesse oblige," or at least he con-

sented to accept that as an undebatable proposition. But a mistaken public policy does not stand still; like a tumor, it grows by encroaching upon the sound parts, its health being proportioned to the sickness of the body on which it fastens. A military system is such a tumor. In Italy, its existence revealed a condition of national character, a tendency to yield to temptation, which rendered it improbable that strength would suddenly be acquired to check the inevitable encroachments of the army. If you train a people to regard military service as their first duty and test of citizenship, if you bestow the highest honors and rewards upon soldiers, you cannot complain when the army dominates national legislation. In Italy, politicians of all parties have shrunk from opposing military encroachments, for fear that their opposition, however just, would be branded as unpatriotic. The history of pension legislation in the United States will enlighten us as to how such cowardice can overcome men otherwise brave. And with the tyranny of a great army system, besides the men who honestly believe that it must be supported because it is necessary, there is a horde of men who encourage its expansion because they derive selfish profit from it: the contractors for uniforms, arms, and stores, and the ambitious, for whom the army in peace or war is the shortest ladder to promotion. In addition to these, every country has its minority of civilian fire-eaters, restless and blatant fellows, who gauge an administration by the success with which it carries out a "spirited foreign policy." These do not distinguish between swagger and strength, between bullying and courage. They are preternaturally sensitive in detecting an insult to the nation's dignity; they talk familiarly of the national flag as if it were a part of their personal apparel which some wicked enemy were trying to put on; they modestly claim that they alone are patriotic. That Italy should have had a large

litter of these Jingoos need not surprise us; what was her craving to cut a figure in the world but Jingoism ill concealed? It had led her to imitate her neighbors in organizing a great army; it led her likewise to yield to another temptation. One evidence of being a "great power," according to the political standard of the time, consists in ability to establish colonies, or at least a protectorate, in distant lands; therefore, Italian Jingoos goaded their government on to plant the Italian flag in Africa. France was already mistress of Algiers; Spain held a lien on Morocco; Italy could accordingly do no less than spread her influence over Tunis. For a few years Italy complacently imagined that she was as good as her rivals in the possession of a foreign dependency. Then a sudden recrudescence of Jingoism in France caused the French to occupy Tunis. The Italians were very angry; but when they sounded the situation, they realized that it would be folly to go to war over it. The fact that Bismarck consented to the French seizure, and refused to listen to any plea for restitution, taught the Italians prudence. They also learned thereby the terms on which their friendship with Germany rested. Bismarck connived at French adventures in Africa and elsewhere, because he saw that they would divide the attention of French politicians, and require the withdrawal of French troops from France; he cared not a whit that Italy's pride suffered in the process.

Not warned by this experience, Italy, a few years later, plunged yet more deeply into the uncertain policy of colonization. England and France having fallen out over the control of Egypt, then England, having virtually made the Khedive her vassal, suggested that it would be a very fine thing for Italy to establish a colony far down on the coast of the Red Sea, whence she could command the trade of Abyssinia. Italian Jingoos jumped at the suggestion, and for ten years the red-white-and-green flag has

waved over Massaua. But the good that Italy has derived from this acquisition has yet to appear. Thousands of her picked troops, stationed in that most unhealthy tropical region, have died of dysentery or sunstroke, or have been killed in unequal combat by the warriors of Ras Alula. Millions of money have been wasted in an enterprise almost as foolish as would be the attempt to plant an orange orchard on an iceberg. Yet the Jingo pride which involved Italy in this folly prevents her from abandoning it. I remember saying to an Italian officer, shortly after the massacre of a whole battalion of brave soldiers at Dogali, in 1887, that the time had come for Italy to get out of Africa. "We cannot," he replied; "all Italy would howl at an administration which proposed to back out. England might retreat from a blunder, and the world would not accuse her of cowardice; but we cannot; every one would laugh at us." The essence of Jingoism breathed in my friend's confession.

Equally slow have they been to learn that their partnership in the Triple Alliance has entailed upon them sacrifices out of all proportion to the benefits. To associate on apparently even terms with Germany and Austria was doubtless gratifying to national vanity, and an Italian premier might be pardoned for welcoming an arrangement which seemed to bring him into intimate relations with Prince Bismarck and Count Kálnoky; but who can show that Italy has been more secure from attack since she entered that league than she was before? If our analysis is correct, she ran no risk from Austria, because Austria was pledged to a Teutonic policy which bespoke for her protection from Russia, and the chance to expand south of the Danube; likewise Italy had the strongest guarantee that France would not assail her, for such an assault would have let loose the German war-dogs against France. For the sake, then, of a delusive honor,

— the honor of posing as the partner of the arbiters of Europe, — Italy has, since 1882, seen her army and her debt increase, and her resources proportionately diminish. None of her ministers has had the courage to suggest quitting a ruinous policy; on the contrary, they have sought hither and thither to find means to perpetuate it without actually breaking the country's back. No doubt many of them have honestly believed the Triple Alliance to be indispensable to Italy's welfare; no doubt, also, that others, Jingoism themselves, have encouraged the spread of conditions in which, under a veil of patriotism, roguish politicians can advance most comfortably their selfish schemes. One of the first tricks discovered by wily ministers after government by cabinets was established in Europe was that of diverting attention from maladministration at home by fomenting a quarrel, if not a war, with their neighbors; for internal needs and the incompetence of public servants cannot be discussed in the presence of foreigners. This also is Jingoism. Transparent though the trick is, we have seen it successfully played during the past decade by Ferry in France, by Blaine in the United States, and by Crispi in Italy.

In forming this diagnosis of Italy's maladies, I have fixed the attention on her army system to the exclusion of her other diseased parts, both because that is the most easily verified, and because her other ills proceed largely from that; unless it be more precise to say that the national weakness of character which allowed her to yield to the military temptation predisposed her to succumb to other evils. An examination of any one of these — her high tariff craze, for instance, with the resultant loss of trade with France, or her insincere financial system — would lead to a similar conclusion. We may grant that it was expedient for her to create a large navy to protect her long sea-coast and her many opulent ports; but the maintenance

of a great army besides has been justified neither by her needs nor by her resources. The German army since 1870 has been Italy's strongest protector, and it afforded her the best protection gratis. In old days Italy complained of being the prey of eight or nine score thousand of idle, able-bodied priests and friars; was it consistent in her to add twice as many conscripts to the multitude of idlers? Or is the military goose-step a more productive form of labor than are monkish genuflections? Since 1870, an army of one hundred thousand men would more than have sufficed to put down the brigands incited by the Pope and the Bourbons, to maintain order in her most lawless regions, to garrison her frontier outposts and her harbors, and to have fostered a reasonable military spirit. Her excess has revealed not only the weakness of her resources, but — and this is more regrettable — her lack of judgment and her dangerous vanity. Merely as a matter of business, it is foolish to hire special watchmen when your next-door neighbor keeps a dozen.

But Jingoism, or national swagger, infects great nations as well as small. Vanity and false pride are its seeds, vanity and humiliation are its fruits. Happy is the land which, when this mania becomes epidemic, has a statesman with wisdom to perceive the evil, with courage to denounce it, and with strength to turn his countrymen against their wishes to a policy that is sober and just. Italy has had many earnestly patriotic public men during the past generation, but since Cavour died she has had no statesman who could do these things. Yet not on this account shall we despair of a country which, in spite of folly, has achieved much against great odds, and which has shown a wonderful capacity for sloughing off her past. Hardship itself, though it be the penalty of error, may, by restricting her ability to go astray, lead her back to the path of reason.

William R. Thayer.

OPINIONS.

It has been occasionally remarked by people who are not wholly in sympathy with the methods and devices of our time that this is an age of keen intellectual curiosity. We have scant leisure and scant liking for hard study, and we no longer recognize the admirable qualities of a wise and contented ignorance. Accordingly, there has been invented for us in late years a *via media*, a something which is neither light nor darkness, a short cut to that goal which we used to be assured had no royal road for languid feet to follow. The apparent object of the new system is to enable us to live like gentlemen or like gentlewomen on other people's ideas; to spare us the labor and exhaustion incidental to forming opinions of our own by giving us the free use of other people's opinions. There is a charming simplicity in the scheme, involving as it does no effort of thought or mental adjustment, which cannot fail heartily to recommend it to the general public, while the additional merit of cheapness endears it to its thrifty upholders. We are all accustomed to talk vaguely about "questions of burning interest," and "the absorbing problems of the day." Some of us even go so far as to have a tolerably clear notion of what these questions and problems are. It is but natural, then, that we should take a lively pleasure, not in the topics themselves, about which we care very little, but in the persuasions and convictions of our neighbors, about which we have learned to care a great deal. Discussions rage on every side of us, and the easy, offhand, cock-sure verdicts which are so frankly confided to the world have become a recognized source of popular education and enlightenment.

I have sometimes thought that this feverish exchange of opinions received a fatal impetus from that curious epidemic

rife in England a few years ago, and known as the "Lists of a Hundred Books." Never before had such an admirable opportunity been offered to people to put on what are commonly called "frills," and it must be confessed they made the most of it. The Koran, the *Analects* of Confucius, Spinoza, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Xenophon, Lewis's *History of Philosophy*, the *Saga of Burnt Njal*, Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, — such, and such only, were the works unflinchingly urged upon us by men whom we had considered, perhaps, as human as ourselves, whom we might almost have suspected of solacing their lighter moments with an occasional study of Rider Haggard or Gaboriau. If readers could be made by the simple process of deluging the world with good counsel, these arbitrary lists would have marked a new intellectual era. As it was, they merely excited a lively but unfruitful curiosity. "Living movements," Cardinal Newman reminds us, "do not come of committees." I knew, indeed, one impetuous student who rashly purchased the *Grammar of Assent* because she saw it in a list; but there was a limit even to her ardor, for eighteen months afterwards the leaves were still uncut. It is a striking proof of Mr. Arnold's inspired rationality that, while so many of his countrymen were instructing us in this peremptory fashion, he alone, who might have spoken with authority, declined to add his name and list to the rest. It was an amusing game, he said, but he felt no disposition to play it.

Some variations of this once popular pastime have lingered even to our day. Lists of the best American authors, lists of the best foreign authors, lists of the best ten books published within a decade, have appeared occasionally in our journals, while a list of books which promi-

nent people intended or hoped to read "in the near future" filled us with respect for such heroic anticipations. Ten-volume works of the severest character counted as trifles in these prospective studies. At present it is true that the World's Fair has given a less scholastic tone to newspaper discussions. We hear comparatively little about the *Analec*ts of Confucius, and a great deal about the White City and the Department of Anthropology. Perhaps it is better to tell the public your impressions of the Fair than to confide to it your favorite authors. One revelation is as valuable as the other, but it is possible, with caution, to talk about Chicago in terms that will give general satisfaction. It is not possible to express literary, artistic, or national preferences without exposing one's self to vigorous reproaches from people who hold different views. I was once lured by a New York periodical into a number of harmless confidences, unlikely, it seemed to me, to awaken either interest or indignation. The questions asked were of the mildly searching order, like those which delighted the hearts of children, when I was a very little girl, in our "Mental Photograph Albums:" "Who is your favorite character in fiction?" "Who is your favorite character in history?" "What do you consider the finest attribute of man?" Having amiably responded to a portion of these inquiries, I was surprised and flattered, some weeks later, at seeing myself described in a daily paper—on the strength, too, of my own confessions—as irrational, morbid, and cruel; excusable only on the score of melancholy surroundings and a sickly constitution. And the delightful part of it was that I had apparently revealed all this myself. "Do not contend in words about things of no consequence," counsels St. Teresa, who carried with her to the cloister wisdom enough to have kept all of us poor worldlings out of trouble.

The system by which opinions of little

or no value are assiduously collected and generously distributed is far too complete to be baffled by ignorance or indifference. The enterprising editor or journalist who puts the question is very much like Sir Charles Napier; he wants an answer of some kind, however incapable we may be of giving it. A list of the queries propounded to me in the last year or so recalls painfully my own inexperience and simplicity. These are a few which I remember: What was my opinion of college training as a preparation for literary work? What was my opinion of Greek comedy? Was I a pessimist or an optimist, and why? What were my favorite flowers, and did I cultivate them? What books did I think young children ought *not* to read? At what age and under what impulses did I consider children first began to swear? What especial and serious studies would I propose for married women? What did I consider most necessary for the all-around development of the coming young man? It appeared useless to urge in reply to these questions that I had never been to college, never read a line of Greek, never been married, never taken charge of children, and knew nothing whatever about developing young men. I found that my ignorance on all these points was assumed from the beginning, but that this fact only made my opinions more interesting and piquant to people as ignorant as myself. Neither did it ever occur to my correspondents that if I had known anything about Greek comedy or college training, I should have endeavored to turn my knowledge into money by writing articles of my own, and should never have been so lavish as to give my information away.

That these public discussions or symposiums are, however, an occasional comfort to their participants was proven by the alacrity with which a number of writers came forward, some years ago, to explain to the world why English fiction was not a finer and stronger arti-

cle. Innocent and short-sighted readers, wedded to the obvious, had foolishly supposed that modern novels were rather forlorn because the novelists were not able to write better ones. It therefore became the manifest duty of the novelists to notify us clearly that they were able to write very much better ones, but that the public would not permit them to do it. Like Dr. Holmes, they did not venture to be as funny as they could. "Thoughtful readers of mature age," we were told, "are perishing for accuracy." This accuracy they were, one and all, prepared to furnish without stint, but were prohibited lest "the clash of broken commandments" should be displeasing to polite female ears. A great deal of angry sentiment was exchanged on this occasion, and a great many original and valuable suggestions were offered by way of relief. It was an admirable opportunity for any one who had written a story to confide to the world "the theory of his art," to make self-congratulatory remarks upon his own "standpoint," and to deprecate the stupid propriety of the public. When the echoes of these passionate protestations had died into silence, we took comfort in thinking that Hawthorne had not delayed to write *The Scarlet Letter* from a sensitive regard for his neighbors' opinions; and that two great nations, unvexed by "the clash of broken commandments," had received the book as a heritage of infinite beauty and delight. Art needs no apologist, and our great literary artist, using his chosen material after his chosen fashion, heedless alike of new theories and of ancient prejudices, gave to the world a masterpiece of fiction which the world was not too stupid to hold dear.

The pleasure of imparting opinions in print is by no means confined to professionals, to people who are assumed to know something about a subject because they have been more or less occupied with it for years. On the contrary, the

most lively and spirited discussions are those to which the general public lends a willing hand. Almost any topic will serve to arouse the argumentative zeal of the average reader, who rushes to the fray with that joyous alacrity which is so exhilarating to the peaceful looker-on. The disputed pronunciation or spelling of a word, if ventilated with spirit in a literary journal, will call forth dozens of letters, all written in the most serious and urgent manner, and all apparently emanating from people of rigorous views and limitless leisure. If a letter here or there — a *u*, perhaps, or an *l* — can only be elevated to the dignity of a national issue, then the combatants don their coats of mail, unfurl their countries' flags, and wrangle merrily and oft to the sounds of martial music. If, on the other hand, the subject of contention be a somewhat obvious statement, as, for example, that the work of women in art, science, and literature is inferior to the work of men, it is amazing and gratifying to see the number of disputants who promptly prepare to deny the undeniable, and lead a forlorn hope to failure. The impassive reader who first encounters a remark of this order is apt to ask himself if it be worth while to state so explicitly what everybody already knows; and behold! a week has not passed over his head before a dozen angry protestations are hurled into print. These meet with sarcastic rejoinders. The editor of the journal, who is naturally pleased to secure copy on such easy terms, adroitly stirs up slumbering sentiment; and time, temper, and ink are wasted without stint by people who are the only converts of their own eloquence. "Embrace not the blind side of opinions," says Sir Thomas Browne, who, born in a contentious age, with "no genius to dispute," preached mellifluously of the joys of toleration and of the discomforts of inordinate zeal.

Not very long ago, I was asked by a sprightly little paper to please say in its

columns whether I thought new books or old books better worth the reading. It was the kind of question which an ordinary lifetime spent in hard study would barely enable one to answer; but I found, on examining some back numbers of the journal, that it had been answered a great many times already, and apparently without the smallest hesitation. Correspondents had come forward to overturn our ancient idols, with no sense of insecurity or misgiving. One breezy reformer from Nebraska sturdily maintained that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett wrote much better stories than did Jane Austen; while another intrepid person — a Virginian — pronounced *The Vicar of Wakefield* "dull and namby-pamby," declaring that "one half the reading world would agree with him if they dared." Perhaps they would, — who knows? — but it is the privilege of that half of the reading world to be silent on the subject. Simple preference is a good and sufficient motive in determining one's own choice of books, but it does not warrant a reader in conferring his impressions upon the world. Even the involuntary humor of such disclosures cannot win them forgiveness; for the tendency to permit the individual spirit to run amuck through criticism is resulting in a lower standard of correctness. "The true value of souls," says Mr. Pater, "is in proportion to what they can admire;" and the popular notion that everything is a matter of opinion, and that one opinion is pretty nearly as good as another, is immeasurably hurtful to that higher law by which we seek to rise steadily to an appreciation of whatever is best in the world. Nor can we acquit our modern critics of fostering this self-assertive ignorance, when they so lightly ignore those indestructible standards by which alone we are able to measure the difference between big and little things. It seems a clever and a daring feat to set up models of our own; but it is in reality much easier than toil-

ing after the old unapproachable models of our forefathers. The originality which dispenses so blithely with the past is powerless to give us a correct estimate of anything that we enjoy in the present.

It is but a short step from the offhand opinions of scientific or literary men to the offhand opinions of the crowd. When the novelists had finished telling us, in the newspapers and magazines, what they thought about one another, and especially what they thought about themselves, it then became the turn of novel-readers to tell us what *they* thought about fiction. This sudden invasion of the Vandals left to the novelists but one resource, but one undisputed privilege. They could permit us to know just how they came to write their books; in what moments of inspiration, under what benign influences, they gave to the world those priceless pages.

"Sing, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth

Thrice-gifted Snelvellicci came on earth!"

After which, unless the unsilenced public comes forward to say just how and when and where they read the volumes, they must acknowledge themselves routed from the field.

La vie de parade has reached its utmost license when a Prime Minister of England is asked to tell the world — after the manner of old Father William — how he has kept so hale; when the Prince of Wales is requested to furnish a list of readable books; when an eminent clergyman is bidden to reveal to us why he has never been ill; when the wife of the President of the United States is questioned as to how she cooks her Thanksgiving dinner; when married women in private life draw aside the domestic veil to tell us how they have brought up their daughters, and unmarried women betray to us the secret of their social success. Add to these sources of information the opinions of poets upon education, and of educators upon poetry; of churchmen upon politics, and of politicians upon the church;

of journalists upon art, and of artists upon journalism; and we must in all sincerity acknowledge that this is an enlightened age. "The voice of the great multitude," to quote from a popular agitator, "rings in our startled ears;" and its eloquence is many-sided and discursive. Albertus Magnus, it is said,

once made a head which talked. That was an exceedingly clever thing for him to do. But the head was so delighted with its accomplishment that it talked all the time. Whereupon, tradition holds, St. Thomas Aquinas grew impatient, and broke it into pieces. St. Thomas was a scholar, a philosopher, and a saint.

Agnes Repplier.

BRONSON ALCOTT.

"AN odd thought strikes me," exclaimed Madame de Staël: "we shall receive no letters in the grave!" Nor, it is to be presumed, do they read books in the grave. But if it were otherwise, if there were only some kind of celestial or infernal express by which one could communicate with the departed, it would be a great pleasure to transmit two neatly printed volumes¹ to that quiet corner in what, we trust, is another and better world, where Mr. Alcott tries the patience of Plato, or buttonholes his especial favorite, Jamblichus. It was the ambition of Mr. Alcott's life to be taken seriously, and his two biographers, both of whom were his disciples while he was on earth, have taken him very seriously and at considerable length. There is even a hint (it would be invidious to call it a threat) of a possible more to come, for in the preface it is said, "There is ample material remaining in the possession of the editors of this book for a more detailed history of the Concord School of Philosophy and Mr. Alcott's connection therewith." "But," it is added, and wisely, "these pages present all that now seems to be needed to portray our friend as he lived, — in youth, in middle life, and in serene old age."

The editors do indeed present the raw

¹ *A. Bronson Alcott. His Life and Philosophy.* By F. B. SANBORN and WILLIAM T.

material from which a correct view of Mr. Alcott is to be gathered, and their work is done with much literary skill and with a becoming modesty on their own part; but nevertheless it is not easy to discover what manner of man Mr. Alcott was, nor to explain the glaring contradiction between Mr. Alcott as he appeared to the select few and Mr. Alcott as he appeared to the many, more especially as it is the latter appearance which seems to be confirmed by his published works. It is well known how highly Mr. Emerson valued him. Alcott might be described as the one, the single subject upon which Emerson permitted himself to be extravagant. Thus he wrote to Carlyle: "Alcott gives me the same glad astonishment that he should exist which the world does." And on other occasions he said or wrote of Mr. Alcott: "The most extraordinary man and the highest genius of the time. He is a great man, — the god with the herdsmen of Admetus." "His conversation is sublime. He is pure intellect." Professor Harris speaks of Mr. Alcott as his "spiritual father." But neither in the Orphic Sayings, nor in the Tablets, nor elsewhere in what the sage left behind him, can this greatness of intellect be discovered. Moreover, we have a singular and weighty piece of testimony concerning the slight-

HARRIS. In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1893.

ness of the contribution made by Mr. Alcott to the world of ideas. In the year 1858 he was at St. Louis, by invitation of Professor Harris, whom he then and there selected as his future biographer; and with this end in view he dictated to Professor Harris, and afterward signed, the following document, called "an inventory of his spiritual real estate," meaning an inventory of his contributions to thought:—

"(1.) Some thoughts on Swedenborg which Emerson has embodied in his *Representative Men*.

"(2.) Some ideas on the spine,—about its being the type of all nature.

"(3.) The idea of the development of the Natural from the Absolute by means of persons.

"(4.) The thought with reference to temptations in the Orphic Sayings. [No. 12. "Greater is he who is above temptation than he who, being tempted, overcomes," etc.]

"(5.) The Pantheon of the Mind. [Spirit—God. Will—Laws. Love—Persons. Conscience—Right. Imagination—Ideas, etc.]"

Even under Professor Harris's own analysis this inventory shrinks into small space. As to No. 1, Professor Harris does not question Emerson's originality, although, as he says, it may be that Mr. Alcott suggested something to Emerson in regard to that doctrine of correspondence between the physical and the moral world which Swedenborg invented, and which Emerson carried further. It is exemplified in this sentence, for instance: "Justice is the rhyme of things." As to No. 2, Professor Harris says: "With regard to the second head of the inventory,—the ideas about the spine as the type of all nature,—I think Mr. Alcott has not preserved in written form the insights which he had at the time of his illumination. As he intimated to me, that period was one of such long-continued exaltation that his bodily strength gave way under it, and his visions of

truth came to have mingled with them spectres which he perceived to be due to physical exhaustion."

But what nonsense is this! "The insights which he had at the time of his illumination"! Does Professor Harris believe that Mr. Alcott was inspired? The doctrine of the spine, Professor Harris concludes, "was directly connected with his studies of Swedenborg;" "and we have his doctrines of Swedenborg and the archetypal spine only in their results, namely, in the third and fifth items of his inventory,—the idea of the development of the Natural from the Absolute by means of persons, and 'the Pantheon of the Mind,' called elsewhere 'the hierarchy of gifts' (*Tablets*, 7, 79)."

This relegates into mist No. 5. As to items 3 and 4, Professor Harris well says: "The third item in his inventory is the genesis of Nature through the lapse of personal being from holiness. The fourth item, concerning temptation, likewise is a sort of corollary to the doctrine of lapse. Any one who can be tempted is already fallen, for he must possess lusts of the flesh; if unfallen, or if ascended above evil desires (as the Christian doctrine of regeneration teaches), he is above temptation."

And now we are upon solid ground, for here we touch upon two real ideas,—the only ideas which Mr. Alcott ever had. It is barely possible that he thought them out for himself, but it is certain that other men, Plato and Joseph Glanvill in especial, gave them to the world considerably in advance of Mr. Alcott. But at all events Mr. Alcott got hold of them early in life; he clung to them through thick and thin; he fashioned his conduct upon them, and went to his grave believing them as firmly as ever. These ideas were, first, the Platonic notion that knowledge is mainly reminiscence; and secondly, the related idea (of "lapse"), expressed in Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, that man is a being who

existed in some anterior state of perfection. Hence Mr. Alcott's really original notions about the treatment and instruction of children. He dealt with them as if they were reasonable creatures, lately fallen from a higher state of existence, with the dew of innocence still moistening their brows. And so he made his schoolroom attractive, ornamented it with pictures and busts, punished himself instead of the scholars if they were naughty, and drew out the children's minds by skillful questioning, after the manner of Socrates. In this system everything was new, and very much was valuable; but, unfortunately, that touch of the impractical and the absurd which followed Mr. Alcott through life, and vitiated his mental operations, always, sooner or later, turned his schooling into a farce, alienated the parents of his pupils, and finally set the poor man adrift again upon a sea of pecuniary troubles.

Margaret Fuller very soon discovered the paucity — we do not say the poverty — of Mr. Alcott's ideas. She is the "wise woman" whom Mr. Emerson quotes in his diary as saying that Mr. Alcott "has few thoughts, too few; she could count them all." "Well," Mr. Emerson adds, "books, conversation, discipline, will give him more." For theology, in the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Alcott cared little. He was brought up an Episcopalian, but he soon renounced the Episcopal creed, and he seems to have been, as Mr. Sanborn says, one of the first Unitarians, or Theists, in New England. Toward the end of his life, we believe, though Mr. Sanborn nowhere states the fact, he returned to the creed of his fathers. But, whatever his mutations as regards Christianity, Mr. Alcott did have a wonderful, childlike faith in the omnipotence and omnipresence of good, in "a stream of tendency not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." To him it was never doubtful whether a good or a bad spirit rules this world. It would seem, then, that Mr. Alcott's attraction for Emerson

depended upon his absolute, unsuspecting, every-day adherence to a few great ideas as to the history and nature of man and the government of the universe. "Alcott," Emerson wrote in his diary, "has the great merit of being a believer in the soul. I think he has more faith in the ideal than any man I have known." After all, it is not so easy as we sometimes think to believe in the soul, or even in any abstract idea, with the same absoluteness and simplicity with which we believe that the sun is warm or that food is good, and with the same readiness to act upon our belief. Perhaps Emerson's faith was as strong as Alcott's, but it was cold and intellectual, whereas Alcott had a fervor in his belief at which Emerson warmed himself as a half-frozen man might warm himself at a fire.

There seems to have been another reason, also, why Emerson was attracted to Mr. Alcott. Mr. Alcott served him as a kind of intellectual dummy, whom he could interrogate with almost the same certainty that he could interrogate himself, so well had Mr. Alcott absorbed his ideas: Thus Emerson writes in his journal: "In the Alcott fluid men of a certain nature can expand and swim at large, such as elsewhere find themselves confined. Of course Alcott seems to such the only great and wise man. He gives them nothing but themselves. But when they meet critics and practical men, and are asked concerning his wisdom, they have no books to show, no dogmas to impart, no sentences or sayings to repeat, and they find it quite impossible to communicate to these their good opinion. Me he has served now these twelve years in that way. He was the reasonable creature to speak to that I wanted."

There is a little of the Emersonian coldness about this, and it recalls a remark of Mr. Henry James (the senior) to the effect that Mr. Emerson treated his friends like lemons, — he sucked them dry of what information they had, and then put them aside. But Emerson

was very loyal and very generous to Mr. Alcott, giving him not only sympathy and moral support, but also money and material comforts. It is obvious, too, that Emerson's good nature led him to exaggerate Mr. Alcott's capacities as he did those of other men. Of a certain Heraud, for instance, an Englishman, Mr. Sanborn says that "Emerson, and especially Alcott, had a regard for him, and did not call him a 'cockney windbag,' as Carlyle did." But it appears from the evidence that Heraud really was a "cockney windbag;" and therefore Carlyle was right in stating that fact for the benefit of unsophisticated persons like Mr. Alcott. There is no credit in having a regard for those who do not deserve it; on the contrary, such over "good nature" leads to a lowering of ideals, to a permanent confusion between what is first rate and what is second or third rate. It is clear, as we have intimated, that Emerson wronged Mr. Alcott by his exaggeration of the latter's capacity. Indeed, when Mr. Alcott's "orphan utterances" came to be read over in cold manuscript or in colder print, even Emerson failed to find in them what he thought was there. He explained the discrepancy by saying that the sage could not write so well as he talked; and Mr. Alcott himself, adopting this theory, used to declare, "We are not happy with the pen." But Professor Harris says: "Although Mr. Emerson could not admit that the writings of Alcott were equal to his conversation, I have the impression that the words actually uttered in speech are the same that are found in his writings (Orphic Sayings and Tablets). The impassioned manner, the high disdain, the air of divine sorrow and reproof, the fiery flashing of the eye, the earnestness of the seer, — all these effected what types and ink cannot convey again." And Emerson himself said: "He has more of the godlike than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises."

Moreover, there is abundant proof that on subjects which he understood Mr. Alcott could write extremely well. What could be better than this passage in his diary for the year 1837, concerning Emerson and his lectures, then first given in Boston? "Emerson's influence will not soon be felt on the age. Its diffusion will be subtle and slow. It will act on the few simple natures which custom and convention have spared us, and these will circulate it in fit time. Many will be pleased by his elegances of manner and grace of diction, and through these will be led to the contemplation of the divine form of beauty that he delights in. Curiosity will be excited to learn the secret of his agency; and ere the superficial and pedantic are aware, he will steal upon them unperceived."

It must be remembered that when this was written Emerson had no following. Mr. Alcott sagaciously predicts both his future fame and the way in which it would be acquired, and the manner in which Mr. Alcott does this is not devoid of literary art.

It appears, then, that Mr. Alcott could write with admirable conciseness and clearness. But when, as usually happened, he got upon "orphan" subjects, he wrote very ill, — and for the same reason that the Harvard Freshmen, whose translations were held up to universal execration a few months ago, wrote ill. Their English was bad, because, being ignorant of their Greek and Latin, they had no clear, definite ideas to express; and Mr. Alcott experienced a similar difficulty. The truth is that Mr. Alcott spent his life groping in regions where it was impossible for him — where perhaps it would be impossible for any man — to arrive at results. He sought the unknowable, the one, the origin of all things. For such a task he was poorly qualified; his mind was untrained. He had never learned to discriminate; he mistook vague reverie for thought; he had no sense of proportion; his reading

was desultory, and confined to a few subjects. It is almost a wonder that Mr. Alcott, being deeply conscientious, and taking the world and himself so seriously, did not go mad. A sense of humor, it is frequently said, will save a man from madness, and so, very often, will a knowledge of "the best that has ever been said and done," for such knowledge tends to keep the judgment within bounds. But Mr. Alcott had neither sense of humor nor wide knowledge; and, naturally, he fell into absurdities which during the Fruitlands episode, at least, were near akin to madness. The late Mr. Robert Carter wrote — with some exaggeration, Mr. Sanborn says — of that experiment as follows: —

"No animal substance — neither flesh, fish, butter, cheese, eggs, nor milk — was allowed to be used at Fruitlands. They were all denounced as pollution, and as tending to corrupt the body, and through that the soul. Tea and coffee, molasses and rice, were also proscribed, — the last two as foreign luxuries, — and only water was used as a beverage. Mr. Alcott would not allow the land to be manured, which he regarded as a base and corrupting and unjust mode of forcing Nature. He made also a distinction between vegetables which aspired or grew into the air, as wheat, apples and other fruits, and the base products which grew downwards into the earth, such as potatoes, beets, radishes, and the like. These latter he would not allow to be used. The bread of the community he himself made of unbolted flour, and sought to render it palatable by forming the loaves into the shape of animals and other pleasant images."

Was there, then, no element of greatness in the man? Were they right who in his lifetime derided him as a "crank"? Was there no such Alcott as Emerson imagined? To believe that would be to make a worse mistake than is made by putting him upon the false pedestal which Messrs. Sanborn and Harris have

constructed. Mr. Alcott's character was in some important respects so good as to make him great. None but a pure and single-minded man could have loved truth so passionately and pursued it so unceasingly as Mr. Alcott did. He had, in fact, the same passion for truth and high knowledge that some men have for wine, some for women, and some for horses. It puts a stamp on a man to be a pawnbroker all his life; to spend all one's energies in low dissipation imposes another indelible brand; and can it be thought that a man may devote his waking hours to a search after truth, moral and intellectual, without some reflex action upon his own character?

Moreover, nature as well as habit gave Mr. Alcott certain great qualities. He possessed the three cardinal virtues of courage, sincerity, and charity. In his early days, when traveling as a peddler in Virginia, he used to astonish the planters by passing, fearless and unharmed, through the ring of fierce mastiffs which guarded their gates. Colonel Higginson tells a very interesting story, too long to be quoted here, of the courageous part that Mr. Alcott played in the unsuccessful attempt to rescue the fugitive slave Burns. Those who knew Mr. Alcott at Concord testify that he had in the highest degree both moral and physical courage: and this, indeed, is evident from the whole course of his life.

None but a brave and sincere man could have impressed others as Mr. Alcott impressed them; only of such a man could it be said that "his presence rebukes and threatens and raises." Only a brave and sincere man, again, could have stuck to his principles so absolutely as Mr. Alcott did. Whenever, in the course of his checkered life, a question arose between duty, as he conceived it, and self-interest, he did not hesitate about the decision. Thus, for example, he gave the finishing blow to his Boston school by admitting to it a negro scholar, well knowing what would be the result.

Once, when a stranger suddenly appeared at his house begging the loan of five dollars, Mr. Alcott lent him ten, not having the smaller bill in his pocket. He did not even take the man's name, but trusted him utterly, — that being the way, according to his theory, in which one human being ought to treat another human being. It turned out that the stranger was a swindler, a noted "confidence man;" but in his case (to the honor of all thieves be it said) the theory worked. Touched by Mr. Alcott's confiding generosity, he came back six months afterward, returned the money, and offered to pay interest. This was no isolated incident in Mr. Alcott's life. It could be said of him, as of few others, I was hungry, and ye fed me; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye came unto me.

It is true that Mr. Alcott was rather lax in his notions about money, and his family suffered from his improvidence.¹ Emerson aptly termed him "a haughty beneficiary." He was vain, but in a simple, childlike way; and perhaps we shall have to admit that he was lazy. This completes the catalogue of faults visible in one whose whole life is open to our inspection. There is a memorable sentence of Louisa Alcott's which describes her father as he appeared when she met him at the cars, after a long and fruitless journey in the West: "His dress was neat and poor. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God." Coming from the lips of an indifferent person, this would have seemed almost blasphemous; but the words were spoken by his daughter, whose heart was wrung because her father was poor and worn and thin, yet who felt a daughter's pride in the fact that fate could not quell his courage nor disturb his serenity.

Many and many a clever, well-fed

man, the finished product of school and university, could riddle Mr. Alcott's psychology; could give him "points," as the vulgar phrase is, on Plato and Plotinus, and even on his favorite Jamblichus; could lay down a philosophy more rational and coherent than that of which Mr. Alcott was master. But how many of these clever, successful men could have endured with cheerful serenity what Mr. Alcott endured; could have retained inviolate their faith in God and man despite personal failure and humiliation?

"That is failure," he nobly declared, in a passage of his diary written after some new defeat, — "that is failure when a man's idea ruins him, when he is dwarfed and killed by it; but when he is ever growing by it, ever true to it, and does not lose it by any partial or immediate failures, that is success, whatever it seems to the world."

Perhaps the crowning humiliation of Mr. Alcott's life occurred when, after his return from the disastrous experiment at Fruitlands, broken in purse and almost broken in spirit, he applied for the humble post of district school teacher in a corner of Concord, and the application was rejected. But even this rebuff, administered by his townspeople and neighbors, did not embitter his spirit. "Blessed be poverty," he wrote, when at this very time Mr. Emerson saved his family and him from starvation, — "blessed be poverty, if it makes me rich in gratitude and thankfulness and a temper that rails at none!"

After all, if the true object of philosophy be to possess the philosophic spirit, then indeed we can assert that Bronson Alcott was a great philosopher. He practiced what he preached. Socrates himself did not bear the stings of life with more serenity or good humor. And

tions," he put the price of single tickets for each conversation so low that it was cheaper to buy them than a course ticket.

¹ But this laxity was genuine, not of the Harold Skimpole type, and usually it operated against Mr. Alcott's interest. Once, in making out a circular for a series of his "conversa-

Mr. Alcott gave sufficient proof that, had destiny required it of him, he would have drunk the fatal hemlock as calmly as Socrates did; not indeed with a jest upon his lips, for Mr. Alcott made no jokes, but with an equal spirit of forgiveness and good will toward those who had persecuted him. It is on this ground that his reputation must rest. He was not, as Mr.

Sanborn seems to think, a second Plato; nor need we fondly linger with Professor Harris upon "the insights which he had at the time of his illumination." Mr. Alcott's true epitaph and epitome will be found in those burning words of his famous daughter: "His dress was neat and poor. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God."

RECENT FICTION.

To a looker-on at life Chicago suggests an admirable background for fictitious art. Its individuality is so marked as to fuse the complexities of life into a certain singleness of character, so that the novelist is helped in his effort to secure a unity of effect in persons and scenes. Moreover, this individuality implies so headlong a rush that the novelist, even when dealing with persons presenting no very dramatic opportunities, could scarcely fail to have them swept along to some crisis. All this, supposing the writer himself caught in the stream of activity, however native to him might be a more reflective habit of mind. We are tempted into this bit of speculation by taking up Mr. Fuller's *The Cliff-Dwellers*,¹ after knowing the author through his half-whimsical studies of life as seen through the lorgnette of a traveler. In his previous books Mr. Fuller had shown himself, if we may say so, a character-fancier; he had sauntered through such slight scenes as he constructed with an amused air which covered much insight and not a little shrewd, even profound observation of life. What would he do, we asked ourselves, when he stepped from under the protection of foreign forms, and essayed

to reproduce in miniature a life which was frankly young and American?

The introduction to *The Cliff-Dwellers* raises very high expectations. One feels the touch of an artist in every line. The bright conceit which lies in the title, and finds its humorous amplification in this sketch of one of the lofty buildings in the heart of the business world of Chicago, does not conceal the artistic possibilities which present themselves in this conception of a microcosm; and the ease with which the author thus outlines the scene of his drama gives the reader a confidence in the story to come. This confidence does not depart at once; indeed, it is reinforced from time to time by the felicity with which scenes are managed, and especially by the keen, epigrammatic sentences which disclose how well the author has penetrated to the heart of his subject. Yet, little by little, disappointment creeps in, and the reader at last lays the book down with regret, not at having finished it, but at having been invited to hear a symphony, we will say, and compelled to listen to the tuning of instruments.

There is a curious failure of the author to make good his promises. The frontispiece of the book offers to the eye the person of Cecilia Ingles; and on the last page, as the several characters who survive appear at the opera-house, the

¹ *The Cliff-Dwellers*. A Novel. By HENRY B. FULLER. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

hero and heroine of the story see in one of the boxes a tall, brownish man, a Mr. Ingles, who owns the Clifton, the lofty building which forms the main scene of the story. The heroine asks who a certain lady is who is by him.

"She indicated a radiant, magnificent young creature, splendid, like all her mates, with the new and eager splendor of a long-awaited opportunity. This newcomer had nodded smilingly to many persons on entering, — to her neighbors on either side, to a large dinner party that filled three boxes across the house. She seemed pleased to have so many persons to bow to so publicly; and everybody whom she favored seemed equally glad of an opportunity to return her attention.

"Ogden looked at her, and turned his eyes away.

" 'I — I have never seen her before,' he said. 'I don't know who she is,' he appeared to imply.

"But he knew perfectly well who she was. He knew that she was Cecilia Ingles, and his heart was constricted by the sight of her. It is for such a woman that one man builds a Clifton, and that a hundred others are martyred in it."

No one who has not read the book would perceive the subtle stroke with which every line in this little closing scene is drawn, and no one who has read the book but will resent the implication that it contains the secret spring of the whole story. Cecilia Ingles, sketched by the artist before the story opens, and introduced to sight by the author as he closes the story, flits now and then by name across the page. She leaves Ogden's drawing-room just before he enters, in what might be called the middle passage of the book, so far as the hero's career is concerned; and the references to her which sparsely mark the movements of the story are light, unmeaning at the moment, but intended, one perceives when he has read all, to be full of significance. The subtlety scarcely

justifies itself. When one discovers, as we have pointed out, that Mr. Fuller has been poising his whole story on this shadow of a balancing pole, one demands that the incidents and characters shall have some real relation to so important a figure, and it requires all his sympathy with the author to make him satisfied with any such "moral" as he may formulate in the words, Woman, ambitious to possess power, place, riches, compels man to turn all his faculties into a splendid machine capable of producing the result she aims at, or drives him into dishonor to secure honor for her.

This, we apprehend, is roughly the argument of *The Cliff-Dwellers*, and is symbolized by Cecilia Ingles, the Fata Morgana of the tale; and we repeat that Mr. Fuller, by thus removing the spring of the story out of the reader's sight, has weakened his own construction. He has been compelled to bring in the furies by the hair of their heads. Ogden, wrought up to a nervous passion, brains the man who has wronged him, and the reader is left by the very calm author entirely ignorant of the consequences of the act. He does not know whether McDowell was or was not killed, and Ogden goes his way unmolested. All the violence is huddled together, but after all it seems scarcely more than an every-day incident in life. The marriages, with the exception of the last, half-expiatory one, are almost humorously without preliminary notice, and at last one is almost driven to the conclusion that the author intended his novel to emulate architecturally the Clifton itself, — an aggregation of stories, with an elevator for the central column. But after he has given up the book as a story he may take very great pleasure in certain passages, especially those which give the story-teller room for the play of his penetrating wit; and as an illustration we commend the conversation which takes place in Walworth's library the last evening of Winthrop Floyd's stay in Chicago, when Fair-

child — an interesting personage lightly sketched in, like most of the characters — hints at the ideal which hovers before the Chicagoan. "Does it seem unreasonable," this man asks thoughtfully, "that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch in our history, and which has done most within the last ten years to check alien excesses and un-American ideas, should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis?" Perhaps — Mr. Fuller's subtlety is contagious — the extremely subordinate part played by Mr. Fairchild and his Sentiment in the story typifies the author's sense of the tremendous overweight of that dominance of the material which is the theme of the novel.

If one cannot get all the contrasts he wants in one book, he should call in the aid of another; and after one has found the atmosphere of the Clifton a little too highly oxygenized, let him regale himself with such whiffs of the Gulf as he will find in Miss King's *Balcony Stories*.¹ A baker's dozen of sketches, or tales, follow upon a prelude which seeks to account for the title of the book. "In those long-moon countries" (of the South), the author says, "life is open and accessible, and romances seem to be furnished real and gratis, in order to save, in a languor-breeding climate, the ennui of reading and writing books. Each woman has a different way of picking up and relating her stories, as each one selects different pieces, and has a personal way of playing them on the piano." By other graceful phrases Miss King manages to put her readers into the proper mood for reading her stories; for the fiction of the balcony ceases to trouble writer or reader after it has once done its work of pitching the note of the book. For the most

part, these sketches are mere hints of stories; sometimes one has but the fringe, and no garment at all, but now and then the story-teller rises to dramatic power as in Grandmother's Grandmother, or passes into pathetic beauty as in *The Little Convent Girl* and *A Crippled Hope*, or discloses a fine irony as in *The Old Lady's Restoration*; but always the stories conform to one artistic type, and that a very noticeable one, because it has the note of personality without being insistently individual. Miss King, in a word, moves among her people and scenes as one who has drawn from like sources of life, and simply has this apart from her characters, that she is gifted with the power of giving them independent existence. With a careless ease born of familiarity with her material, she seems to take this or that bit of stuff, and, running her needle lightly through it, embroider some half-disclosed design, send some thread of color across a commonplace fact, and turn what would have been a disregarded scrap into a revelation of beauty. Her dexterity possibly betrays her occasionally into indirectness, and now and then into so elaborate a piece of artifice as *A Delicate Affair*; but the reader can forgive these errancies with the thought that they are simply fancies which have strayed somewhat beyond bounds, since Miss King's fancies are of the straying kind.

We are never so out of conceit with pictures intended to illustrate stories as when the writer is so much of a painter as to convey, without direct intention, strong impressions of the characters presented. Mrs. Catherwood, for example, has made the heroine of her tale *The White Island*² so impressive by the setting which she has given her that the reader who finds her twice offered to his attention as an isolated figure by the draughtsman has a sense of being de-

¹ *Balcony Stories*. By GRACE KING. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

² *The White Island*. By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

frauded. Why thrust this piece of figure-drawing between him and the printed page, when she is stealing out of the woods into his imagination; when he catches glimpses of her, strong, supple, yet exceedingly womanly, as she passes in and out among savages and in tempestuous hours? The book which contains this splendid creature of the woods and human love is a small one, and Mrs. Catherwood has shown her fine sense of proportion by concentrating the action in a few brief stirring scenes, and giving the growth of feeling between the hero and heroine in an intermediate passage, full of simple, outdoor serenity. The contrasts in the book are striking, and every touch shows how well the author has her material in hand. At the outset the reader witnesses a barbaric massacre of the English at Fort Michilimackinac by Indians, and the escape of one, Alexander Henry, through the aid first of an Indian girl, Pani, then of a chief, Wawatam, and his midnight row in the blackness of a tempest to the island of Mackinac. On this island Wawatam has his lodge, where are his grandmother, an old Indian; his adopted son, a one-eyed, half-witted boy; and Marie, a French orphan, whom Wawatam means to marry. The story, for the rest, is carried forward on this island, and Henry, faithful to Wawatam, holds back the passion for the girl which rises in his heart, and finally is betrayed by Wawatam, who has been rendered furiously jealous by Pani, herself jealous of Marie, and still more infuriated by Marie's refusal to marry him. The culmination is reached when Henry is to be roasted alive, and is saved at the last by the intervention of Marie, a French trader, and the neighboring priest.

This summary no doubt suggests to many a conventional melodrama, and so far as the outside machinery of the story is concerned there is to be discovered no special originality; the reader calmly assists at the heaping of brushwood about

the stake in full assurance of the final deliverance. The mould may be broken and cast aside with the trumpery of numberless other plots of stories, but the form which Mrs. Catherwood's genius has filled with beauty is imperishable. As we said, she has shown a fine art in the contrasts which serve to heighten scenes and characters. On the one hand, Henry is the antithesis of Wawatam, Marie of Pani; Marie, again, is brought into relief by the background of the grandmother and George; the scenes of violence and of angry nature find their contrast in the rich beauty of the wooded scenes and the suggestion of sunshine and fragrance, and the subtle charm of nature which breathes through the serenest portions is indescribably set off against the superstition and incantation of savagery, — the whole, meanwhile, blended by a large, fusing imagination.

To the noticeable group of Southern writers of fiction it is a pleasure to add a new name. Miss King has written enough to make her *Balcony Stories* a confirmation of her power; Mrs. Chopin's *Bayou Folk*¹ is, we believe, her first collection, though most, if not all of the stories which compose it have appeared in periodicals. It sometimes happens, however, that a distinctive power is not fully recognized until scattered illustrations of it are brought into a collective whole. In this case the reader perceives that Mrs. Chopin has taken for her territory the Louisiana Acadie; that she has chosen to treat of a folk that, despite long residence among no very distant kinsmen, has retained and perpetuated its own native characteristics. The exiles from Acadie who were transplanted to Puritan New England appear to have been merged in the people; those who found a more congenial resting-place amongst co-religionists and a folk of the same Latin race seem to have been more persistent in the preservation of a type.

¹ *Bayou Folk*. By KATE CHOPIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

At any rate, Mrs. Chopin shows us a most interesting group in her several stories. Her reproduction of their speech is not too elaborate, and the reader who at once shuts up a book in which he discovers broken or otherwise damaged English would do well to open this again; for the writer is discreet enough to give suggestions of the soft, harmonious tongue to which the Bayou folk have reduced English speech, and not to make contributions to philology. What he will find, both in speech and manner, is a sensitiveness to passion, a keen feeling for honor, a domesticity, an indolence which has a rustic grace, and a shiftlessness which laughs at its penalties.

One in search of the pleasure which stories may bring need not suspect from this that he has fallen upon a writer who is afflicted with a purpose to add to our stock of knowledge concerning obscure varieties of the human race. Mrs. Chopin simply deals with what is familiar to her, and happens to be somewhat new in literature. She deals with

it as an artist, and the entire ease with which she uses her material is born not less of an instinct for story-telling than of familiarity with the stuff out of which she weaves her stories. The first story is the longest in the book, but, like the shortest, is an episode, as it were. All of the stories are very simple in structure, but the simplicity is that which belongs to clearness of perception, not to meagreness of imagination. Now and then she strikes a passionate note, and the naturalness and ease with which she does it impress one as characteristic of power awaiting opportunity. Add to this that a pervasive humor warms the several narratives, that the persons who appear bring themselves, and are not introduced by the author, and we have said enough, we think, to intimate that in this writer we have a genuine and delightful addition to the ranks of our story-tellers. It is something that she comes from the South. It is a good deal more that she is not confined to locality. Art makes her free of literature.

A PIONEER IN HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

THE two substantial volumes which record the life and labors of Jared Sparks¹ have much of the character of Sparks's own editorial work. They are scarcely for current reading; they are rather what, in Sparks's day, would have been called "repositories replete with facts," by the aid of which, it is to be hoped, some one will in the future prepare a short biography of the distinguished pioneer in the field of historical research. The student may now, however, draw from these full records, by a judicious process of selection, a pretty clear

notion of the character of Mr. Sparks, and of the indefatigable zeal which he showed in his occupation as historical writer and editor. What the close student or the busy one may complain of is that Dr. Adams, despite his industry in compiling, has failed to do all the work which the reader is likely to demand. For example, Mr. Sparks was the first systematically to procure information respecting the historical papers scattered in private and public collections. He did this by journeys and by correspondence. We wish Dr. Adams had been possessed by a like

¹ *Life and Writings of Jared Sparks*. Comprising Selections from his Journals and Correspondence. With Portraits. Edited by HER-

BERT B. ADAMS. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

spirit to make the reader of to-day acquainted with the fate of these several collections. In one respect we think he has done more than the reader demands. His defense of Mr. Sparks's method of editorial work, in the introduction, and his just indignation at the manner in which those who have criticised Mr. Sparks have helped themselves to his text and notes, are written with too heavy a pencil; and his long discourse, with frequent returns by the way to the same subject, tends to exaggerate the situation, and thereby to weaken a perfectly tenable position. He doth protest too much, and we suspect that many readers, even though in sympathy with the editor, will leave the work with an uneasy sense that perhaps they must hear the counsel for the plaintiff. Aside from these general reflections, we can heartily thank Dr. Adams for making it possible, by means of his liberal extracts from Mr. Sparks's journals and letters, to know well both the man and the conditions under which he worked. Of the wealth of this material we can give no better idea than by using it to make a miniature from the full-length portrait of Mr. Sparks as drawn by Dr. Adams.

Sparks was born May 10, 1789, at Willington, a little town on the banks of the Willimantic River, in Connecticut. His parents were people of scanty means, and when six years old Jared went to live with a childless aunt. The fever for western emigration, "terramania," as the wits named it, was then raging through all New England, and the husband of the aunt, a genuine specimen of that type of man who does all things easily, and none well, caught the fever, and went to live in the frontier hamlet of Camden, Salem County, New York. There he was by turns a farmer, builder, tavern-keeper, grist-miller, and saw-miller, and spent not a little of his time roving over the State in search of a better place for settlement. That life

with such an uncle did much to teach Sparks independence and self-reliance, accustomed him to hardship, and gave him a certain kind of versatility may all be true. But he was a bookish lad from the start, and his parents did well when, in 1805, they called him home and put him regularly to school. At Willington he soon learned all the master could teach, and in 1807 himself became a teacher in the neighboring college of Tolland, where he boarded round in the families of the scholars, and was paid eight dollars a month for his services. His success as a teacher and the wandering tastes acquired from his uncle led him, when the school season ended, to tramp three hundred miles on foot over all eastern New York in search of employment. No school was secured, and he passed the winter of 1808 at Arlington, in Vermont, working as a carpenter. In the spring of 1809 he walked back to Willington, got another school, taught for twelve weeks at ten dollars per month, and when the session closed found that in thirteen months he had earned one hundred and twenty-two dollars, and had spent fifty.

Sparks, now feeling rich enough to give a little time to study, took up algebra and Latin with the minister settled at Willington, paid one dollar a week for the instruction, and discharged part of the debt by helping the parson shingle his barn. Such was the progress made with Latin that in eight weeks he attracted the attention of the Rev. Abiel Abbott, then visiting at Willington. The Rev. Abiel Abbott was a cousin of the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, head of Phillips Academy, Exeter, and undertook to secure a scholarship for Jared. So sure was this new friend of success that a few weeks later, when he set off to visit his cousin, a box containing the clothes of Jared was lashed under the body and between the wheels of the parson's chaise. Young Sparks followed on foot, and covered the one hundred and twenty

miles between Willington and Exeter in four days.

From Phillips, Exeter, he went two years later to Harvard, through which he paid his way by teaching, and left behind him so high a reputation for ability that in 1817, one year after graduating, he was called back as tutor. About the same time his friends in the Anthology Club thrust upon him the editorship of the *North American Review*, then two years old. Dr. Adams has made this the occasion for a very brief sketch of some of the forerunners of the *North American*, which he might easily have made fuller and better. The opening years of this century were the golden age of periodical literature. Everywhere magazines sprang up, and flourished exceedingly. Yet of such as belong to Boston, Dr. Adams makes no mention of the *Cabinet*, nor of the *Columbian Phoenix*, nor of the *Boston Magazine*, nor of the *Polyanthus*, nor of the *Emerald*, nor of a host of others long ago forgotten.

But neither teaching nor magazine editing satisfied Sparks. His life work had not yet been found, and, while casting about for something better, his thought turned to theology. With him the thought was quickly followed by the act, and in 1819 he was installed pastor of the Unitarian Church at Baltimore. After a short trial even this proved not to his liking, and in 1823 he resigned his charge, and once more became editor of the *North American*. And now it was that a seemingly trivial incident started him on his career.

A member of a Cambridge publishing house desiring to publish a full set of the Writings of Washington applied to Sparks for information as to where the papers could be found. Sparks immediately wrote to Bushrod Washington, who civilly refused all aid. This rebuff ended the matter so far as the publisher was concerned. But it served to arouse Sparks. He would make a collection and publish it, if possible, without the

help of Judge Washington, and at once he began a systematic search for such papers as were not at Mount Vernon. In this, the friends he had made on his travels and the place he held as editor of the *Review* assisted him much. Appeals were made to the public men he had known when in Baltimore and Washington, to writers for the *North American*, to secretaries of the thirteen States that founded the republic, to the families of generals and officers of the Continental army,—to any man, in short, who he had the least reason to believe knew aught of Washington's correspondence. The call revealed the existence of such a mass of perishing letters that, early in 1826, Sparks again wrote to Judge Washington, told him what he had done, announced his own desire to edit the papers, sketched a plan of arrangement, and asked for the Mount Vernon letters. Once more the judge refused, and once more Sparks determined to go on. With as little delay as possible, he started off in the summer of 1826 on a tour through the Middle, Southern, and Eastern States, in search of Washington letters, only to be astonished at the quantity of material at hand. On his return, therefore, Sparks for the third time appealed to Bushrod Washington, declared his intention to print what could be secured, and for the third time asked for the Mount Vernon papers, and made the judge a plain business proposition. This was accepted, and in December, 1826, Sparks went to Washington and examined the papers there on file in the departments.

While so engaged, he happened, one day in January, 1827, to enter the room in the Department of State where the papers of the Old Congress were kept, and there beheld the thirty odd volumes of Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. He was told that in 1818 Congress had authorized the President to publish such parts of it as he thought fit. But as no money had been voted to

pay the cost of arranging, and as the labor of editing was too great to be done by the Secretary of State, the letters had not been printed. Instantly the idea suggested itself to Sparks to undertake the task. Application was accordingly made to Adams and to Clay. Leave was gladly granted, and before Sparks left Washington it was agreed that he should edit the Correspondence from 1774 to 1783. For this labor he was to receive \$400 for each volume when ready for the press; \$2.12 for each of the 1000 copies of each volume supplied to Congress; and all he could make by selling the books in the market.

This new venture arranged for, Sparks went seriously to work on the Washington papers, spent the better part of a year at Mount Vernon, visited Europe, searched the archives of England and France, and in May, 1829, was back again in Boston. But five years slipped by before the letters of Washington began to be published, and during these years he prepared the *Life and Writings* of another of "the fathers."

In the winter of 1830, Sparks, still in search of Washington papers, rode out to Morrisania to ask permission to examine the papers of Gouverneur Morris. Mrs. Morris was loath to have them used for historical purposes, but was willing, even desirous, that he should edit them and write a life of her husband. Nothing was farther from his wishes, for he had then on hand the *Letters of Washington* and the *Diplomatic Correspondence*. But it was the price of examining the papers. He paid it, and in 1832 published the *Life and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*. The book did not take. The edition was not exhausted, and Sparks, convinced that the publishers had made nothing, gave up all claim to copyright.

On the publication of the Morris papers Sparks seems to have feared that he might soon be idle, and, while looking about for work to do, he hit upon the

idea of the *Library of American Biography*. No such thing then existed. There were *Biographical* and *Historical Dictionaries*; there was a *Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished Americans*, Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers*, and Knapp's *Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen, and Men of Letters*; but no series of books covering the lives of great men from the first settlement of the country, so arranged as to form at the same time a history of the country, and with each life written by a thoroughly competent hand. The mere mention of such a series to the public men of 1832 was received with hearty approbation, and in 1834 the first volume was issued. It is interesting to note that each contributor was paid seventy cents a page for his work, and that this was accepted by such men as Edward Everett and William H. Prescott. For his life of Stark, Dr. Adams informs us, Everett received \$81.20, while Prescott, for the life of Charles Brockden Brown, was given \$44.80. The third volume is the *Life and Treason of Benedict Arnold*, by Sparks, and for this he received \$1.50 per page. But in consideration of this high rate the publishers were at liberty to print 3000 copies. With the fifth volume, so great had been the success of the series, a new contract was made, by which writers were to be given one dollar a page, and the editor \$650 for 2500 impressions from his own stereotype plates. A poor bargain it proved to be; for when the fifth volume was published, the writer received \$360, the plates cost \$275.50, which left Sparks as his share \$14.50. On the seventh he lost \$44 outright, and on the tenth \$83. This ended the series, and he now sold copyright and plates to his publisher for \$2400. Some time afterwards, when ownership of the series had passed from the original publishers to the Harpers, Sparks was persuaded to continue the *Library* till it numbered twenty-five volumes.

It would indeed be pleasant to follow the career of Sparks to the end, and to say something of his *Life of Ledyard*; something of the publication of the Washington papers, and of the bitter controversy which, ten years later, was waged over them by "Friar Lubin," Lord Mahon, William B. Reed, and the editor; something of the edition of Franklin's writing; something of Sparks's record as president of Harvard, and of his connection with the discovery of the famous Red-Line Map. But it is enough to say that all of this and more is told fully and completely by Dr. Adams.

Sparks died in 1866. Time enough, therefore, has sped by to enable this generation to form an estimate of the value of his writing, and to pronounce the verdict. And surely that verdict is that his works are enduring and will stand. The assaults made by later editors on his methods and his texts are of no consequence. If Washington in his old age saw fit to rewrite his youth-

ful letters, and send down to posterity as the productions of a young man letters really the productions of an old man, then his regard for truth at the end of his life was by no means so great as on the memorable day when he hewed down his father's cherry-tree. That Sparks has followed these does not matter in the slightest. The language, the spelling, the felicity of expression, are nothing. The facts and the information the letters contain are everything: and these things the work of Sparks has made accessible to us all. Indeed, it is not too much to say that but for his patient, unflagging search for material the history of the Revolution would to-day be unwritten. The service which he rendered is immense, and Dr. Adams is to be thanked for putting on record the details of a life which is another splendid illustration of what can be achieved by the man who does his chosen work with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General, by William M. Polk. Two volumes. (Longmans.) In writing the life of Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk of the Confederate army, his son has availed himself with moderate success of an opportunity to make a picturesque and interesting book. He shows a fair yet very filial spirit, but he is a trifle dull. The descendant of Cromwellian and Revolutionary soldiers, Polk naturally entered West Point; but while there he became "converted," and abandoned the army for the church. In his sacred calling he displayed high efficiency, and became Bishop of Louisiana. High bred, energetic, earnest, and conscientious, he was a fine type of the best class of Southerners. When the war broke out, the fighting blood of Polk induced him, in his own phrase, "to buckle the sword over

the gown," and he was at once made a major-general. He served in the Western and Middle States, under Beauregard and Bragg, holding always high and responsible commands. It has not been the common opinion that he made altogether a brilliant success in his new calling, but his son indicates, without directly saying, that he was really a better general than his superiors. In fact, the son has had a somewhat difficult task before him, which he has fulfilled in a peculiar manner; for he has so told his story as to leave upon the reader the broad, general impression that the Confederate army always had the better of every engagement, and yet always retreated afterward. This is accounted for by the suggestion that the commanding general habitually blundered, and too seldom took the sound advice of General Polk. This is

perhaps a severe way of expressing a criticism upon the narrative, for the writer means to be fair, and generally states his views with moderation, and sustains them to some extent with documentary evidence. — *Madame, a Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I., and Duchess of Orléans*, by Julia Cartwright [Mrs. Henry Ady]. (Imported by Scribners.) This is the first adequate English biography of the woman who was undoubtedly the most brilliant and attractive princess of her time, and who in her brief life produced an impression and exerted an influence which are vividly reflected in contemporary letters and memoirs. The distinguishing feature of Mrs. Ady's volume is the publication, in their original form, of ninety-eight letters from Charles II. to the young sister whom he probably loved better and trusted more entirely than any other human being; and seldom does that monarch appear in so agreeable a light as in this correspondence. Henrietta herself wrote with an ease and a grace which have not been lost in the translations here given. She was, in fact, an intermediary between her brother and brother-in-law, both having full confidence in what Charles called her "discretion and good talent." No other of the descendants of Mary Stuart seems to have inherited so large a measure of her potent personal charm, a quality which Madame was to transmit in some degree to her equally short-lived granddaughter, the Duchess of Burgundy. In the most artificial of courts Henrietta remained lovably human, while her genuine and cultivated taste for literature and art gave her a distinction quite apart from that of her badly educated French kindred. This contrast is most striking in the case of her contemptible husband, who never ceased to be an ill-conditioned, spoiled child. In discussing the question of Madame's death, the author sensibly concludes that there is no good reason to think it other than natural. — *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) Mrs. Earle has followed a well-earned success with another book in the same field of New England domestic antiquities. The range of subjects is wider. As her earlier book related chiefly to the ecclesiastical side of life, this is occupied with the secular side, and child life, courtship and marriage, domestic service, home interiors, travel, books and book-makers, sup-

plies of the larder, clothing, physicians, funerals, burial customs, and other subjects are treated with that rare combination of patient accuracy and humorous delight which makes Mrs. Earle's books exceptional. But why, oh why did she not supply an index? — *The Life and Writings of Gregory of Nyssa*. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) This is Volume V. of *A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church*, under the editorship of the late Dr. Philip Schaff and Principal Wace of King's College, London. The translation and apparatus are by William Moore and Henry Austin Wilson, both Oxford scholars. This is, we believe, the first attempt at anything like a full presentation of St. Gregory's works. The student of Origen will be glad to have a volume which carries forward Origen's speculations, and we would suggest to those who please themselves with contemporaneous books of meditation and devotion to try the effect of a bath in the stream nearer its source. Reading, for example, such a discourse as is here printed *On the Soul and the Resurrection*, current questions would have a new answer in the old answers given in the fourth century. — *The Church in the Roman Empire, before A. D. 170*, by W. M. Ramsay. (Putnam's.) This octavo volume, equipped with maps, illustrations, and index, is based on lectures given at Mansfield College, Oxford. The writer, who is professor of humanity in the University of Aberdeen, has made a scientific examination of the documents to which all must turn, but he is greatly helped both by his familiarity with the geography of Asia Minor, and his sympathy with the Christianity of St. Paul. He treats at length of the apostle in Asia Minor, and he deals with the attitude of the Roman government toward the new way in the first century and a half of its existence. The study strikes one as fresh and at first hand. — *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by Claude Phillips. (Imported by Scribners.) The author of this volume shows himself an excellent art critic, if a somewhat unsatisfactory biographer. Sir Joshua's contributions to each year's Academy exhibition are carefully recorded, with comments on the more important works, and an occasional welcome note on their subsequent history, — changes of ownership, present condition and abiding-place, — but the writer does not succeed in

giving any vivid sense of his subject's personality. Indeed, the master holds a rather subordinate position in the biographical portion of the work, which might be briefly described as anecdotes of Sir Joshua's sitters and distinguished contemporaries (if the two terms are not synonymous), with some account of the artist. But the wealth of entertaining material at the author's command makes his discursive pages, despite faults of style and construction, always readable, while, as we have intimated, his critical competence gives the book a real value. Its usefulness would, however, be greatly increased by the addition of an index. — *The Story of Parthia*, by George Rawlinson, M. A., F. R. G. S. *The Story of the Nations Series*. (Putnams.) The ordinary intelligent reader, whose knowledge of the story of Parthia, we venture to say, is usually of a very fragmentary and sketchy sort, should be grateful for this clear, concise, and admirably arranged narrative of the rise, progress, and decline of the power which occupied the position of the second nation of the world for nearly four hundred years, but whose history can be found only in the records of its more civilized rivals, with such aid as its coins and the scanty remains of its art afford. The author argues forcibly, but without undue positiveness, for the Turanian origin of the Parthian people, finding the nearest representatives of their primitive condition in the modern world to be the Turkomans, and of the time of their highest prosperity the Osmanli Turks; and he is inclined to regard their "barbarism" as less than that imputed to them by the Greek and Roman writers, though barbarous in some respects they undoubtedly were, even in the days of their greatness. The volume closes with an exceedingly interesting study of Parthian Art, Religion, and Customs, which alone would give the work special value. Like all its predecessors, it is very well illustrated. — *Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.) A companion volume to the writer's book on France in the Nineteenth Century, both works, we infer, having been in their first form a course of lectures. After brief introductions, some of the more salient events in Russian and Turkish history, from the time of Alexander I. and Mahmoud II. to the present day, are treated in a readable fashion. The volume makes no

pretense to originality, but a good deal of skill is shown in selection and arrangement, memoirs, reminiscences, and magazine articles being freely drawn upon for illustrative material. Newspaper gossip, even, is not altogether ignored, in the case of contemporaries, with less happy results; for, always unprofitable, such "personals" often perversely confute themselves, if read a few months after date. There is a risk in endeavoring to bring the history of the passing day from the lecture and periodical to the greater permanence of book form, where some slight perspective is desirable. For instance, the rather unsatisfactory sketch of that hero of romance in the late nineteenth century, Alexander of Battenberg, which concludes the volume did not reach the reader until the unfinished story there given had been impressively completed by that solemn second return to Bulgaria, which, in view of the unexampled outburst of national feeling accompanying it, might almost be called triumphal. — *Frederic Hill*, an Autobiography of Fifty Years in Times of Reform. Edited, with Additions, by his Daughter, Constance Hill. (Richard Bentley & Son, London.) Mr. Hill was one of a notable family of brothers, Sir Rowland Hill being one, identified in the most practical way with reform the past seventy years. Mr. Hill is still living at the age of ninety, and the whole effect of the narrative is to give one a sense of extraordinary vigor well directed. The absence of mere talk, and the presence of hard work in prison reform, in education, and in the post office, as well as in every community in which he was living, impress the reader, and give him a vivid notion of genuine public service of a high order. The book has, besides, many delightful reminiscences of men and scenes. One of the curious incidents is the Family Fund, to which the brothers contributed as a sort of mutual aid society in case of reverses to any member. There are some capital portraits. — *The Life and Writings of George Gascoigne*, with Three Poems heretofore not reprinted, by Felix E. Schelling. (Ginn.) One of the publications of the University of Pennsylvania. A discriminating and close study of an interesting figure among the earlier Elizabethans. — In the December Atlantic, under the title *Some New Light on Napoleon*, there was an extended notice of the first volume, in the original, of the *Memoirs of Chancel-*

lor Pasquier. The same volume, translated by Charles E. Roche and published by Scribners, has since then come to us.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems, by Francis Thompson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Copeland & Day, Boston.) Small as the sum of Mr. Thompson's work is, he seems to be preëminently a poet who should be published in selections, for at his best he is capable of beautiful lines, passages, and even whole poems. At other times his preposterous extravagance of conceit and phrase renders his verses successful only after the manner of the humorist who knows not that he is one. Wordsworth, in his different fashion, is the prince of poets for selection, and the sonnet inscribed to him by the author of *Lapsus Calami* is not wholly inapplicable to Mr. Thompson. Its last three lines concern those "other times" when Wordsworth is not beautiful:—

"At other times, — good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst."

— The Poems of William Watson. (Macmillan.) The book is described as a "new edition, rearranged by the author, with additions." If "with omissions" could have been part of the plan, the dropping of *The Prince's Quest* would have made this edition of Mr. Watson still more valuable than the last. As it is, an interesting portrait at the beginning, and the addition at the end of *Vita Nuova*, which appeared in *The Spectator* last spring when Mr. Watson took up his work again, give the book its freshness. The grouping of the *Elegiac Poems* in the opening pages of the volume is merely giving them the place of honor they deserve. — *Such As They Are*, Poems, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mary Thacher Higginson. (Roberts.) To say that this book is the result of collaboration is to use the word in a broad sense; for by means of a Part I. and a Part II. an inexorable fence is put up between the work of Colonel Higginson and that of his wife. The title on the pretty cover is so modest that we must be modest, too, and select only *An Egyptian Banquet* and *An Outdoor Kindergarten* from Part I., and *Ghost-Flowers* from Part II., for mention as more than commonly attractive. — *Gleams and Echoes*, by A. R. G. With Wood Engravings from Drawings by Eminent Artists. (Lippincott.) A half dozen full-page drawings of

subjects from nature and human life accompanying as many copies of verses, which are faint, yet pursuing. — *Atlina*, Queen of the Floating Isle, by M. B. M. Toland. (Lippincott.) Although this poem has a chilly classicism about it which will scarcely win many readers, it has at any rate given occasion to more than one charming picture, the artists called in to set it off being F. S. Church, Twachtman, Dielman, Jaccaci, Alden Weir, and others. — *The House of Life*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Being now for the First Time given in its Full Text. (Copeland & Day, Boston.) The question of ethics involved in bringing forth poems suppressed by the living representatives of a dead poet has been raised in relation to this book. A further question of decency is suggested by the manner in which the paper cover comes off and opens to exposure the plain boards of binding. We would protest, too, against the confusion of printing the part of a line of verse that overruns as if it were going on in prose; that is, without any indentation. But, protests made, there is only praise to be said of the luxurious manner in which the book is printed, and especially of the borders and initial letters. — *On the Road Home*, Poems, by Margaret E. Sangster. (Harpers.) One knows what to expect in Mrs. Sangster's verses, and the expectation is not disappointed. No modern subtleties of doubt and revolt against the scheme of things engage her, but the simpler themes of domestic love, the festivals of the home, and a clear religious faith. Within this grateful province of song Mrs. Sangster's note is sincere and true, and there is every good reason for the welcome it wins. — *Father Junipero Serra*, by Chester Gore Miller. (Press of Skeen, Baker & Co., Chicago.) The author calls his work an historical-pastoral drama on the life of the Franciscan friar who supplies the play with its title. In the epilogue the writer says of the way the world has treated Father Serra, "Though honored some, he's honored not enough;" and into the same terms we are led to compress our opinions of this book. — *Beatrice*, a Tragedy in Four Acts. (N. Wilson & Co., Boston.) Time, the fifth century before Christ; dramatic personæ, a deformed sculptor, his father, the chief of the pirates, two more pirates, various women, ballet girls, and so on. The

worst man in the play makes the remark, near the end, "Your words sound like the jumbled utterances of a lunatic," and it would not be difficult to pick out such jumbled utterances from this queer production. Yet the cheerful air with which the writer concocts his brew may be seen on every page. — Mr. Aldrich has published his drama of Mercedes as it was performed at Palmer's Theatre, and the student of literature will find it interesting to note the occasional change, reduction or expansion, which the author has made in adapting a very dramatic passage of literature to use on the stage. The slightness of the variation, for the most part, attests the writer's high dramatic sense. — We have received from the publishers, Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic, by John Henry Brown (J. Durie & Co., Ottawa); Napoleon, a Drama, by Richmond Sheffield Dement (Knight, Leonard & Co., Chicago), in which about sixty characters appear; and, by a numerical coincidence, "Five Dozen Fancies" (Earhart & Richardson, Cincinnati), by Charles B. Morrell, M. D.

Philosophy and Religion. The Religion of a Literary Man (*Religio Scriptoris*), by Richard Le Gallienne. (Putnam's, New York; Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London.) "Nowhere more than in religion is it wise to do without as much as we can." This is one of Mr. Le Gallienne's main propositions, and, following out its best meaning, his book concerns itself with separating the essential from the unessential in religion. If this single quotation gives the impression that the book is irreverent and "destructive," it is ill chosen, for reverence and constructive readjustment of beliefs distinguish it in a high degree. It is not by single sentences, against some of which objections might well be brought, but by the spirit of the whole book, that it should be judged. As becomes the utterances of a literary man, what the author has to say is admirably said. Many books of the same kind must be written in the years immediately to come, and it will be well if for each class of men in turn so individual a word may be spoken. — The Philosophy of Individuality, or, The One and the Many, by Antoinette Brown Blackwell. (Putnam's.) A somewhat complicated piece of writing, designed, apparently, to demonstrate the dependence of individualism upon its relationships, the

existence of organism as carrying forward the life of the unit, the development of consciousness till it embraces the widest possible complexity of life. — The Secret Harmony of the Spheres, a Philosophy of Human Nature, by Gaywaters. (American Printing and Engraving Co., Boston.) In his preface the author tells just why he uses the phrases *entelethic-sensuous-adequate* and *entelethic-propensional-adequate*, and just what they mean. — The Wonderful Counselor, all the recorded sayings of the Lord Jesus, chronologically arranged on a plan for easy memorizing, in single passages, — one for each day in the year, with brief notes connecting words and phrases, by the Rev. Henry B. Mead, M. A. Thus runs the title-page, and it only remains to be said that Randolph is the publisher.

Sport. University Foot-Ball, the Play of Each Position treated by a College Expert, edited by James R. Church. (Scribners.) The whole duty of the foot-ball player is set forth in the series of short papers which make up this volume. It is not permitted every one to play or even to watch the game, and practically all that is to be learned in other ways is given here. One may be old-fashioned enough to wish for a modification of rules that seem to make for brutality, and at the same time may feel the spell of the game, and assent heartily to the spirit of the editor's concluding remarks on foot-ball "generally considered." "To be good in the game," he says, "one must be in perfect physical health, must develop pluck and endurance, patience unending, and absolute self-control. Coming in a young man's life when these are traits and qualities needful of exercise, why should we wish for a better, a manlier, or a more innocent method of their development?"

Fiction. A Gentleman of France, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.) In The House of the Wolf Mr. Weyman showed his admirable quality as an historical novelist, and the favorable impression made by that work will be confirmed by this later tale. The time chosen is the closing year of the reign of the last Valois, a period when it may be believed that a soldier whose fortunes are at the lowest ebb can rise in a few months to a position of honor, wealth, and influence, by a series of chances taken advantage of with in-

domitable courage and never-failing readiness of resource. The time and manner of the story will, of course, suggest comparisons with Dumas; but while the author cannot rival the master, he proves an excellent second. The narrative is exceedingly well constructed, and till the end is reached it is not certain that the *Sieur de Marsac* will win his way through the dangers encompassing him, and gain his heart's desire. Without affectation of style or obvious effort, the book has the spirit of the time; and though it is a story of adventure, the adventurers have character and life. Foremost among these is the brave, modest, and loyal Huguenot gentleman who in telling the tale unconsciously depicts himself, while the historical personages introduced, the two King Henries, Rosny, and the rest, are sketched with a touch at once vigorous and true. — *The Wheel of Time, and Other Stories*, by Henry James. (Harpers.) The other stories are but two, and *Collaboration* and *Owen Wingrave* are their titles. On the whole, it is *Collaboration* which makes the keenest impression of the three. This may be merely because it comes so soon after *The Lesson of the Master*, and by a new example of the sacrifices the children of art are capable of making for art's sake quickens an impression already produced. In order to collaborate with a German musician, a young French writer gives up his vehemently Gallic *fiancée*; and where in the previous story the irony of the sacrifice was made very bitter, it is merely suggested here in the intimation that in the end the German wins the love the Frenchman had abandoned. One might almost be cynical touching the coin in which art pays her children back. — *Twenty Years at Sea, or, Leaves from my Old Log-Books*, by Frederic Stanhope Hill. (Houghton.) When one considers that Mr. Hill recounts an experience in the merchant service, taken up in boyhood, followed by an interval of business, and then by an engagement in some of the exciting events of the war for the Union, in the naval service, it is easy to see what stuff he had out of which to weave his yarns. The best of it is that the story has been told simply, strongly, and with keen spirit. We regret only that, by recourse to a semi-fictional form, Mr. Hill has robbed the book a little of that appeal which fact makes to the reader's imagina-

tion, and to his entire confidence in the narrator. — *Tom Sylvester, a Novel*, by T. R. Sullivan. (Scribners.) It is hardly so much in incident or character as in the total impression of scenes and phases of life that the value of this book lies. Not that it is ill conceived or executed as a novel; on the contrary, it is put together with skill, especially of the sort that bespeaks the constructive work of a writer of plays. The passing of a New England boy from quiet village life into the whirl of work and pleasure in Paris, where he suffers hard knocks, and his return to his native land, which he looks upon with changed and wiser eyes, give an opportunity for a careful and interesting study, and the opportunity is taken. — *A Book of Strange Sins*, by Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited, London.) After all, these "strange sins" are merely the novel-reader's old friends, drink, lust, murder, suicide, and so on through the catalogue of crimes. The short stories of which the book is made up are a series of studies in criminal fiction, so to call it without any purpose of questioning the author's innocence. Here and there are touches of vigor and originality, but on the whole one cannot feel that Mr. Kernahan adds materially to one's understanding of the motives and sufferings of the criminal. — *Marked "Personal,"* by Anna Katharine Green [Mrs. Charles Rohlf]. (Putnams.) A sensational novel, pure and simple, wherein the author shows her usual skill in constructing an ingenious plot, pervaded by a mystery not to be solved till the last pages are reached. In this instance, it is the case of two apparently exemplary gentlemen, who are summoned, one from Washington, the other from Buffalo, to meet in a house in New York, and there simultaneously to commit suicide in the presence of the sender of the messages. They escape for the time, only to be shadowed by *Revenge*, and brought to account at last. Of course the characters exist merely as necessary agents in carrying on the story. — *The Copperhead*, by Harold Frederic. (Scribners.) Mr. Frederic has told a story of war times in the Mohawk Valley before. In this book, as the title indicates, it is the civil war which provides him with his theme. The story's interest lies mainly in the clear picture it draws of the feeling of country people who stayed at

home,—the feeling, when a "copperhead" was involved, which divided houses against themselves, and neighbors against one another even to the shedding of blood. In the form of fiction such phases of the war are best brought out, and Mr. Frederic's story may be taken as a telling contribution to the history of the period.—Polly Oliver's Problem, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin is at her best in this story, for it enables her to throw herself by imagination into the life of a young girl just opening into womanhood, and to busy herself with a problem which more and more confronts the young girl, namely, how to find genuine expression of herself, and at the same time retain all that makes womanhood essentially different from manhood. Without any consciousness of a mission, the book does contribute toward the solution of the problem.—Two Soldiers and a Politician, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) This very small book is defined as a study in portraiture, and the three subjects who have sat to the painter are General Wolfe, Talleyrand, and an imaginary British officer in our own Revolution. The miniature stories in which these characters figure are moderately, not supremely successful; and when so little of quantity is given, one feels the more justified in looking for a maximum of quality.—The Watchmaker's Wife, and Other Stories, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) There is always an access to honest pleasure when a fresh volume of Mr. Stockton's stories comes out. He scatters his separate tales so in the magazines that some parts of every volume are sure to be new to his most faithful readers, and a new story by Stockton is always new. Never did one keep the same manner so unchangeably, and yet vary the incidents so widely. It is interesting, by the way, to note how frequently this writer adds to the effectiveness of his stories by making the storyteller one of the characters. It is an affidavit of the credibility of the tale, which the tale sometimes requires.—Drolls from Shadow Land, by J. H. Pearce. (Macmillan.) The best of the little tales in this

book are bits of Cornish folk lore, or what may easily pass for it, even if the author's invention is their true source. Most of the other Drolls are allegories of life and death, and, falling short of supreme excellence in their way, are only as satisfactory as the shadow dance that fills the time between acts.—Truth in Fiction, Twelve Tales with a Moral, by Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) We had almost written Twelve Morals with a Tale, so evidently is the tale in each case a somewhat clumsily constructed cart for carrying moral burdens of greater or less value. Truth on the title-page, also, does not mean truth to nature in the stories, but simply the author's conception of this or that phase of truth which he has tried to illustrate by fiction. O Fiction, Fiction, how many crimes are committed in thy name!—Rachel Stanwood, a Story of the Middle of the Nineteenth Century, by Lucy Gibbons Morse. (Houghton.) A spirited story, full of that subtle reality which is incommunicable by books or documents, and comes only from a participation in the life itself. The abolition society of New York, with its infusion of Quaker blood, is admirably presented, and the humor as well as the tragedy involved springs naturally from the author's use of her material.—Since our last mention of Magazine Books, Stories of Italy have been added to the series of Stories from Scribner, and Short Stories to Harper's Distaff Series.

Education and Textbooks. If any one wants his German declensions simplified and symbolized, so as to make their acquisition rapid and permanent, let him send to the publisher (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) for Mr. William A. Wheatley's little treatise on the subject.—To the list of Literature Primers (Macmillan) should be added Chaucer, by Alfred W. Pollard, a sensible little volume, though we could wish the author had troubled himself less about the poet's rank, for that is one of the most unprofitable of exercises.—History of the Philosophy of Pedagogics, by Charles Wesley Bennett. (Bardeen.) This title and thirty-seven small pages!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Country
School Over
Again.

THE thanks of all readers are due to the gentle Contributor who, in a recent number of *The Atlantic*, so daintily set forth the charms of the old-fashioned country school. It may not be unwelcome news to her and many others that the educational world is now going through a most wholesome reaction in favor of precisely the principles which underlay that venerable institution. Not that any one in those days thought much about principles in education,—far from it. The old “district school” and “academy” were not built upon theories. They were the simple expression of the will of a sturdy community to give its boys and girls a chance,—as good a chance as the community could afford to pay for. They sought their teachers where these could best be found, in the ranks of vigorous youth who were earning their way through the colleges of New England. They took in all the pupils who cared to come, of all ages and at all stages of progress, and sorted them out as best they could, in a terribly unscientific but thoroughly effective fashion.

They had no curriculum, no notions of “time allotments” and “harmonious development” and “logical sequence” and the rest of it, but only a simple and direct way of getting children to read, write, and cipher at a very early age, and to be ashamed if they did it badly. Then—and here was the great unconscious principle that the country school was demonstrating—wherever any pupil had a point of individuality to work upon, some taste or some talent, there the teacher found his opportunity. The college youth, himself just waking up to the charm of literature or the fascination of scientific experiment, was led instinctively to pass on to his inquiring pupil some spark of the divine fire of original study. The close personality of the relation gave a power to the teaching which no mechanical system could ever attain. It was the method which the experience of the world, from Socrates down, has shown to be the only effective one,—the method of direct impact of one mind on another.

Under this system, which was no system, the mind of the pupil blossomed out into

the most vigorous growth of which it was capable. It never got the ruinous notion that a machine was going to do its work for it; there was no machine. If the teacher had anything in him, it was called out by the fresh, unspoiled enthusiasm of the scholar. There was no such thing as “getting through” the country school. The pupil went there term after term, year after year, simply demanding, as did the pupils of ancient Greece and those of the fair early days of the mediæval universities, whatever new the teacher of the moment had to give. There was no “course,” because there were no limitations of subject or of time. In that procession of active youth coming from the larger life of the college there was sure to be, sooner or later, some representative of every subject of study. The strain on the personality of the teacher was immense,—no reader of *Elsie Venner* can forget that,—and it produced a response. Individual answered to individual, and out of this give-and-take came originality.

Then there was a change. All this was found to be unscientific. The method must be made conscious of itself. M. Jourdain must be made to see that he had been speaking prose all his life, and to realize what a fine thing it was to speak prose. There arose a being whose shadow has since darkened all the land, the “educator.” To be simply a teacher was no longer enough; we must have educators, and that quickly. This hodge-podge of pupils of different ages must be broken up into “grades.” Every pupil belonged in a grade, and there he must go and stay; if at the given time there were no grade into which he precisely fitted, so much the worse for him; away with him into the outer darkness!

The graded school became the idol of the educator. It commended itself to all that race of men who are captivated by organization, and to whom a system is a precious thing. Give us only a system good enough, and enough of it, and the individual may be swallowed up in it without fear of harm. No matter whether teacher or pupil has anything particular in him; the system will do the business. So for a generation we

have had the graded school in all its beautiful symmetry, and what is the result? Our community wakes up suddenly to the conviction that the youth of to-day, the product of the educational mill, is not better than his fathers. He has heard of more things, but he is no better able to take hold of a thing and do it than his grandfathers were. There is no intelligent college professor to-day who would not rather have to do with a rough-finished, sturdy lad, who had tumbled up somehow by his own wit and energy in the irregular give-and-take of a country academy, than with a youth of equal natural parts who has been taught to rely upon the machine to give him what he is to have.

Let any one study the recommendations of conventions and committees for remedying present educational ills, and he will see that they are all in the line of a return to the methods of the country school. Half-yearly promotions, liberty to "skip a class," some freedom in the choice of studies, the widening of the roads leading to college, more time to be given to the individual pupil, a chance for the teacher to take a year off for further study, less unreasoning repetition of work already done, that dull pupils may be pulled along while brighter ones are kept back,—all these things remind us precisely of the conditions of the country academy a generation ago. Another sign is the rapid growth of private schools, where the similarity is often still greater, and whither boys are sent in the hope that they may escape the mechanical process of the city public school. Everywhere we are meeting the demand for a more general recognition of the individual. The institution, it is being seen, will not do the work. After all, it is the teacher who affects the pupil, and we are coming more and more to learn that the teacher, like every other artist, is born, not made,—least of all, made by machinery. Let us give the old country school its full share of credit in bringing about this healthier tone, for it lives still, and long life to it!

Inhuman Documents. — It is genial Robbie Burns who takes time from his merry war with Dame Fortune to lament over "man's inhumanity to man," but little did the handsome poet divine the refinement of cruelty to which that inhumanity was yet to be carried. Why does not some philan-

thropist incorporate a society for the protection of the gifted, an organization for the defense of poets, musicians, explorers, and inventors against patent devices for deliberate and protracted torture?

Was it not enough that they should be pilloried in newspaper cuts; that their most private and sacred affairs should be posted at the cross-roads, their fine frenzies of imagination accepted as a frank unveiling of inner life, and their triumphs of creative genius declared to be veritable autobiography? Nay, verily, but modern journalism invents a new method of inquisition, digs down through the strata of history in search of paleozoic remains, and sets them up to show the hero in every stage of development.

"Insatiate monster! would not one suffice?"

Most of us have these specimens of early art hidden away in safe recesses of cabinets and bureau drawers, cherished in spite of their grotesqueness, and brought out occasionally at family festivals to the diversion of the youngsters.

It used to be a solemn thing to "hev yer picter took," and solemnity hung like a pall over the finished result. Having survived the first stage of the process, you looked with trembling expectancy at the wet, glistening thing carefully held for your inspection between the thumb and finger of the wizard, only to feel your heart sink to fathomless depths at the image which confronted you. An excellent likeness, the artist (!) assured you,—how could it be otherwise when it was simply a reflection of yourself?—and with a shuddering recollection of what you had read about the mysterious power of the sunbeam to pierce beneath the surface and reveal the inner nature, you accepted the caricature and hid it away, hoping you might not be arrested on its evidence as a hypocrite and deceiver.

You even gathered courage to repeat the experiment, with better results, as the years went on and the processes of art were perfected; but while you do not deny your antecedents, you are not proud of them; you look upon them as a record of the development of art rather than of personal history.

The man may be able to smile at the goggle-eyed baby, whose pulpy figure is bolstered up for the occasion by the maternal arm, or the imbecile creature, with absurd pinafore and ruffles, staring blankly from

his perch in the high-chair, but he would like to blot even from his own memory that self-satisfied, unlicked cub of fourteen. Then why, after study and thought and achievement have shaped and chiseled his face into a dignity and character that make it the expression of the man himself, should these preliminary studies be put on exhibition, and an idle public called in to see how a poet was made?

It is a clear case for the Anti-Vivisection Society, and they should take it up if only to protect us from the greater evils with which we are threatened. For does not one's brain congeal at the thought of what may be waiting just around the turn of the century, when a great electrician sees — though "dimly," thank Heaven! — the possible perfection of a machine "for the registration of unwritten, unspoken thought, and its reproduction at any indefinite time afterwards"? Forbid it, merciful powers! What would become of trade and politics, of society and friendly intercourse? Who but idiots and babies could safely venture abroad? Nay, how would any one be sure, by day or by night, that he had not been surreptitiously attached to a machine, and was thinking into the city office of the Public Investigator? If the poet and the novelist choose to sit down and gossip before a phonograph, so letting us into the secrets of inspiration, we will not complain. It is soothing to our irritated feelings to learn that the great promoter of hesitancy did not himself know whether it was the lady or the tiger. But let us at least be able to keep our unspoken thoughts to ourselves, and guard the privacy of our own brains from the desolating foot of the interviewer and exhibitor.

A Note on Mirrors. — Heinrich Heine, who had a particularly nice and discriminating taste in ghosts, and who studied with such delicate pleasure the darkly woven fancies of German superstition, frankly admitted that to see his own face by moonlight in a mirror thrilled him with indefinable horror. Most of us who are blessed, or burdened, with imaginations have shared at moments in this curious fear of that smooth, shining sheet of glass, which seems to hold within itself some power mysterious and malign. By daytime it is commonplace enough, and lends itself with facile ease to the cheerful and homely nature of its sur-

roundings. But at dusk, at night, by lamp-light, or under the white, insinuating moonbeams, the mirror assumes a distinctive and uncanny character of its own. Then it is that it reflects that which we shrink from seeing. Then it is that our own eyes meet us with an unnatural stare and a piercing intelligence, as if another soul were watching us from their depths with furtive, startled inquiry. Then it is that the invisible something in the room, from which the merciful dullness of mortality has hitherto saved us, may at any instant take sudden shape, and be seen, not in its own form, but reflected in the treacherous glass, which, like the treacherous water, has the power of betraying things that the air, man's friendly element, refuses to reveal.

This wise mistrust of the ghostly mirror is so old and so far spread that we meet with it in the folk lore of every land. An English tradition warns us that the new moon, which brings us such good fortune when we look at it in the calm evening sky, carries a message of evil to those who see it first reflected in a looking-glass. For such unlucky mortals the lunar virus distills slow poison and corroding care. The child who is suffered to see his own image in a mirror before he is a year old is marked out for trouble and many disappointments. The friends who glance at their reflections standing side by side are doomed to quick dissension. The Swedish girl who looks into her glass by candlelight risks the loss of her lover. A universal superstition, which has found its way even to our own prosaic time and country, forbids a bride to see herself in a mirror after her toilet is completed. If she be discreet, she turns away from that fair picture which pleases her so well, and then draws on her glove, or has some tiny ribbon, flower, or jewel fastened to her gown, that the sour Fates may be appeased, and evil averted from her threshold. In Warwickshire and other parts of rural England it was long the custom to cover all the looking-glasses in a house of death, lest some affrighted mortal should behold in one the pale and shrouded corpse standing by his side. There is a ghastly story of a servant maid who, on leaving the chamber where her dead master lay, glanced in the uncovered mirror, and saw the sheeted figure on the bed beckoning her rigidly to its side.

Some such tale as this must have been told me in my infancy, for in no other way can I account for the secret terror I felt for the little oval mirror which hung by my bed at school. Every night I turned it carefully with its face to the wall, lest by some evil chance I should arise and look in it. Every night I was tormented with the same haunting notion that I had *not* remembered to turn it; and then, shivering with cold and fright, I would creep out of bed, and, with averted head and tightly shut eyes, feel my way to the wretched thing, and assure myself of what I knew already, that its harmless back alone confronted me. I never asked myself what it was I feared to see, — some face that was not mine, some apparition born of the darkness and of my own childish terror. Nor can I truly say that this apprehension, inconvenient though it seemed on chilly winter nights, did not carry with it a vague, sweet pleasure of its own. Little girls of eleven may be no better nor wiser for the scraps of terrifying folk lore which formed part of my earliest education, yet in one respect, at least, I triumphed by their aid. Even the somewhat spiritless monotony of a convent school was not without its vivifying moments for a child who carried to bed with her each night a horde of goblin fears to keep her imagination lively.

Superstitions of a less ghostly character cluster around the mirror, and are familiar to us all. To break one is everywhere an evil omen. "Seven years' trouble, but no want," follow fast upon such a mishap in Yorkshire, while in Scotland the cracking of a looking-glass, like the falling of the doomed man's picture from the wall, is a presage of approaching death. Such portents as these, however, — though no one who is truly wise presumes to treat them with levity, — are powerless to thrill us with that indefinable and subtle horror which springs from causeless emotions. Scott, in his prologue to Aunt Margaret's Mirror, has well defined the peculiar fear which is without reason and without cure. The old lady who makes her servant maid draw a curtain over the glass before she enters her bedroom, "so that she" (the maid) "may have the first shock of the apparition, if there be any to be seen," is of far too practical a turn to trouble herself about the rationality of her sensations. "Like many other honest folk,"

she does not like to look at her own reflection by candlelight, because it is an eerie thing to do. Yet the tale she tells of the Paduan doctor and his magic mirror is, on the other hand, neither interesting nor alarming. It has all the dreary qualities of a psychical research report which cannot even provoke us to disbelief.

In fact, divining-crystals, when known as such professionally, are tame, hard-working, almost respectable institutions. In the good old days of necromancy magicians had no need of such mechanical appliances. Any reflecting surface would serve their turn, and a bowl of clear water was enough to reveal to them all that they wanted to know. It was of more importance, says Brand, "to make choice of a young maid to discern therein those images or visions which a person defiled cannot see." Even the famous mirror, through whose agency Dr. Dee and his seer, Kelly, were said to have discovered the Gunpowder Plot, was in reality nothing more than a black polished stone, closely resembling coal.

"Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone."

Yet in an old Prayer-Book of 1737 there is a woodcut representing the king and Sir Kenelm Digby gazing into a circular mirror, in which are reflected the Houses of Parliament, and a man entering them with a dark lantern in his hand. Above, the eye of Providence is seen darting a ray of light upon the mirror. Below are legs and hoofs, as of evil spirits flying rapidly away. The truth is, so many conflicting details are related of Dr. Dee's useful and benevolent possession that it has lost a little of its *vraisemblance*. We are wont to rank it confusedly with such mystic treasures as the mirror which told the fortunate Alasnam whether or not a maid were as chaste as she was beautiful, or the glass which Reynard described with such minute and charming falsehoods to the royal lioness, who would fain have gratified her curiosity by a sight of its indiscreet revelations.

It is never through magic mirrors, or crystal balls, or any of the paraphernalia now so abundantly supplied by painstaking students of telepathy that we approach that shadowy land over which broods perpetual fear. Let us rather turn meekly back to the fairy-taught minister of Aberfoyle, and learn of him the humiliating truth that

"every drop of water is a Mirrour to returne the Species of Things, were our visive Faculty sharpe enough to apprehend them." In other words, we stand in need, not of elaborate appliances, but of a chastened spirit. If we seek the supernatural with the keen apprehension which is begotten of credulity and awe, we shall never find ourselves disappointed in our quest. The same reverend authority tells us that "in a Witch's Eye the Beholder cannot see his own Image reflected, as in the Eyes of other people," which is an interesting and, it may be, a very useful thing to know.

Two curious stories having relation to the ghostly character of the mirror will serve to illustrate and to close my text. The first is found in Shelley's journal, one of the inexhaustible store supplied to the poet by "Monk" Lewis, and is about a German lady who, dancing with her lover at a ball, saw in a glass the reflection of her dead husband gazing at her with stern, reproachful eyes. She is said to have died of terror. The second tale is infinitely more picturesque. In the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence is the beautiful tomb of Beata Villana, the daughter of a noble house, and married in extreme youth to one of the family of Benintendi. Tradition says that she was very fair, and that, being arrayed one night for a festival, she stood looking long in her mirror, allured by her own loveliness. Suddenly her eyes were opened, and she saw, close by her side, a demon dressed in costly raiment like her own, and decked with shining jewels like those she wore upon her arms and bosom. Appalled by this vision of evil, Beata Villana fled from the vanities of the world, and sought refuge in a convent, where she died a holy death in 1360, being then but twenty-eight years of age. Her marble effigy rests on its carven bed in the old Florentine church, and smiling angels draw back the curtains to show her sweet, dead beauty, safe at last from the perilous paths of temptation. In such a legend as this there lingers for us still the elements of mystery and of horror which centuries of prosaic progress are powerless to alienate from that dumb witness of our silent, secret hours, the mirror.

American Metaphor. — A member of the Club, not long ago, wrote regretfully of the lack of proverb and metaphor in the everyday speech of Americans. So far as his

criticism applies to the language of society, or to that of domesticated foreigners or their immediate descendants, it is perhaps just; but I cannot help thinking that he would not have made his regret so general had he recalled the turns of expression which are common in secluded communities, where native stock still holds undisputed sway, and where the flatiron of academic education has not yet smoothed out the wrinkles of individuality. In the hill towns of New England, for example, every one of the older generation has his personal set of expressions, sometimes adopted, but often original, which from long use have become an essential part of his private vocabulary. The inventive faculty in speech is highly prized in such neighborhoods, and a felicitous twist of words is always a source of satisfaction to the discoverer.

Occasionally, the quaint and expressive phrases are carried into the outer world by some district school graduate with energy and force enough to make his way among men. Probably everybody can think of such characters. James Fisk, Jr., furnished New York city with metaphors and similes which still echo in the speech of the town. His superabundant vitality and luxuriant imagination enabled him to coin his phrases in quantities as plentiful as the new issues of Erie stock which he and his partner, Gould, poured out upon Wall Street in the memorable campaigns which they planned to teach the old speculators new tricks. Of his never failing supply of anecdote and illustration very little now remains, so soon is the authorship of spoken words forgotten; but the investigation of the great gold conspiracy of 1869, by the congressional committee of which James A. Garfield was chairman, gives some idea of the Fisk manner.

Fisk had been one of the principal actors in the train of events which culminated on Black Friday in the ruin of dozens of business houses, and he was among the chief witnesses summoned before the committee. Of course, on so formal an occasion, a witness standing on slippery ground would naturally be more than ordinarily careful in his choice of words, and the stenographic report of the trial shows that Fisk felt some constraint; but it also shows that he was irrepressible even then. By his own account, he had never felt sure of the success of the

gold plot. "I had a phantom ahead of me all the time," he said, "that this real gold would come out;" and when the catastrophe came, in the shape of the government's order to sell the "real gold," he summed up the situation by saying, "I knew that somebody had run a saw right into us." He told the committee that on the day after the collapse of the conspiracy, when he thought his fortune had been swept away by the sudden fall in the gold premium, he went to see the unfortunate Corbin, President Grant's brother-in-law, through whom Gould had sought to influence the administration to keep its gold locked in the treasury vaults. This is Fisk's story of what occurred during the visit: "He was on the other side of the table weeping and wailing, and I was gnashing my teeth. 'Now,' he says, 'you must quiet yourself.' I told him I did n't want to be quiet; I had no desire ever to be quiet again. He says, 'But, my dear sir, you will lose your reason.' Says I, 'Speyers has already lost his reason. Reason has gone out of everybody but me.' The soft talk was all over. He went upstairs (to fetch his wife), and they returned tottling into the room, looking older than Stephen Hopkins. His wife and he both looked like death. He was tottling just like that" (illustrated by a trembling movement of the body). "Finally I said, 'Here is the position of the matter: we are forty miles down the Delaware, and we don't know where we are.'" Fisk described the panic thus: "It was each man drag out his own corpse. Get out of it as well as you can." Being asked how Gould had stood up under the destruction of his hopes, he replied, "Oh, he has no courage at all. He has sunk right down. There is nothing left of him but a heap of clothes and a pair of eyes!"

Fisk was first a man of business, and next an artist in words, but his ease of expression was distinctly a New England gift, inherited, no doubt, from the tin-peddler, his father, who "would not tell a lie for a shilling, but might tell eight of them for a dollar." Around the stove in the village store among the hills, on any winter's evening, there is a waste of apt simile and forceful metaphor which would fill pages in the notebook of some American Flaubert. Among these men, who neither know nor need to know the rhetorical names of the figures of speech, the figures themselves are

used simply and naturally; but the faculty of employing them, if not innate, is to be acquired only after long effort, and even then it bears much the same relation to the actual gift that modern French poetry bears to the songs of Burns.

Welcome the — There are sundry small occurrences in every-day life which the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest. so painfully epitomize the great destinies awaiting us that, to a sensitive nature, their repetition is apt to cause brooding, if not misgiving. Take the simple act of courtesy known as seeing our friends off, say even for a short and probably uneventful journey. Many even of our most fervent well-wishers, having opened the door, watched with reasonable solicitude our descent of the piazza steps, and bidden us Godspeed, will turn quickly around and close the door before we have gone twenty steps. Frequent as this experience has been in the course of a lifetime, — of daily recurrence, in fact, in some situations, — I have never passed through it without a sinking of the heart. Although not inclined to be "sentimental," but strongly predisposed to hardy and cheerful views of life, the incident mentioned never fails to recall a certain gruesome analogy regarding departures in general, and including the last one.

AS I WENT FORTH.

As I went forth
That morn, they but forgot to show
The signal from the great hall door;
They turned them to their task or play;
They but forgot, — no more.

As I went forth,
The lamp within the windowed tower
That eve they but forgot to set;
Yet wherefore doubt, when well I know
(True hearts!) they love me yet?

As I go forth, —
As I go forth upon that road
Where none are passed and none are met, —
Will it be so? Will they still love,
And will they but forget?

As we go forth,
Such wistful looks we backward throw,
To see if yet their signal flies;
For thus 't will be when we have said
The last of all good-bys.

Once a sturdy soldier of the Irish brigade, who bore upon his broad chest two medals, having experienced with evident pain an instance of this sort of unsatisfied leave-taking, crossed himself devoutly, and relieved

his mind by uttering the following proverbial ejaculation : "Let every one live as long as he can — after this !" The poor fellow was on his way to the front, never to return.

And yet simple justice requires of us the admission that the manner of leave-taking may be wholly a matter of breeding. The strict observance of all rules of sympathetic etiquette, as illustrated in that melting line of the poet Moore,

"I'll weep with thee tear for tear,"

is in great part a matter of habit, whether of the mind or of the emotions, and, being such, must be considered as racial in its manifestations. The omission of such tearful ceremonial would produce upon an emotional race the effect of heartlessness, whereas to the self-contained Saxon the exhibition of such secondary feeling as distress for the sorrows of others would savor of affectation, as in the dictum of their own bard: —

"'T was wise to feel ; not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow."

And thus the Saxon prefers to prove his sympathy by deeds, unmindful of the fact that, to suffering Celt or Latin, words are in themselves deeds, and oftentimes something more.

Now as to the welcoming of the guest. English literature abounds in allusions to this pleasant experience, from the "watch-dog's honest bark" to the promises made in Watts's hymns, — promises made to our childhood, and never so dear as when, towards the close of life, the prospect of fulfillment lies before us : —

"Some sweet place of bliss,
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more."

There are some persons so eager to welcome the coming guest as to charter a tug and

go down the bay with a brass band. But in this case the coming guest is too often, I fear, a politician with much in his gift ; therefore, these attentions, these graces, are held to savor of that gratitude which is a "lively sense of benefits to come." I have also known people to remain on the expectant wharf through a cold winter's night, so as to be sure of their own punctuality when the wished-for vessel arrived. These were relations and dear friends. I have known a boy so worn with watching for the steamer which was to bring his mother as to cause almost mortal illness to the watcher. But it is seldom that this "unbought grace of life," as shown in human longing and human welcome, is subjected to tragical issues. More often, perhaps, than in any other of the minor experiences of life it is the mission solely of joy ; and those do lose much of this life's happiness who neglect to exhibit or who fail to inspire the outward act of welcoming. The most lovable characteristic of the canine species is, I think, the one already instanced in our quotation from Byron. Dogs have their individual traits, like other *people* (for they insist upon our regarding them as human beings, members of our family). They show their intellectual perceptions by forsaking their own kind to dwell with us. They partake of our food and lodging as far as permitted. They literally rejoice with us when the sun shines, and they sadden with us when the rain falls. But not all the heart-breaking pathos of a puppy's gelatinous helplessness, not all the sagacity that guards our portals, brings these creatures so near to us as does the joyous wiggle-waggle of canine welcome when we draw near home. The dog may not be able to teach us morals, but he can teach us manners.

